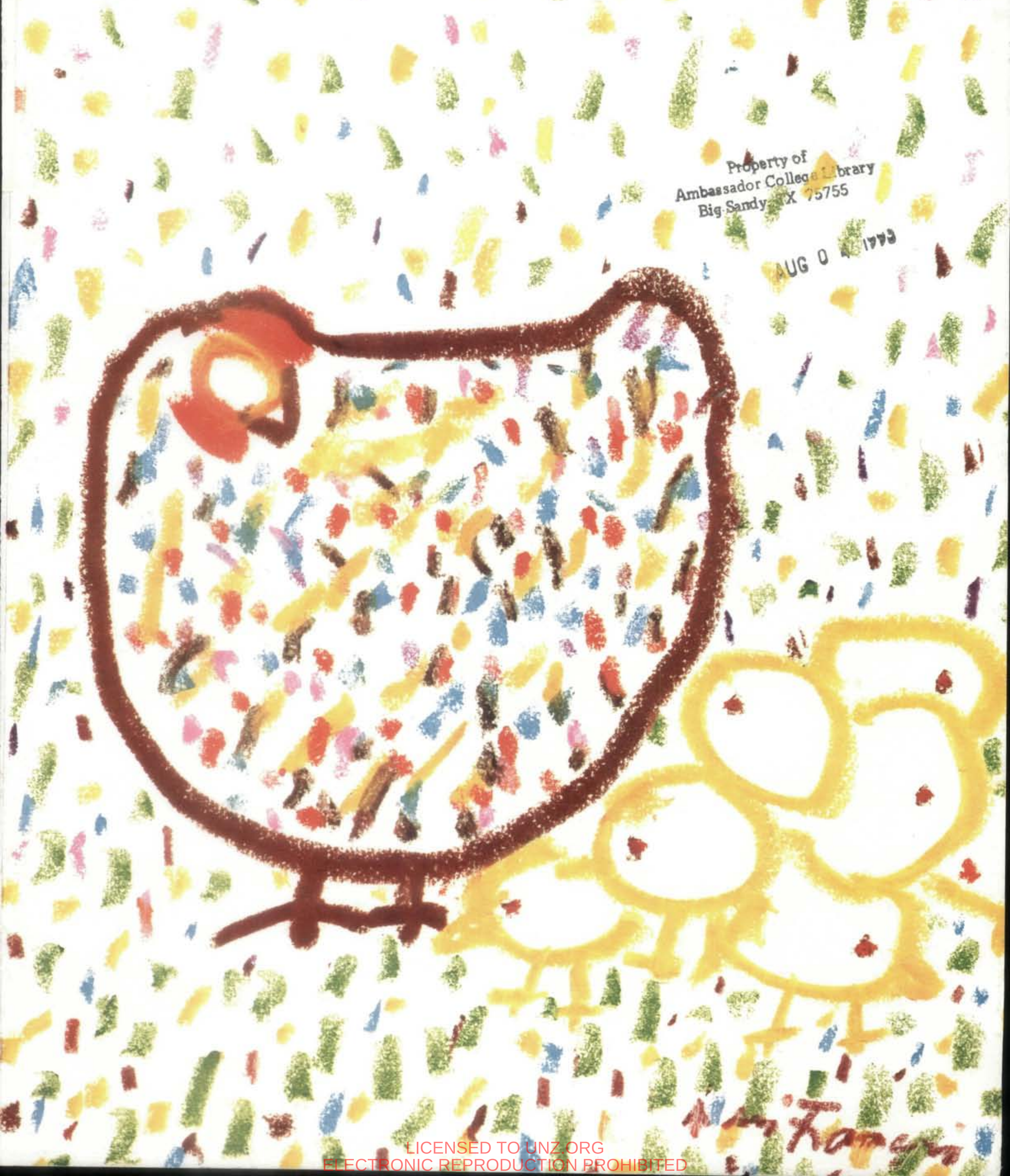
July 10, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755
AUG 0 4 1993



Seagram's Benchmark. It'll make you think twice about your favorite Bourbon.

INTEGRITY - TRADITION
SINCE 1857
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

There's something different in Benchmark. Something that's tough to find nowadays.

Craftsmanship.

Coopers and tasters and scientists who think of work not as work, but as an art. Craftsmen who keep at a task, painstakingly, until they get just what they want. Something to be proud of.

Altogether, it's enough to give you second thoughts about the Bourbon you thought was your favorite.

Benchmark. Seagram's Premium Bourbon. "Measure your Bourbon against it."

SEAGRAM'S BENCHMARK KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Montego Bay has never seen its like — this out-of-the-ordinary Holiday Inn is a resort in itself. 526 air-conditioned rooms, every one with a balcony to view the clear blue Caribbean waters. The colorful tropics. The magnificent mountains.

Your fun-filled days may be spent strolling along our 1500 feet of white sand beach. Perhaps you'll lunch at the "Floating Oasis" in the midst of our huge, freshwater pool. Or play island sports. Or shop in our in-the-Inn arcade.

When night falls on this out-of-the-ordinary Holiday Inn resort, you'll enjoy international and tropical cuisine in our elegantly appointed Plantation Room. Later, you'll dance to calypso rhythms . . . and be entertained by international talent in our bewitching Witch's Hideaway. Or relax in our Hummingbird Lounge.

Out-of-the-ordinary fun. Out-of-the-ordinary bargain. Ask about our Maxi Vacation 8 days - 7 nights holiday for as little as $97.* per person. This is only one of the almost 70 special holiday packages available in the Resort Travel Directory at your travel agent.

For reservations, contact any Holiday Inn, Holiday Inn reservations office, your travel agent, or write direct to Innkeeper, Holiday Inn—Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

Montego Bay's out-of-the-ordinary Holiday Inn resort.

GO SLOW
SLEEPING POLICEMAN

**Double occupancy, airfare not included.

An out-of-the-ordinary Holiday Inn—Montego Bay.

Holiday Inn®
THE WORLD'S INNKEEPER
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dance wi' Me; or, The Fatal Twitch—A complex, highly disciplined comic exercise, which originated at La Mama and was written by Greg Antonacci. Mr. Antonacci also plays the leading role—a clownish young man who retreats from the jangled nineteen-seventies into fantasies of the nineteen-fifties. Parts of the show are very funny, and parts are just as tiresome. Obscenities abound. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Analysis—A revival. Saul Bellow's farce about a Jewish comic who psychoanalyzes himself over closed-circuit television seems just as strained and unfunny now as it did in 1964. There is much frenetic non-acting of the non-parts by a generally reputable cast. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell and Joey Faye in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the *down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters*. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. Dom DeLuise as a middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Satur-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"ROSE PETALS" . . . . R. Prawer Jhabvala 24
"ON INSECTS" (POEM) . . . . Lewis Thomas 28
"THREE STORIES" . . . . W. S. Merwin 33
ANNALS OF POLITICS (SENATOR ALBERT GORE) . . . . Richard Harris 34
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . Penelope Gilliatt 55
"RIVERSIDE PARK" (POEM) . . . . Jill Hoffman 57
MUSICAL EVENTS (ROCK, ETC.) . . . . Ellen Willis 58
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . Kennedy Fraser 60
THIS AND THAT . . . . M. M. 66
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . Genêt 70
BOOKS . . . . Howard Moss 73
BRIEFLY NOTED 75

COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Addams, Barney Tobey, Donald Reilly, Alan Dunn, Charles E. Martin, Lee Lorenz, Edward Koren, Perry Barlow, William O'Brian, Henry Martin, Robert Day, Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, Richard Oldden, William Steig*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 21, July 10, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-five years old. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Reopens Tuesday, July 13, after a week's vacation. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —Italian? Haines said. A crazy queen, old and jealous. Kneel down before me. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —And a third, Stephen said, there is who wants me for odd jobs. —Italian? Haines said again. What do you mean? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —The imperial British state, Stephen answered, his colour rising, and the holy Roman catholic and apostolic church. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** She wanted more vigorous measures, a more complete reformation, a quicker release from debt, a much higher tone of indifference for everything but justice and equity. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except July 7, and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 'If you can persuade your father to all this,' said Lady Russell, looking over her paper, 'much may be done.' (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Pulcinella Variations" and "La Sylphide" (première). . . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "The Moor's Pavane," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:15, and Saturday, July 10, at 2:15: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "The River.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Paquita" and "La Sylphide.". . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, at 8:15: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14, at 8:15: "At Midnight," "Jardin aux Lilas," "The Eternal Idol," and "Études." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:15: "Mendelssohn Symphony" (première), "Fall River Legend," and "Gaieté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Miss Julie," and "Etudes.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 2:15: "Petrouchka," "Les Sylphides," and "Gaieté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:15: "Petrouchka," "Paquita," "Fall River Legend," and "Fancy Free." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—John Denver, high of voice and mild of spirit, sings his own and other people's songs in a country-flavored way through Sunday, July 11. Folk singers Hedge and Donna arrive Wednesday, July 14. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Wednesday, July 7, and Monday, July 12.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Hal Waters, though, is strictly non-formula. He is present Tuesdays and Wednesdays, gliding from piano to guitar with ease while singing from one of the most intriguing repertoires in town (e.g., "Fire and Rain" with gospel changes and a driving beat). Thursday through Sunday, July 15-18, Cedar Walton will do likewise. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Marian McPartland, who holds that jazz is one of the communicative arts, is at her piano; alongside it stands her bass man, Jay Leonhart. Eight until one is their stint. Sundays, though, are the property, from seven to twelve, of Sammy Price, who well remembers boogie-woogie because he was there at the time. Dining.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Talk about getting it all together—Loudon Wainwright III and the Soft Machine are sharing the same bill through Monday, July 12. The Machine is eclectic, weird, and original, and though it may be soft, it rests on solid foundations. Wainwright, a near-soprano, writes and sings urban songs of considerable power. By Wednesday, July 14, they will all have vanished, having given way to Mason Profit and the Mahavishnu Orchestra. This new-old coffeehouse opened a while ago on the site of the extinct Café au Go Go. The brick walls and the wooden benches remain, and cider is still the strongest drink. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting entertainers onstage.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, dark corner where the jazz guitar is appropriately recognized five nights a week. Through Sunday, July 11, Carl Thompson performs with a bassist. Skeeter Best (g.) and Tommy Bryant (b.) come in on Wednesday, July 14. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Restricted amounts of soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—That old dependable quartet led by tenor man Zoot Sims and including Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles is making solid mainstream music here. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in Fridays through Sundays. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Herbie Wright are coöperating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. On Friday, July 16, Dr. Lyn Christie will return to replace Mr. Wright. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Edwin Birdsong plays piano and sings Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, the Quartet Noire takes the stand. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Pegleg's, 1738 Second Ave., at 90th St. (860-2065)—Red Garland, Philly Joe Jones, and Wilbur Ware are a combination that makes waves in this little bar. They perform to within ninety-nine per cent of their abilities (which are considerable) Wednesday through Sunday from ten to three. Tuesdays, other musicians take the helm. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. And the piano is in good shape—more than can be said for a lot of places. A trio that includes violinist John Blair performs Fridays and Saturdays. Singer-pianist Vickie Ford teams up with bassist Scotty Holt Sundays and Mondays. Sound from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—"Having a wonderful time in New York City. Wish you folks were in this picture! Catch Alice wearing that straw boater! And that's a garter on my sleeve! We may never come home (ha-ha!)." Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk, in charge of his sextet, blows wild and free from a large selection of reed instruments. On Tuesday, July 13, drummer Tony Williams will bring in his five-man Lifetime. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Third Phase, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. All sorts of medium-to-heavy sounds are being produced. A kind of spirit-rock group called

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Proving Aztec artworks travel well. Our exclusive knit in washable, uncrushable Trevira® polyester, printed in the early Mexican spirit. Blue or red for 6 to 16 sizes. By Bob Goldworm for S.F.A., $95. The Knit Shop.

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Amazing Grace is being led by a singing cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Sundays only.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—*Upstairs: Alto saxophonist* Phil Woods leads his European Rhythm Machine every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when the sound is Latin. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, July 11, bassist and autobiographer Charles Mingus will be here with a sextet called the Jazz Workshop. On Tuesday, July 13, a sextet that includes Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and Pepper Adams will start a gig. Mondays are reserved for the mighty *ten*-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers hoopla and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française*. What is all this? A trans*mogrified* evocation of the late eighteenth century, apparently. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help set it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only roast beef is served. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the décor. Carol Denmark sings three times a night through Saturday, July 10. Her successor, Jimmy Helms, begins Monday, July 12. People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Heavy, heavy—much of the time, anyway—for this spot engenders serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Freeway plays for dancing at ten-thirty and again at one-thirty, but at eleven-thirty it plays for listening only. Betweentimes: discs. Dress is casual. Interior design is, like, automotive. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Maintaining a proud tradition for years, or some such. The old champ is keeping up appearances, but on fewer nights than formerly, the doors being open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reservations are recommended, despite the doorkeeper's occasional lapses of memory.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all *sangría* and skittles, but their homespun (woven in Barcelona) philosophy, expressed *in cantata and cavorting*, makes it seem that way. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the next-door **FLAMENCO ROOM,** tiny though it is, further ululation, cavorting, and music (all guitar) occur, only inches from the spectators, from eight to four every night but Sunday.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Phil Flowers, the reformed gospel singer who has gone wholly rhythm-and-blues, removes himself and his floor show on Wednesday, July 7; Janice Harper, who is A to Z with R. C. A., starts singing one night later. This enterprise, the last of its kind, is in service every night of the year. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can, on the other hand, still create the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, is summering in town at the Café, with a smaller crew (just three) on Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Julie Wilson, Girl of the Golden East that was, is singing again, in her carefree way, to remind us of how comfortingly indigenous our night life used to be. She is on hand during dinner and supper. Dancing as well, some of it very loud disco and some of it for real. Sundays are dark.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

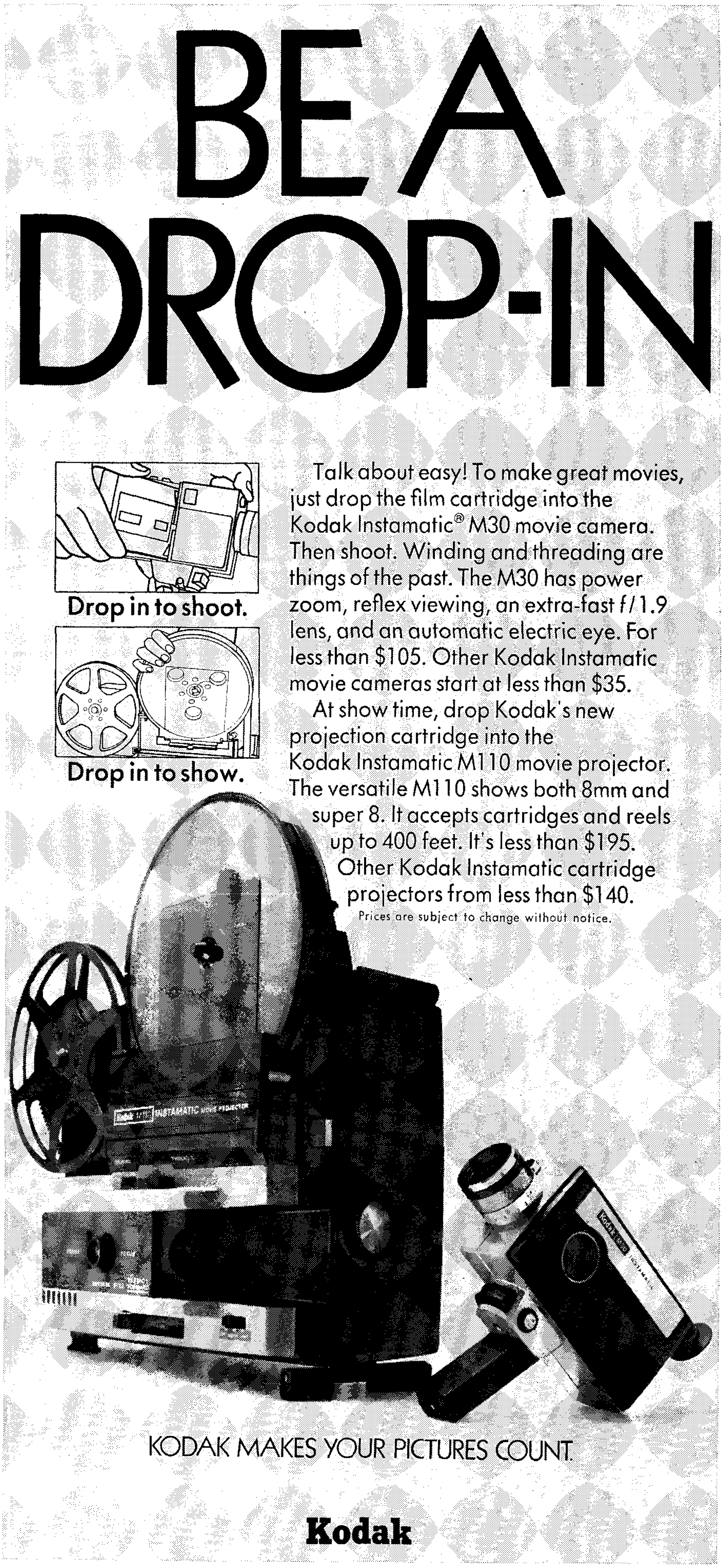
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Always something new in the old barony, such as—in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** after nine-thirty—the forthright, pungent self-expression of the tandem guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. But life begins as early as five-thirty in the **OAK ROOM,** with a buffet theatre-dinner-and-piano session. The Oak Room is a seven-day operation; the St. Regis Room is in operation every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Of an evening, after ten, one can study Sandy Baron in his big "to be or not to be" scene as he debates whether to become the truly original wit he was created to be or whether to lose himself in the crowd. Barbara Williams, a graduate of "Man of La Mancha," is the soprano of the occasion. Closed Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **TRUDEHELLER,** Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346): Blossom Dearie, the babe in arms with the taffy-colored hair and the daffy-colored voice, is giving the best of the supper-club songs a deadpan humor that no one else can quite manage. On Tuesday, July 13, she and her threesome will be joined by Bill Evans and his triad. Closed Mondays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way down upon the Jordan River, in a kibbutz sprinkled with perpetual music and song. Avram Grobard is housemaster, Yoel Sharr is the principal tenor, and the oud plucked by George Mgrdichian gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right here. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late (not on Sundays, though), and admire the scenery. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano, very American-bar-lounge in mood, in one corner from six until whenever. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): Mixing current Broadway and period-piece Manhattan and making it into a bar-and-grill is a catch-as-catch-can project, but here it is, with Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty until midnight. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The palace guard changes on Tuesday, July 13, when Norbert Faconi, making his annual return to town, once more puts bow to fiddle. Until then, George Cardini will stay on at the violin. The work week here is Tuesday through Saturday for these players, and also for Herman Arminski, whose piano deals with the Romance languages. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Trafalgar Square should be next door, so neat is the optical illusion (not to mention the gustatorial illusion) that this is a London hotel room on its best behavior. George Feyer presides over his poetic piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Roland, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from



BE A DROP-IN

Drop in to shoot.

Drop in to show.

Talk about easy! To make great movies, just drop the film cartridge into the Kodak Instamatic® M30 movie camera. Then shoot. Winding and threading are things of the past. The M30 has power zoom, reflex viewing, an extra-fast f/1.9 lens, and an automatic electric eye. For less than $105. Other Kodak Instamatic movie cameras start at less than $35.

At show time, drop Kodak's new projection cartridge into the Kodak Instamatic M110 movie projector. The versatile M110 shows both 8mm and super 8. It accepts cartridges and reels up to 400 feet. It's less than $195. Other Kodak Instamatic cartridge projectors from less than $140.

Prices are subject to change without notice.

KODAK MAKES YOUR PICTURES COUNT.

Kodak

Little Dix
has one of the
world's
loveliest beaches.

We recommend
you leave it often.

Take our water-taxis (no charge) and explore some of the other beaches nearby. There are some gems, and some of them you can have to yourself for the day. (We'll pick you up in time for our English tea.)

We also recommend you leave our white sand beach to swim out to our coral reef. The snorkeling there is wonderful—fish all colors of the rainbow. Or sail a Sunfish in our bay. All these water sports are *free*—included in Little Dix's low non-winter rates. Tennis, too.

Boating man? Little Dix now has Virgin Gorda Yacht Harbour, just around the corner. Put in for supplies, a fine berth. And fun.

Our rates run about $60 a day double through spring, summer, fall including 3 meals. Honeymoon Plan available. See your travel agent or write Suite 1005Y, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W., New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel. (212) 245-8055.

LITTLE DIX BAY
VIRGIN GORDA,
BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Operated by
ROCKRESORTS, INC.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

eight until one Mondays through Thursdays; from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders known as Roman Strings can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): A theatre-restaurant so tiny it can be set up in a brownstone dining room, where a household of six revives, with considerable vigor, its favorite bits and pieces from the Broadway musical-comedy stage. Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight and Fridays and Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty. . . . **PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays and Mondays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL AND DAVID GILHOOLY—Small color caricatures in oil of types inhabiting the Chelsea Hotel by the former and ceramics of animal subjects by the latter; through Friday, July 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HARRY BOURAS—Drawings by a Chicago artist who is also an art critic; through Friday, July 9. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed mornings.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; through July 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through Saturday, July 17. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through July 28. . . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Stanley Boxer, David Budd, Robert Goodnough, and Jacqueline Gourevitch are four of the gallery artists represented in a showing of paintings; through Thursday, July 15. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Aug. 14. . . . **KRUGIER,** 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Tantra art of India from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; through Friday, July 16. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists, among them Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, and Youngerman; through Aug. 13. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER,** Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.; Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 11. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.; closes at 4. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotti, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Photographic documentation of projects carried out on Pier 18 by twenty-eight process artists; through Aug. 2. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; through July 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; through July 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Twenty Chinese kites dating from the nineteenth century in various symbolic forms, such as a wine jug, a peach, and a beetle; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through Thursday, July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white pictures, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. . . . ¶ Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through Thursday, July 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Monday, July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Eighty paintings done in prisons by thirty-five inmates; through Aug. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Voices of East Harlem and Jonathan Edwards—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 8, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Virgil Fox—Repeat performances of "Heavy Organ," an all-Bach concert given in December at Fillmore East. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, July 9-10, at 8.)

Dizzy Gillespie, Al Cohn/Willis Conover, and the New York Band—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, July 10, at 7:30.

Muddy Waters—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, July 13, at 8.

Country Joe McDonald and Milkwood Tapestry—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, July 15, at 7:30.

Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Jaki Byard, Milt Hinton, and Grady Tate—Town Hall. Saturday, July 17, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 9, at 7: A piano recital by Earl Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 9: Leon Fleisher conducting the Boston Symphony, with Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 2:30: Bruno Maderna conducting, with Mr. Wild. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 7: A program by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: William Steinberg conducting another all-Brahms program, this one with Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Zara Nelsova, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Mozart-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, and Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 9, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "Curlew River," with Andrea Velis, tenor; William Metcalf and David Clatworthy, baritones; and Ara Berberian, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Leslie Parnas, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 11, at 5:30: A repeat performance of the July 9 "Curlew River.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the symphony orchestra in a program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 5:30: The New Amsterdam Ensemble. (Katonah, N. Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Newport Folk Festival—Friday, July 16, at 8: Clancy Brothers & Lou Killen, Country Joe McDonald, John Jackson, Mother Earth, Kris Kristofferson, Taj Mahal, Rosalie Sorrels, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8: Afro-American Ensemble, B. C. Harmonizers, Flash & the Dynamics, Pepe y Flora, Vincent Taylor, Harriet Tubman Freedom Choir, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 11: A concert of religious music. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 2: "New Folks Concert," with the Golden Nectar Good Time Band, Larry Hanks, J. F. Murphy & Salt, Paul Siebel, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 18, at 8: John Hartford, Lily Mae Ledford, Earl Scruggs, Pete Seeger, Happy & Artie Traum, Bukka White, Country Joe McDonald, Hot Tuna, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Lenox Arts Center—Saturday, July 10, at 7:30: Muddy Waters, Big Mama Thornton, and Jesse Fuller. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 7:30: Ravi Shankar. (Lenox, Mass.)

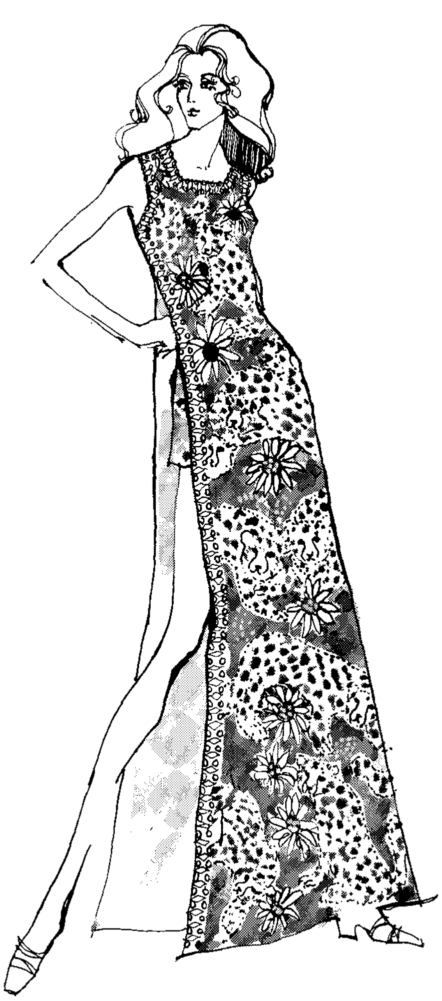
Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 31—Wednesday, July 7, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 8, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, July 9, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 10, at 8:30: "Four Last Songs," "Dim Lustre," "La Valse," and "PAMTGG.". . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given by Laura Nyro and Tony Joe White on Sunday, July 11, at 8:30.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 13, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14, at 8:30: "The Cage" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 15, at 8:30: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Friday, July 16, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 2: "Agon" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Tarantella," and "La Valse." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 10: Norman Walker and his company, Jayne Hillyer and Bill Martin-Viscount, and Sahomi Tachibana (with Saho and Saga Tachibana.). . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 13-17: Norman Walker and his company, plus Veronica Tennant and Jeremy Blanton. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 10, at 8, and Sunday, July 11, at 2: Rudy Perez Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17, at 8, and Sunday, July 18, at 2: Bella Lewitzky Dance Company. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Shea Stadium**: Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday, July 7, at 2:05. . . . **Yankee Stadi-**



Long dress over hot pants in cheetah print trimmed in white lace, either blue or green. Sizes 4-16. Price $70. Style No. 069.

Send check or money order to Lilly Pulitzer, Inc., 400 Royal Palm Way, Dept. NY11, Palm Beach, Fla. 33480. No charges. Florida residents add 4% sales tax. Postage and handling — $1.00.

LILLY PULITZER

PALM BEACH • BEVERLY HILLS • BLOOMFIELD HILLS • BOCA RATON • EDGARTOWN • LA JOLLA • NAPLES • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PALM SPRINGS • PETOSKEY • SARASOTA • SOUTHAMPTON • WATCH HILL

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

JULY

The good old Summertime seems better than ever at the Garden. All sorts of excitement is generating but it's all kept on the cool, comfortable side by our giant air-conditioning plant.

Next Friday (16), the Jackson 5 hailed as "the hottest group in the land," comes in for a one-night stand of musical pyrotechnics, followed on the weekend (17) and (18) by the 1971 Calypso Festival starring the Caribbean's most far-famed singers and instrumentalists with their characteristically naughty topical offerings. Leading the parade in all his glory is The Mighty Sparrow, together with such luminaries as the 1971 Road March King, Lord Kitchener, plus the sensational Merrymen from Barbados, Calypso Rose and a stageful more.

The boxing scene erupts again (26) at the Garden with an epic double-header featuring on live closed-circuit color TV direct from the Astrodome in Houston, Muhammad Ali's return to the wars against former W.B.A. heavyweight champ Jimmy Ellis. Plus live in the Garden ring, the French middleweight sensation Nessim (Max) Cohen in his American debut versus ex-champ Emile Griffith.

And leave us not forget to mention Stephen Stills & Band. He has struck out on his own from the popular Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young group and now brings his unique rock-folk magic into the Garden on (30) with special guests. This one will really rock the folks.

In response to your queries, it's a real pleasure to tell you that the all-new, all-live 1971 edition of "Disney on Parade" is on its way here for an extended Garden engagement from August 3rd thru the 29th. As we trust you have observed in our newspaper announcements, tickets are already on sale and they're moving fast. Seems as though a lot of daddies and mommies know that an In Person visit with Snow White and all seven of her diminutive friends, Pinocchio, Goofy (with Herbie the Love Bug), Mickey and all the other favorite Disney characters will make this summer the greatest ever for a lot of girls and boys. And their parents.

M.S.G.

madison square garden
Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.
FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 564-4400

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

UM: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, July 9, at 8; Saturday, July 10, at about 2:45 (the twenty-fifth annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, Whitey Ford, Lefty Gomez, Roger Peckinpaugh, and other members of the Yankees' twenty-nine pennant-winning teams); and Sunday, July 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, July 15, at 2, and Friday, July 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Saturday, July 17, at 2.

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 8-11.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 31. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 10; the Astoria, Wednesday, July 14; and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 17. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Saturday, July 10, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **HISTORIC TRACK,** Goshen: Wednesday through Friday, July 7-9, at 1:30. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 10, through Saturday, July 17.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Marianne" (1929), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Marion Davies and Cliff Edwards. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan and Joan Peers. . . . ¶ July 8 at 5:30 and 8: "Devil May Care" (1929), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2 and 5:30: "The Love Parade" (1929), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ July 10 at 11:30: "Die Strasse" (1923), a German film, directed by Karl Grune. . . . ¶ July 10 at 3 and 5:30: "The Show of Shows" (1929), directed by John Adolfi, with Wheeler Oakland, Carmel Myers, Frank Fay, Gertrude Olmsted, and Tully Marshall, plus a lot of others and the songs "You Were Meant for Me" and "Rockabye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody.". . . ¶ July 11 at 2 and 5:30 and July 12 at 1: "Sally" (1929), directed by John Francis Dillon, with Marilyn Miller and Alexander Gray. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), in Russian, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; no English titles. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2: "Lord Byron of Broadway" (1930), directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont, with Charles Kaley and Cliff Edwards. . . . ¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Storm Over Asia" (1928). . . . ¶ July 14 at 2 and 5:30: "Chasing Rainbows" (1930), directed by Charles Reisner, with Jack Benny and Marie Dressler. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2: "The Cuban Love Song" (1931), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Lawrence Tibbett and Lupe Velez. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5:30: "Lord Byron of Broadway" (1930). . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: "The Cuban Love Song" (1931). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 7: "Storm in a Teacup" (1937), directed by Victor Saville, with Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. . . . ¶ July 8-9: "Passport to Pimlico" (1949), directed by Henry Cornelius, with Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ July 10-11: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness and Valerie Hobson. . . . ¶ July 14-15: "Last Holiday" (1950), directed by Henry Cass, with Alec Guinness and Beatrice Campbell. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4, and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather over the city, call 472-1003 for news.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **TIMON OF ATHENS.** It is easy to see why this Shakespearean tragedy is done so seldom, since it seems more spiteful and disagreeable than tragic, and it is extremely long-winded. The strength of the performance lies in the incidental scenes, many of which come off quite well, and the production looks wonderful. Direction by Gerald Freedman, setting by Ming Cho Lee, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 18. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC,** with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett, will again be the summer production. Opens Thursday, July 8. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays at 8; through Aug. 12.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 7: Mongo Santamaria, Herbie Mann, and Roy Ayers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 9: Ravi Shankar. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 10: Melanie and Janey & Dennis. . . . ¶ Monday, July 12: Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson's trio. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 14: The Supremes. . . . ¶ Friday, July 16: Poco and Jerry Riopelle. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 17: The Byrds and J.F. Murphy & Salt. (Evenings at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 15.)

GAELIC PARK—Cat Stevens, Tim Hardin, and Kate Taylor. (Broadway and 240th St. Wednesday, July 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra. (Thursday, July 8, at 8:30, with Sheryl King, soprano; and Thursday, July 15, at 8:30, with Stephanie Chase, violin. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—David Amram's quartet. (Tuesday, July 13, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

WALKING TOURS—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, July 11. Meets at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films organized by the Miller beer people is being shown in various city parks on various dates at 9 P.M. through July 25. For program news and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

The bourbon smoke.

The other reason Swedish women like Swedish men.

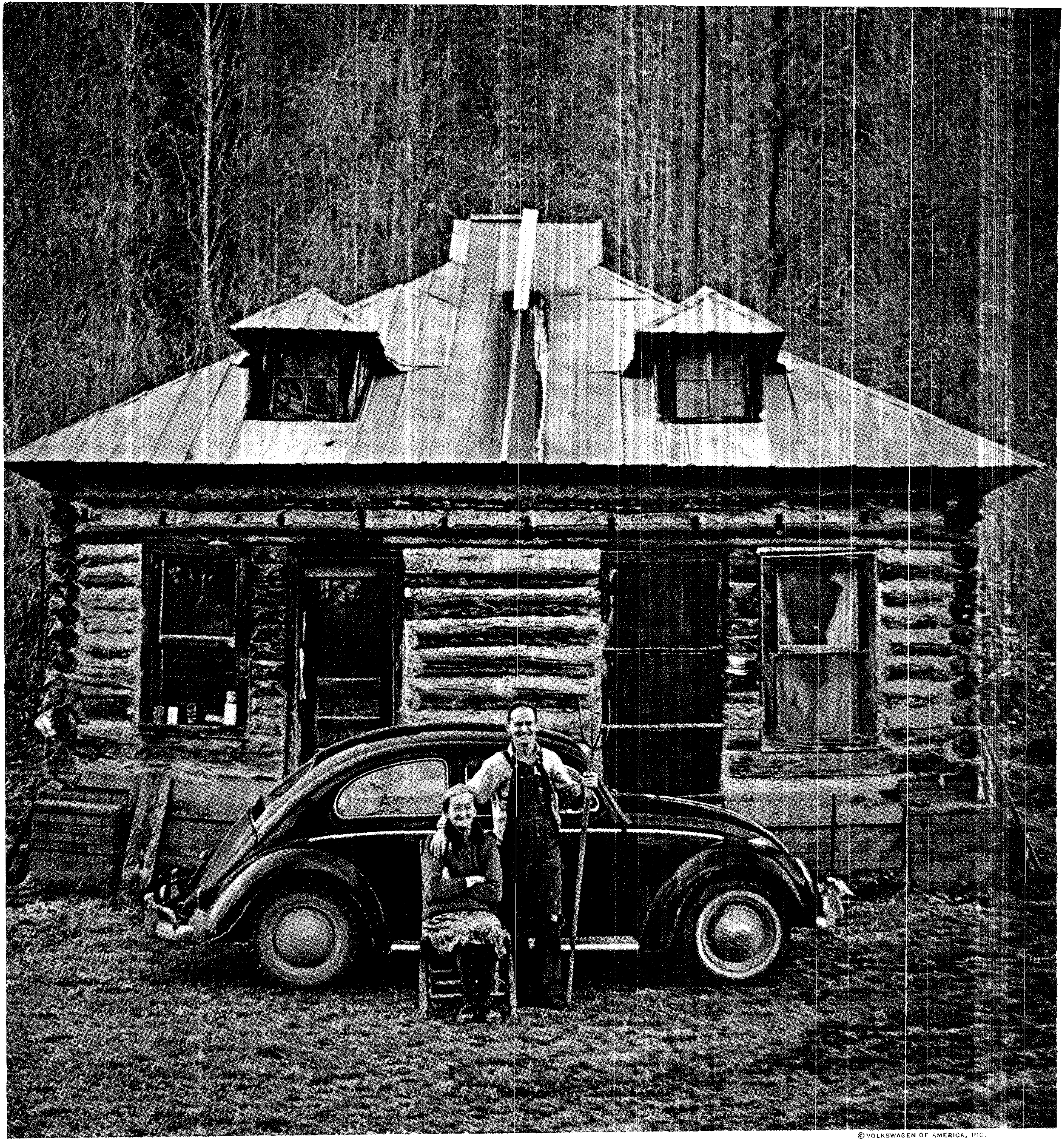
BOURBON
BORKUM RIFF
BORKUM RIFF®
riff cut mild mixture
NET WEIGHT 2 OZ.

The Swedes discovered it: the way good Kentucky bourbon can actually soften the taste of pipe tobacco. Subtly adding flavor without disguising it.

The result is Borkum Riff. A unique, definitely rich smoke that won't bite.

You'll like it. Borkum Riff, the bourbon smoke. From Sweden.

Imported by United States Tobacco Company



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

"It was the only thing to do after the mule died."

Three years back, the Hinsleys of Dora, Missouri, had a tough decision to make.

To buy a new mule.

Or invest in a used bug.

They weighed the two possibilities.

First there was the problem of the bitter Ozark winters. Tough on a warm-blooded mule. Not so tough on an air-cooled VW.

Then, what about the eating habits of the two contenders? Hay vs. gasoline.

As Mr. Hinsley puts it: "I get over eighty miles out of a dollar's worth of gas and I get where I want to go a lot quicker."

Then there's the road leading to their cabin. Many a mule pulling a wagon and many a conventional automobile has spent many an hour stuck in the mud.

As for shelter, a mule needs a barn. A bug doesn't. "It just sets out there all day and the paint job looks near as good as the day we got it."

Finally, there was maintenance to think about. When a mule breaks down, there's only one thing to do: Shoot it.

But if and when their bug breaks down, the Hinsleys have a Volkswagen dealer only two gallons away.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 13: "Little Murders."
From July 14: "Ryan's Daughter."

ORPHEUM REPERTORY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
July 7: "All Quiet on the Western Front."
July 8: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday."
July 9: "Night of the Living Dead."
July 10: "The Lady from Shanghai."
July 11: "Monkey Business."
July 12: "The Oklahoma Kid."
July 13: "The Mask of Dimitrios."
July 14: "Double Indemnity."
July 15: "That Man from Rio."

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 13: "Little Murders" and "Move."
From July 14: "10 Rillington Place" and "A Severed Head."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Love Story."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Language of Love."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Klute."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Last Run."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Fortune and Men's Eyes."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Walkabout."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Glory Boy."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 13: "Bananas."
From July 14: "Dusty and Sweets McGee."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. EAST TWIN CINEMAS, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Willard."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (750-4630)
"Le Mans."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Unman, Wittering and Zigo."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Two-Lane Blacktop."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Drive, He Said."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Last Run."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 13: "Little Big Man."
From July 14: "The Seven Minutes."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Anderson Tapes."

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What's the Matter with Helen?"

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
July 7: "Dirtymouth."
July 8-14: "King of Hearts" and "A Thousand Clowns."
From July 15: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Summer of '42."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 11: "Grand Hotel" and "Anna Christie."
July 12-15: "Mata Hari" and "Ninotchka."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 7: "Fidel."
From July 8: "The Nun."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Love Story."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 7: "El" and "Simon of the Desert."
July 8-10: "Senso" and "La Terra Trema."
July 11-12: "Diary of a Country Priest" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc."
July 13: "La Ronde" and "Le Jour Se Lève."
July 14-15: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "Haxan."

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Song of Norway."

BIJOU CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
July 7: "The Human Condition Trilogy."
July 8-10: "Chushingura."
July 11-12: "Kwaidan."
July 13-14: "Samurai, the Legend of Musashi" and "Sansho the Bailiff."
From July 15: "Yojimbo" and "The Drunken Angel."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 13: "Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory."
From July 14 (tentative): "Fantasia."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Murphy's War."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Language of Love."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Clowns."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Crook."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 13: "What's the Matter with Helen?"
From July 14: "Ryan's Daughter."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Song of Norway."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 8: "October" and "The Hunt."
July 9-10: "The End of St. Petersburg" and "Antonio das Mortes."
July 11-12: "Mother" and "Toni."
July 13-14: "The Girl with the Hatbox" and "Landru."
From July 15: "Une Femme Douce" and "La Femme Infidèle."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Song of Norway."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 7: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Well-Digger's Daughter."
July 8: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don."
July 9: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Lust for Life."
July 10: "Belle de Jour" and "A Man and a Woman."
July 11: "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."
July 12: "My Sister, My Love" and "A Woman Is a Woman."
July 13: "Bizarre, Bizarre" and "Port of Shadows."
July 14: A program of five films on psychology.
July 15: "Portrait of Lenin" and "Chapayev."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ADRIFT—A Czechoslovakian film, directed by Ján Kadár. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. Fred Zinnemann has a doubled bit part. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 7.)

THE ANDERSON TAPES—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum.)

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON (1960)—Directed by Sergei Gerasimov. In Russian. (Thalia; July 8.)

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 11.)

ANTONIO DAS MORTES (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; July 9-10.)

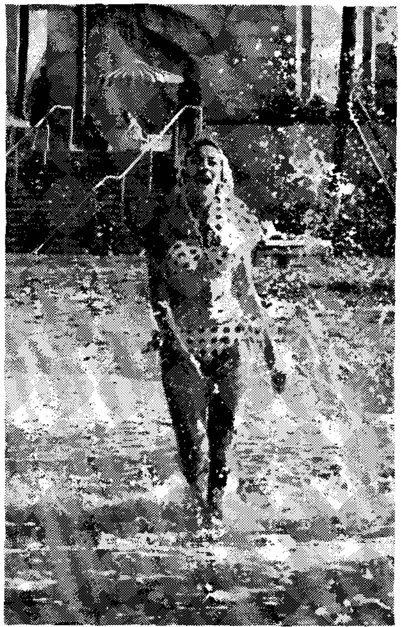
THE BAKER'S WIFE (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry, which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

BANANAS—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet; through July 13.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia; July 10.)

BIZARRE, BIZARRE (1937)—Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this Dadaist comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, improbably set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story

SHERATON IN PUERTO RICO



800-325-3535 MAKES IT HAPPEN

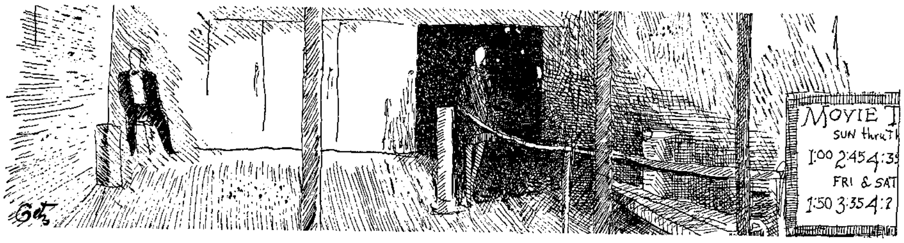
Stroll on a Caribbean beach at sunset. Dine like a gourmet in La Alhambra Room with its spectacular view of San Juan and the ocean. Relax by an Olympic-sized pool. Golf privileges available at 18 hole golf course. Play tennis. Dance. Enjoy famous entertainment in the Salon Carnaval.

In San Juan, the Puerto Rico-Sheraton makes it happen.

It's the perfect place to spend a vacation or just a week-end. And you can make reservations at the Puerto Rico-Sheraton or at any other Sheraton in the world by calling 800-325-3535. Or have your travel agent call for you.

Puerto Rico-Sheraton Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a romantic milkman. In French. (Thalia; July 13.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Carnal Knowledge—Mike Nichols and Jules Feiffer collaborated on this grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. Unpleasantly clever. Jack Nicholson overacts and Arthur Garfunkel underacts. (Cinema I.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Thalia; July 9.)

Chapayev (1934)—Directed by Sergei and Georgy Vassiliev. A huge success in Soviet Russia, and flickering with the sense of human detail that seems to belong to Russians even when they are being programmatic. The story is about the role of an illiterate who served the Czar in the First World War and then organized his own Red forces. The account is naïve, but there is something wonderful about the freshness and bright spirit of the film's nature. In Russian. (Thalia; July 15.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 8-10.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art.)

The Crook—The hero of Claude Lelouch's new film, a thriller, is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and called Simon the Swiss because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The plot, romantically sadistic, is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Paris.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and intensity. In French. (Elgin; July 11-12.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia; July 11.)

Dirtymouth—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 7.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Thalia; July 8.)

Double Indemnity (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. See it. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 14.)

Drive, He Said—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. You can leave your head at home if you go to see this one. (Tower East.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork as long as you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 15.)

Dusty and Sweets McGee—A film of the drug scene, directed by Floyd Mutrux. (Coronet; starting July 14.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 7.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (New Yorker; July 9-10.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild; starting July 14, tentative.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (New Yorker; starting July 15.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (New Yorker; starting July 15.)

Fidel—A documentary film about Castro and Cuba today, directed by Saul Landau. (5th Ave. Cinema; through July 7.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Based on John Herbert's play, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer, directed by Harvey Hart. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Girl with the Hatbox (1927)—Anna Sten in a little-known satirical comedy about a milliner who wins a lottery. Directed by Boris V. Barnet. (New Yorker; July 13-14.)

Glory Boy—With Arthur Kennedy and Mitchell Ryan, directed by Ed Sherin. (Baronet.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford, a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford. Edmund Goulding directed. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 11. . . . ¶ Thalia: July 11.)

Haxan (1922)—A film on witchcraft through the ages. (Elgin; July 14-15.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—Directed by Walon Green. (Paramount.)

The Human Condition Trilogy—Directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. Part 1: "No Greater Love" (1959). Part 2: "Road to Eternity" (1950). Part 3: "A Soldier's Prayer" (1961). (Bijou Cinema; July 7.)

The Hunt (1966)—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (New Yorker; through July 8.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; July 13.)

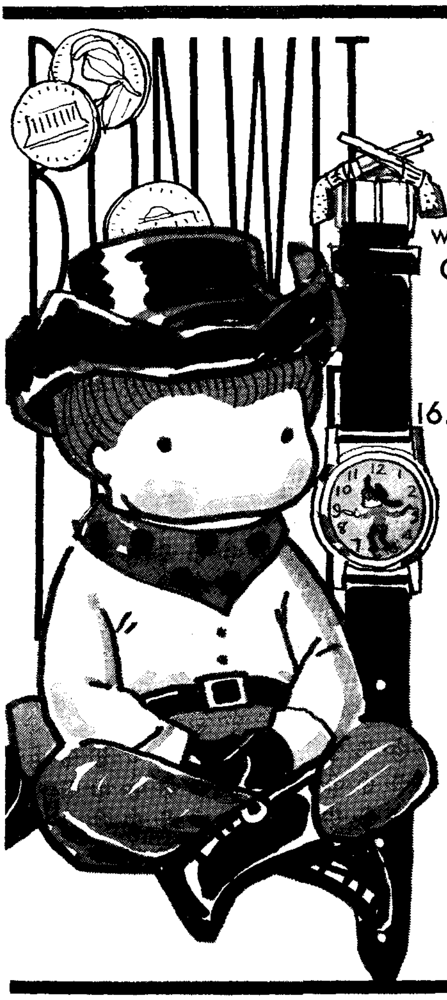
King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8-14.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Murray Hill.)

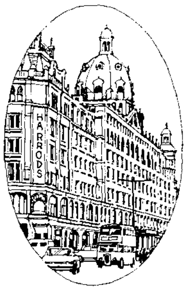
Kwaidan (1965)—A four-part film, directed by Masaki Kobayashi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 11-12.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 10.)

Landru (1963)—Claude Chabrol directed this gifted, rather lip-smacking account of the French mass-murderer, from a script by Françoise Sagan. Short roles, necessarily, for Danielle Darrieux, Michèle Morgan, Hildegarde Neff. The points sometimes seem



For your little big man—
Bonwit's Brave Cowboy
comes to life from the Joan Walsh Anglund book. Cowboy penny bank in ranch-hand navy, red and white paper maché, 7½" high, 6.00
Galloping cowboy wrist watch with pistol-packing hands to tell time has a fine Swiss-movement and is shock-resistant. With yellow dial, 16.00 From Determined Productions.
Add 1.25 outside delivery area.
Young Accessories Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th St., New York
Manhasset Philadelphia
Short Hills Scarsdale Chicago
Oakbrook Cleveland Troy



American Express just opened an account for you at Harrods, London's greatest store.

After the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey, comes Harrods of Knightsbridge—the biggest, noblest department store in all Europe.

They handle everything from stuffed vine leaves to African safaris in some 200 departments. And now you can pay for it all with your American Express Money Card.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
THE MONEY CARD
040 078 493 1 100AX
CHARLES F. FROST

THE MONEY CARD
AMERICAN EXPRESS
FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL℠

We believe the Land Rover record for lubrication is 700 miles on banana oil.

If your Land Rover has gone further on banana oil, or any distance on a more exotic lubricant, please write:

Land Rover

British Leyland Motors Inc.
Leonia, New Jersey 07605

STANDARD EQUIPMENT: 4 forward speeds and reverse, and 2-speed transfer box, equals 8 forward, 2 reverse. Four wheel drive. Full length metal top. Body of non-corroding aluminum alloy with sliding side windows, security catches, door locks. Side-hinged rear door, external locking handle. Seats for seven. Windshield ventilators. Dual braking system. Windshield washers. Back-up lights. Fresh air heater and defrosters.
SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE: $4100 East Coast P.O.E., not including inland freight, dealer preparation, state and local taxes.
OPTIONS: So many they are best gone into with a Land Rover dealer.

cheaply made; the cut-in newsreel footage about the war makes the surrounding film lightweight, but it is worth seeing if you are interested in Chabrol. In French. (New Yorker; July 13-14.)

The Last Run—With George C. Scott and Tony Musante, directed by Richard Fleischer. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. (Ciné Malibu.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East; through July 13.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Art and Charles; through July 13.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Gramercy and Greenwich.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Thalia; July 9.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Thalia; July 10.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—Modest little "international" thriller from an Eric Ambler story. With Zachary Scott, and Peter Lorre as—surprise—the good guy. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 13.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (8th St. Playhouse; July 12-15.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—Warren Beatty and Julie Christie in Robert Altman's artistic triumph—a sensitive, innovative film that places Altman in the top rank of directors, right next to the great Europeans. (Loew's Ciné.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—Tall, eccentric Jacques Tati stars in his own dry, light slapstick comedy about the ghastliness of a summer vacation at a seaside resort. A poignant movie, with a sweet, nostalgic score. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 8.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd, in the first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense, which features such songs as "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me" and "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 11.)

Mother (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time. Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaia plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors, in his interest in acting) himself plays *the officer who interrogates her.* (New Yorker; July 11-12.)

Move (1970)—With Elliott Gould; a ghastly comedy about a man who—married to *Paula Prentiss*—can't make love to his wife because he is so worried about moving from a brownstone to an apartment house: the moving men won't come, and other big anxieties. (Charles; through July 13.)

Murphy's War—With Peter O'Toole, directed by Peter Yates. (Music Hall.)

My Sister, My Love (1966)—Vilgot Sjöman, who later made "I Am Curious," directed this Jacobean story of incest (derived from John Ford's 1633 play "'Tis Pity She's a Whore") in a tense, sensuous style that is morbidly effective. Movie incest usually seems just trivial sport, but in this film the love of the brother and sister (Per Oscarsson and Bibi Andersson) is terrifying and fills one with anxiety and dread. With Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Thalia; July 12.)

Night of the Living Dead (1968)—With Judith O'Dea, directed by George A. Romero. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 9.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (8th St. Playhouse; *July 12-15.*)

The Nun—With Anna Karina, directed by Jacques Rivette. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting July 8.)

October (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. Also called "Ten Days That Shook the World." (New Yorker; through July 8.)

The Oklahoma Kid (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 12.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films; Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—linked eroticism to religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Elgin; July 11-12.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Ziegfeld. Nightly at 8. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, Saturdays at 12:30, 2:30, and 5, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—Marcel Carné's film, written by Jacques Prévert, with Jean Gabin as a hero cornered by society. Infinitely less good than the two collaborations with Prévert that followed ("Daybreak" and "Children of Paradise"). The film greatly attracted foreign audiences of the time by its then unfamiliar and rather glamorous Gallic pessimism. In French. (Thalia; July 13.)

Portrait of Lenin (1965)—In this psycho-political study of Lenin, well directed by Sergei Youtkevitch, the revolutionary is seen as a likable, middle-aged little man in solitary confinement, musing over his role in history and the events that led to his imprisonment. (Thalia; July 15.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone

MARTELL
MARTELL
FONDEE EN 1715
J. & F. Martell
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC (FRANCE)
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO
NEW YORK, N.Y.

© 1971, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

1715. Cognac begins.

The world is discovering cognac.

At the same time, Jean Martell arrives in Cognac Country.

He is beguiled by the distilling of brandy.

By 1728, 27,000 barrels of cognac have been exported.

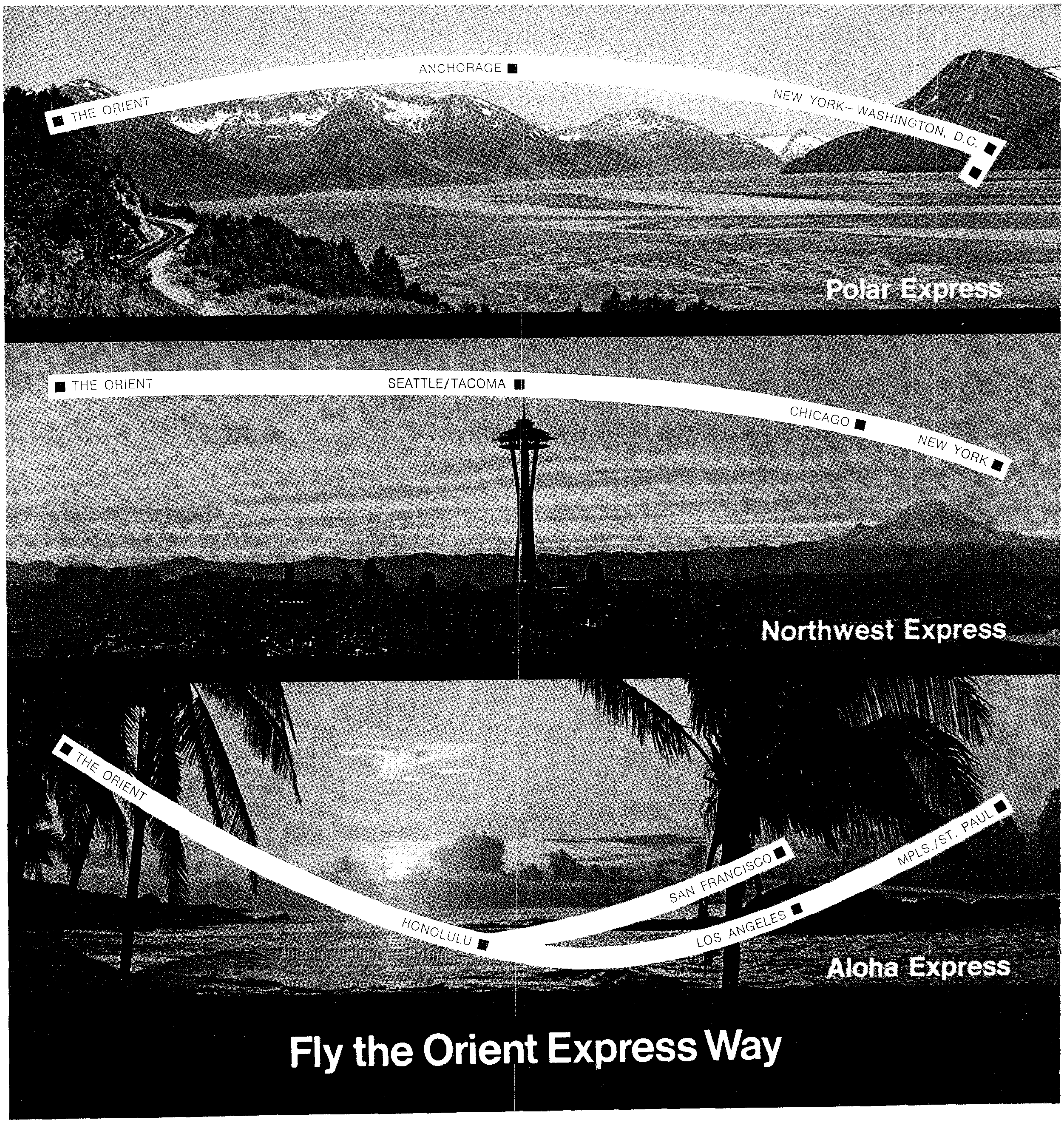
That was 243 years ago.

Since then, it is difficult to separate the history of cognac from that of House of Martell.

In fact, there has been no other occupation for anyone in the Martell family except that of creating fine cognac.

Which is probably the reason Martell cognacs are the largest-selling in the world.

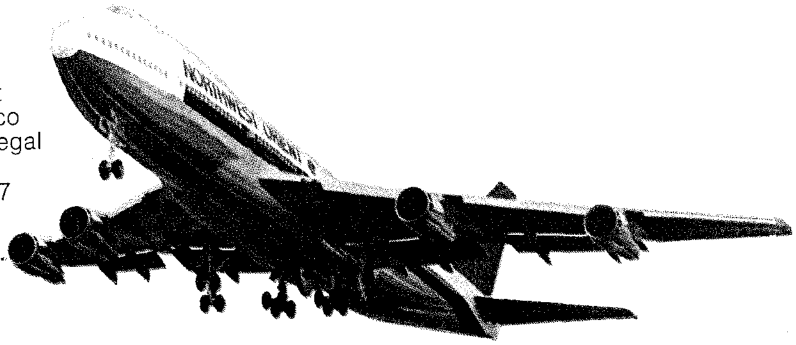
Martell. Taste history.


THE ORIENT
ANCHORAGE
NEW YORK–WASHINGTON, D.C.
Polar Express
THE ORIENT
SEATTLE/TACOMA
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
Northwest Express
THE ORIENT
HONOLULU
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
MPLS./ST. PAUL
Aloha Express
Fly the Orient Express Way

Nobody has more routes to the Orient

Nobody flies direct from more U.S. cities (11) and has more 747s to the Orient (14 a week). You can fly Northwest 747s from New York through Seattle and from San Francisco through Honolulu. All flights treat you to magnificent Regal Imperial service.

Fly the Orient Express Way — your choice of 3 routes to 7 Orient cities. For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.



Discover the new magnificent
NORTHWEST ORIENT 747

Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Elgin; July 13.)

Ryan's Daughter—Gush made respectable by millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Art and Cinema Studio; starting July 14.)

Samurai, the Legend of Musashi (1954)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. Part I of the Samurai trilogy. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 13-14.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; July 13-14.)

Senso (1955)—Visconti on the *Risorgimento*. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. The picture had great trouble with the Italian censors because of its anti-institutional interpretation of the sources of historical change. ("The military were beaten in 1866 because the regulars refused to enroll the volunteers," Visconti said to us once.) A wonderful movie with a big sweep. In Italian. (Elgin; July 8-10.)

The Seven Minutes—From the Irving Wallace novel, with Wayne Maunder, directed by Russ Meyer. (U. A. East; starting July 14.)

A Severed Head—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteen-sixties novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Charles; starting July 14.)

Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; July 14-15.)

Shaft—With Richard Roundtree, directed by Gordon Parks. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Elgin; July 7.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Symphony.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts, Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, and Midtown.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Charles; starting July 14.)

La Terra Trema (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Elgin; July 8-10.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure film. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; July 15.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 8-14.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker; July 11-12.)

Two-Lane Blacktop—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Beekman.)

Unman, Wittering and Zigo—David Hemmings plays a schoolteacher who has just left advertising, looking for a new life, and finds himself in the mayhem world of Form VB in a minor English public school. The script is by Simon Raven, a writer who rather savors the vicious snobberies that Evelyn Waugh wrote about with more scorn, though he has a true enough ear. The story is a melodrama about a course of victimization imaginatively executed by privileged boys whose delight might be said to lie in pulling the wings off houses. The film is a great deal more local than "If. . .," let alone "Zero for Conduct," and a great deal less poetic than either, but it is done with talent, and some of the acting scenes carry a powerful charge. (Cinema II.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; July 7.)

What's the Matter with Helen?—With Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters, directed by Curtis Harrington. (86th St. East. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through July 13.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton.)

Willard—With Bruce Davison, Sondra Locke, Elsa Lanchester, and Ernest Borgnine, directed by Daniel Mann. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinema.)

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory—With Gene Wilder and Jack Albertson, directed by Mel Stuart. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Guild; through July 13.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia; July 12.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting July 15.)

Only Northwest flies to these 39 U.S. cities...

Anchorage
Atlanta
Billings
Bismarck
Boston
Bozeman
Butte
Chicago
Cleveland
Detroit
Fargo
Ft. Lauderdale
Grand Forks
Great Falls
Helena
Hilo
Honolulu
Jamestown
Los Angeles
Madison
Miami
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
Missoula
Moorhead
Newark
New York
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland
Rochester
San Francisco
St. Paul
St. Petersburg
Seattle
Spokane
Tacoma
Tampa
Washington, D.C.

...to these 7 Orient cities

Tokyo
Osaka
Seoul
Okinawa
Taipei
Manila
Hong Kong

We cover the Orient as nobody else can do it. Fly the Orient Express Way.

For reservations, call your travel agent or Northwest Orient.

NORTHWEST ORIENT

LIPSTICK-IN-A

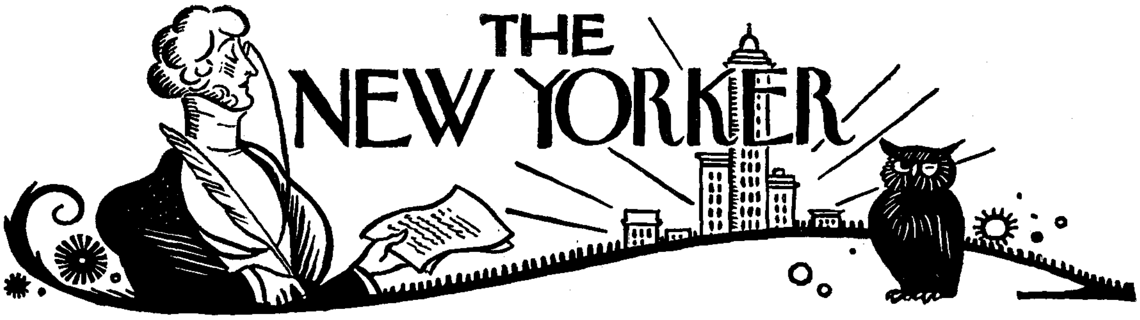
'I've always envisioned a lipstick
more lustrous than any ever made.
Luscious Lipstick-in-a-Pot.
Lipsticks in a 'stick' couldn't convey
the luscious look I wanted. That's
why I had to create a whole new formula.
And literally pour it into pots.'
-Charles Revson

This is 'deep-dish' lipstick—the first of its kind. Glistens like gloss. Yet gives you all the rich, lasting color of lipstick. The effect? Indescribably delicious. The wear? Astonishing. If you want the most luscious liplook imaginable, this is *it*.

In 15 Luscious Colors:

The Cremes: Pink Pongee • Pink Vermeil • Apricotta Pink Cerise • Costa Rosa • Charcoal Red • Status Red Real Real Red. **The Frosts:** Pearlskin Peach • Bermuda Bronze • Caribe Coral • Hot Cocoa • Navy Blue Red. **The Transparents:** Pink Blush • Beige Blush.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

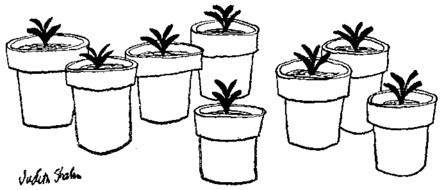


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A SENIOR member of the Republican National Committee recently said in private that the Nixon-Agnew Administration was planning a campaign, organized and directed by Herb Klein, its director of communications, to destroy the "credibility" of the press before the 1972 Presidential election. The purpose, this man explained, was to enable President Nixon to say to the people at election time that since the press had proved untrustworthy, its attacks on him and his record were worthless. It is possible that the government's suit against the *Times* in the matter of the Pentagon papers was initiated to this end. Destroying the standing of a newspaper like the *Times* (which tries to do the kind of job that newspapers were created to do) by making it a journalistic criminal—in fact, a traitor—would certainly go a long way toward destroying any power it might continue to have as a political critic. All this, of course, is conjecture, but since Mr. Nixon took office he has so frequently—and, it seems, blithely—disregarded the law that it is reasonable to wonder if his determination to be reelected, at almost any cost, might lead him to attack one of the basic principles underlying our system—not the right to speak freely but the right to listen freely. The attempts thus far by the President and his Vice-President to cow the press finally created a Constitutional crisis, in which one branch of the government was compelled to stop an unprecedented, fundamental violation of rights by another branch of the government. It is to the blessed credit of the Supreme Court majority (all the members except Mr. Nixon's two appointees and one carry-over from President Eisenhower's day) that, for the time being, it has defended the principle of a free press against a deadly threat.

Despite this heartening victory for the people, three opinions by members of the Court add up to a new threat to the press—one that can only have what is known in legal circles as "a chilling effect" on the First Amendment rights of free speech and a free press. Justice Byron White, who voted with the majority, wrote, gratuitously, that if publication of any of the material by the *Times* and other papers violates the sections of the Criminal Code prohibiting the release of classified material, the papers "must face the consequences," and he added, "I would have no difficulty in sustaining convictions under these sections on facts that would not justify the intervention of equity and the imposition of a prior restraint." Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, in his separate opinion, stated that he was "in general agreement with much of what Mr. Justice White has expressed with respect to penal sanctions concerning communication or retention of documents or information relating to the national defense." In effect, two justices of the Supreme Court may have encouraged the Department of Justice to prosecute members of the press who are engaged in publishing the Pentagon papers, and these justices have gone on to notify lower courts how they would probably vote on an issue that hasn't come up. This is a shocking breach of customary judicial practice, but it is no more shocking than the one committed by the President's more recent appointee to the Court, Justice Harry Blackmun, who wrote that if the newspapers continued to publish these documents and the results were more soldiers killed, alliances destroyed, negotiation with the enemy made more difficult, the war prolonged, and American prisoners kept in bondage, "then the nation's people will know where the responsibility for these sad consequences rests." Apparently, Justice Blackmun believes that the government officials who have been responsible for the death of fifty thousand of our soldiers and more than a million other people in Indo-China, the officials who have made other nations fear any alliance with us because it might end up with similar carnage and devastation for their people and their land, the officials who have used American prisoners as pawns in a sordid publicity campaign so that the war can be prolonged are all to be protected from public criticism and judgment, while the newspapers that have revealed the officials' duplicity and incompetence are to pay the price for the public calumny that must follow the publication of the facts. Such statements by members of the Supreme Court amount to outright intimidation of the press and simply reinforce the moves made by the Nixon-Agnew Administration. When the Court's session broke up, Solicitor General Erwin N. Griswold, who had pleaded and lost the government's over-all case, claimed a partial victory for his side when he said to a fellow-lawyer, "Maybe the newspapers will show a little restraint in the future." That is, maybe the people will again be successfully deceived, and will be led to accept some other catastrophic folly.



Thirty-one Flavors

WHILE strolling on the upper East Side in recent weeks, we've had the impression that the longest lines of carefree spenders in town nowadays are not at the Off-Track Betting windows but at the counter of an ice-cream store at Madison Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street. It's one of nine hundred and twenty franchised outlets of the Baskin-Robbins chain (there are three others in Manhattan: one at Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street, one at Lexington and Sixty-eighth, and one at Broadway and 112th), which, among them, now annually dispense fifteen million gallons of exceptional ice cream, sherbet, and water ice; which have a repertoire of over four hundred flavors (including Licorice, Fresh Cantaloupe, and Blueberry Cheesecake); and which at any given moment have thirty-one of these on hand—one, the gimmick goes, for every day of the month. On last week's sultriest day, we stopped by the Madison Avenue store shortly before 11 A.M., its official opening hour, for a prearranged rendezvous with Irvine Robbins. It was he who started the whole booming, melting business, a quarter of a century ago in California, in partnership with the late Burton Baskin, who was his brother-in-law. Mr. Robbins, a relaxed impresario of fifty-three with longish gray sideburns, welcomed us and introduced us to the store owner, Don Burns, who at once pressed on us a heaping plastic spoonful of his wares. "Lemon Custard with Hot Fudge," Mr. Burns said. "It's simply out of this world." Both men apologized for being unable to offer us a seat. "In theory, there are a dozen chairs in each shop," Mr. Burns said, "but we had to take ours out to make room for people." Mr. Robbins was passing through New York en route from his national headquarters, in Burbank, California, to the Boston headquarters of the United Fruit Company, which bought Baskin-Robbins in 1967, lock, stock, barrel, and Almond Marzipan. He retains the better parts of two worlds: a mouth-watering capital gain and the presidency of United Fruit's Baskin-Robbins subsidiary. We asked him to account for the phenomenal success of his business.

"Well, you can't get away from the root cause that good ice cream, like motherhood, is a memorable part of the fun of youth," he said. "I must say that New York has surprised me, though. Either New Yorkers love ice cream more than most people do or they've been starved for it—for interesting ice cream, I mean. Most of the excitement we generate, I guess, comes from our flavors. That's where the action is—with novelties like Pink Bubble Gum Ice Cream, which children just can't resist the sound of. Our flavors originate in several ways. Burt Baskin, for instance, was single-handedly responsible for Pink Grapefruit Ice. Some suggestions come from our customers and some from our employees. My co-founder ran into a guy once who told him, 'Whoever thinks of all these flavors must be plumb nuts,' and Burt said, 'Congratulations! You just invented a new flavor—Plum Nuts.' I myself ran into an acquaintance who said he was crazy about our Chocolate Sherbet, but why not put orange peel in it? 'Why not?' I said. We kicked that one around in our testing labs without making much headway until I thought, Let's hypo it with orange *juice*, and the upshot was our Mandarin Chocolate Sherbet, a solid, steady seller."

The Baskin-Robbins stores get their ice cream from eight manufacturing plants around the country, and each store is required by the terms of its franchise to carry the same thirty-one flavors at the same time. There is a monthly turnover of five flavors. Vanilla, chocolate, and coffee, in their infinite variations, account for forty per cent of all sales. "All our coffee ice creams, including our Espresso, are made with fresh coffee," Mr. Robbins said.

We could not reply; Mr. Burns was at that moment teasing us with a morsel of Jamoca Almond Fudge, a patriarch of the Baskin-Robbins coffee family.

"But we like to cater to the adventurous spirit of contemporary America," Mr. Robbins went on. "Thus our Tanganilla—tangerine and vanilla, if you hadn't guessed—with its mysterious, alluring name. I myself am more partial to Burgundy Cherry, but actually I like them all. I've always liked ice cream. My father ran a dairy farm in Tacoma, Washington, and I go back to the rock-salt days." At his home, in California, Mr. Robbins told us, he has his own ice-cream bar, complete with fudge warmer, but he rarely stocks more than a half-dozen flavors simultaneously. Wherever he is, he consumes five or more scoops of ice cream daily, starting at breakfast (he is partial at that time to Chiquita Banana); a recent holiday in Morocco was almost ruined for him because of the unavailability of his personal staff of life.

When we asked him to enumerate some of the flavors of his own creation, he hesitated. "I guess I've had my finger in most of them," he finally said. "Better make that my 'influence.' Fresh Cantaloupe was mine, and Beatle Nut, and, although it pains me to mention it, Goody-Goody Gum Drop. That seemed sensational, and it looked beautiful, but the trouble was that when gum drops are frozen, because of their high sugar content they stay frozen. We had some consumer complaints."

It was getting near opening time, and people were pounding on the store's glass door. Mr. Robbins' eye was attracted by one supplicant, a tall, leggy blonde, and he leaped to sneak her in. Next, he hugged her. "My niece—Edie Baskin," he said. "The undisputed originator of Banana Daiquiri."

Miss Baskin nodded demurely and addressed herself to a two-scoop cone that Mr. Burns had deftly whipped up—Lemon Chiffon and Caramel Rocky Road. When she was able to speak, she said, "People are always asking me 'Don't you get sick of ice cream?' and I always say 'I could eat it every day of my life.' "

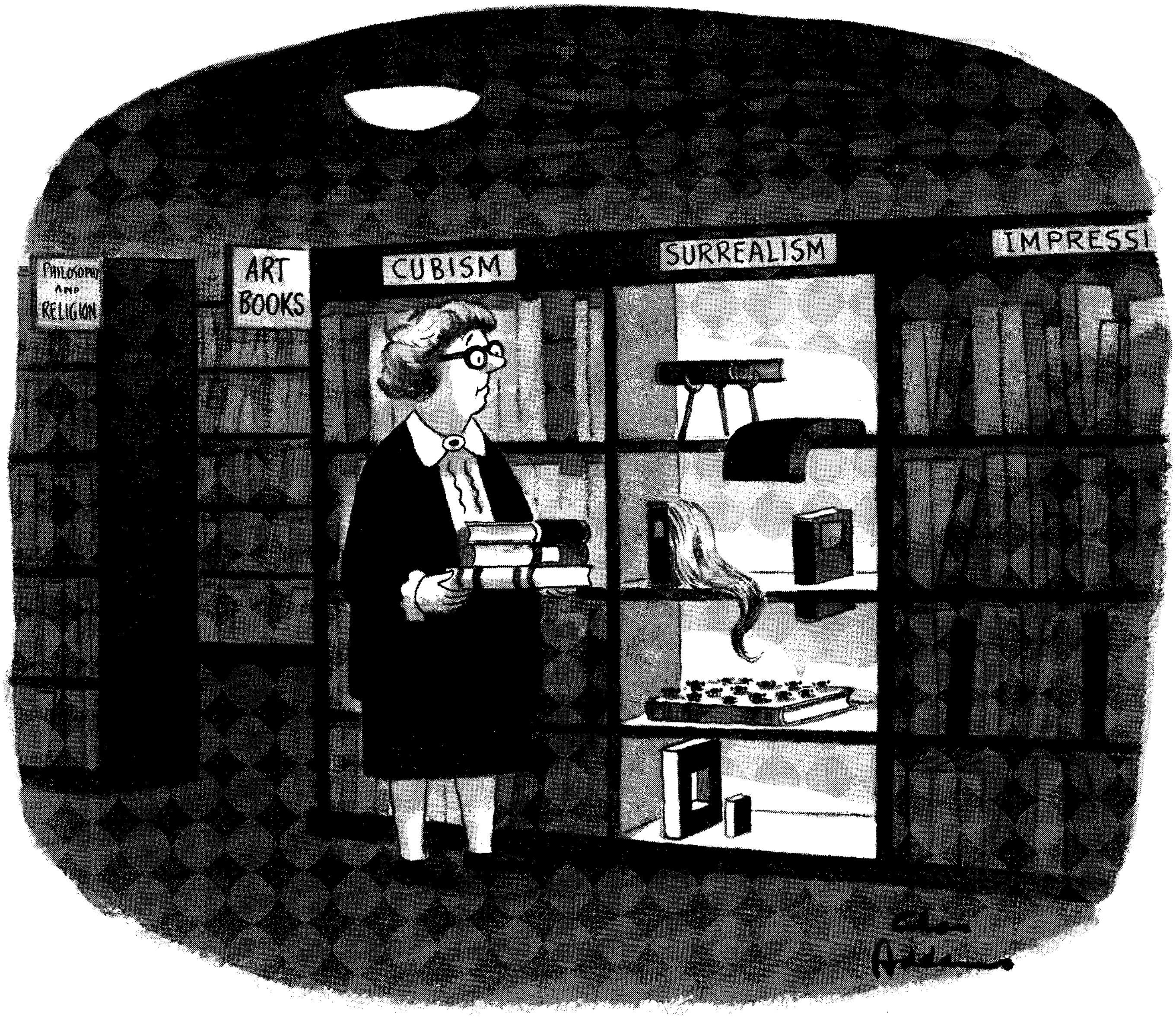
Her uncle beamed, and Mr. Burns seized the moment to honor us with a taste of Blueberries 'n Cream. Then he threw open his portals, and the pre-lunch upper-East Side crowd poured in. Mr. Robbins invited us to join him in a cone of 32nd Flavor, the components of which, he said solemnly, no one is at liberty to divulge. It seemed to us to have a maple-walnut base with a hint of something exotic. Curry powder? Lichees? Asparagus? We couldn't be sure. In return for a promise that we made Mr. Robbins not to attempt to analyze 32nd Flavor further, we besought him to give us a scoop for our readers—to divulge, if he saw fit, the five new flavors for August. He frowned, conferred sotto voce with Mr. Burns, and then unlocked a briefcase and informed us that the big five would be Blueberry Marshmallow, Peppermint Fudge Ribbon, Pistachio Almond, Mango Sherbet, and a brand-new invention—Currantly Delicious Sherbet.

Undivided Attention

"CAN you give me a half hour of your undivided attention?" We were sitting at a luncheonette counter the other day, just about to bite into a b.l.t. down, with mayo, when a familiar voice addressed us from an adjacent stool. Holding the sandwich between the plate and our mouth, we turned toward the voice. It was Janet.

"I want to read you my itinerary," Janet said as she shuffled a stack of loose sheets of wrinkled yellow paper, a folded copy of the *Post*, a wad of Kleenex, and a ball-point pen. "I'm taking my kids to Europe," she explained. "Unfortunately, I waited one year too long. The last person they want to go with is their mother. Did you see this?" She pointed to an article in the travel section of the *Post* with the headline "Students Offered Bargain Air Fares."

"The youth fare you can book seven days ahead, the student fare seventy-two hours ahead, and the old-age fare seventy-two *years* ahead, I think," Janet said. "For that privilege—being



* *

able to book long before you know what your plans are—you pay the full price. No, not the 'old-age'—I take that back. The middle-aged fare. Now, one of my kids is a youth—fifteen to twenty-five—and one is a student. Students are twelve to fourteen. The ideal way of doing it, of course, is if we all go at separate times and don't meet. I don't want to go anymore, the more I think of how it's going to be. In the middle of the trip, the student turns into a youth. Actually, we can't afford to have me go. Listen to this."

We listened. A piece of lettuce slipped from between the pieces of bread we were holding and fell on the counter.

"We can leave right after I get my unemployment check on Friday," Janet said after studying her notes for a minute, "and either go for twenty-nine days and miss four unemployment checks *or* go for twenty days and miss only three. If I decide to come back nine days early, so I can have *that* check, my ticket costs fifty dollars more than if I stay longer. So I save twelve dollars. The unemployment is sixty-two dollars. Is it worth it?"

We gave her a confused look, with a side glance at a slice of tomato that was edging its way out of our sandwich.

"You fill out a form," Janet said, looking a little confused herself. "You fill out a form that says there's a— What's the word? There's a special word. When you have a chance to get a job and it's not— You go there and there isn't any. What's that called? A possibility of not getting a job. There's a word for it."

The tomato plopped onto the plate.

"Listen," Janet said. "I plan on leaving Saturday morning for London and arriving in the evening, just in time to miss Arnold Weissberger's party, if he has one. We spend the entire next day in Paris. Then we go to a friend's house that night—one of several friends I plan to call when we get there. Is it cheaper to call Italy from London or New York? We'll eat a French meal."

We took a quick bite of the crust of our sandwich.

"Oh, this one's no good." Janet thrust a sheet of paper into her purse. "It says 'A train to Florence,' but there is no train to Florence from Paris—I don't *think*." She wrote something down. "Train to Venice," she said, resuming her recitation. "Or I'll go to Stresa instead of Milan and *then* to Florence. Leave out Venice for a minute. I'd like the kids to see Stresa. The last time I was almost there, I had three bags, and by the time I got them down off the rack and tried to get some Italians to help me, the train was on the way to Milan and I missed it. I didn't get my meaning across. Until afterward. My older daughter speaks French, and the other one speaks Italian. You've heard me speak my language."

Suddenly, Janet began to sing, smiling widely at the counterman, who looked as though he might be Italian. "*Non di mente Carlo mia parole*," she sang. The counterman wrote out a check and stuck it under Janet's plate.

Janet went back to her plans. "If I go to London ahead of the kids, that means two days of absolutely no fun just getting places to stay and buying tickets—all probably seven days in advance," she said. "I'll have to get a watch. Gondolas are very expensive, you know. I'll have to find out if they have a youth fare on the gondolas. I also have to figure out an angle where the kids eat in these rotten student places and some rich man takes me out to dinner every night. Wait a minute!"

While Janet checked her notes again, we picked a piece of bacon out of the sandwich and ate it.

"You really should fly to Rome first, because that includes Paris and London," Janet continued. "But I'm not doing that, because we have to meet someone named Léonie in Paris on the first. The whole trip is apparently designed to meet various Dalton kids in these places. We also have to see Annie in Florence on the eighteenth and some boy in Rome on the fifteenth. Or is it the sixteenth and the seventeenth? These are all kids with rich Dalton parents, as opposed to my kids."

Janet paused for a couple of moments, then said, "I think I'd better go to London ahead of the kids, because we have no place to stay in any of these places. I'll tell you something—if you have no place to stay, it's very expensive. I think I have enough friends to spend one night on everybody's floor. Six nights in London. I don't have any friends in Venice—yet. Florence I have no place to stay, Spoleto I do, and Rome I do. *If* I can find these people. I once spent three days looking for Theodore Bikel in Madrid, and I ended up spending a fortune at the Hilton. It would have been all right except for these two English guys sleeping on the floor. I picked them up on the train and got them to get off in Madrid instead of Barcelona, because they needed a bath and I said I could get them one. Maury, this film guy, got me a room at the Hilton, and we all stayed there. We all took baths. It isn't so easy sneaking two English guys in and out of the Madrid Hilton. I've been invited to Spoleto, but I don't know for how long, and I forgot to mention I was bringing two relatives. I'm trying to get to Paris on Bastille Day and Venice on Regatta Day. That's the seventeenth."

Janet handed us the *Post.* "Here," she said. "You can keep this." She stood up and stuffed all her notes into her purse. We put our sandwich down.

"What I really want to do," Janet said, standing there, "is see the unfinished statues of Michelangelo in Florence, and I want the kids to see the 'Pietà,' in Rome, which I discovered in the Second World War, when I was in the Red Cross. I ran up to the head of the Red Cross and said, 'There's this marvellous little statue over in the right side of St. Peter's that nobody knows about. Call the Pope.' Mr. Williams, his name was. He said, 'Janet, that's the "Pietà" by Michelangelo,' and I said, 'Oh.' I realized I had instinctive good taste. And I want them to see the Campidoglio. That's where Ann and Cecil got married—friends of mine—and I went to Capri with them on their honeymoon. I want to show the kids all the places where I was twenty years ago, during the war."

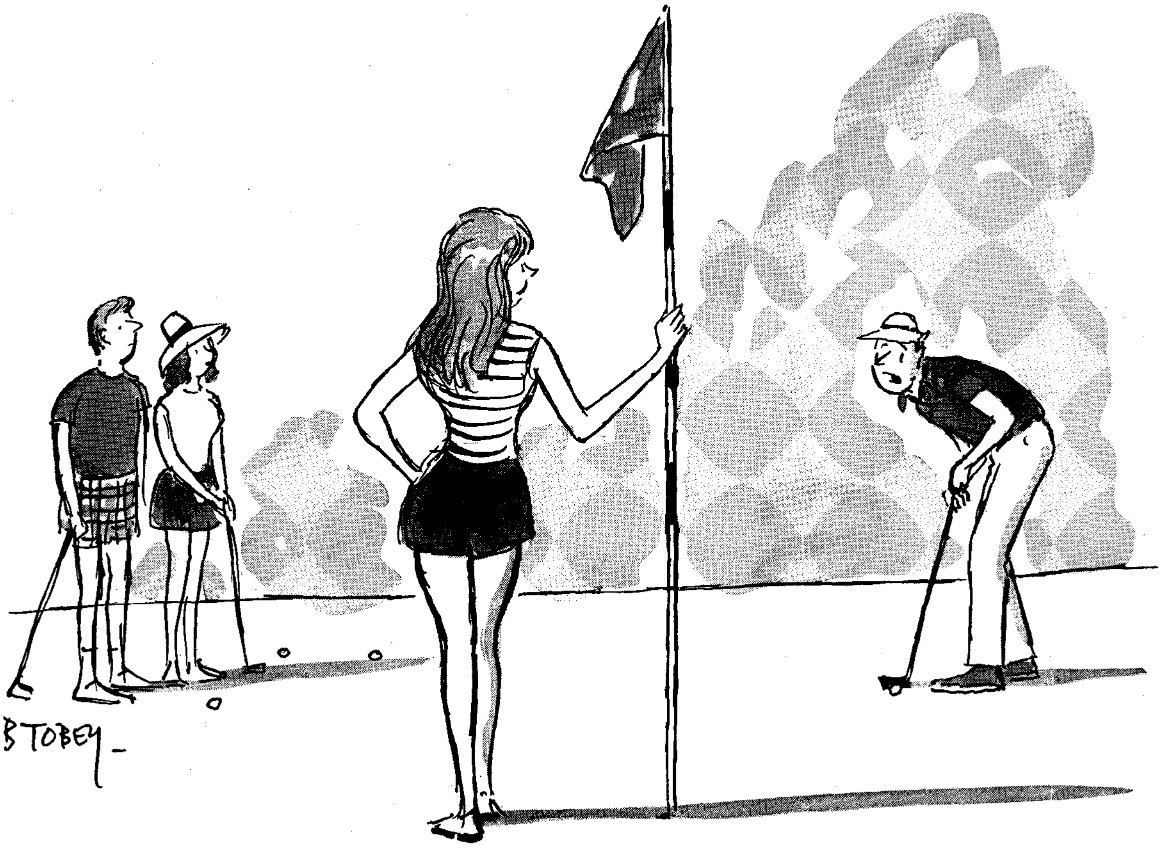
We raised our eyebrows.

"Twenty-*odd* years ago," said Janet.

"One thing I'm not going to do," she continued, "is *ever* go to American Express. You can spend your entire life in line at the American Express office to find out that someone has forwarded a disconnect notice from the phone company. I've rented my apartment for two months in order to pay for the trip, which means I have to stand on a street corner for the month of August while my kids go to camp in Canada, which I paid for by being the camp's New York representative. We have just enough money to buy a sweater in London, an ashtray—no, something leather, a leather ashtray—in Florence, and a bathing suit in Capri."

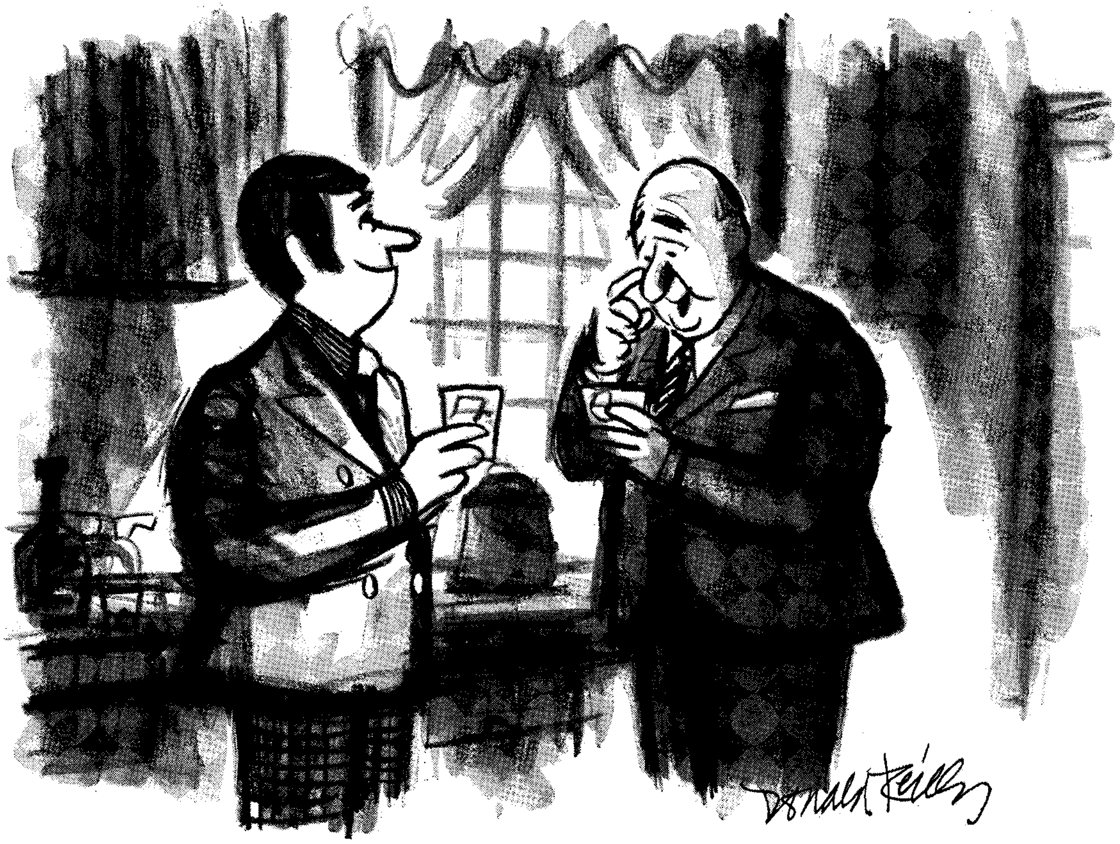
Janet started to walk away. Then she turned back, holding a piece of yellow paper. "I might go from Paris to Venice to Florence to Spoleto to Rome, and straight from Rome right back to Paris," she said. "That's the long one. The twenty-day one starts on the second. Wait a minute! What is twenty-six and— Thirty-one days. I have a feeling that wherever I am the museum is going to be closed that day and it'll be very hot and we'll end up spending the day swimming in the municipal swimming pool. I did that in Spain, you know, with a cabdriver. I went to this pool in Madrid—the cabdriver told me where to go—and I looked around and there he was in a bathing suit. In 1966, he was twenty-six, and now it's 1971 and he's still younger than me."

As Janet again turned to leave, she said, "I'm not going to meet any cabdrivers on



"*Do you mind if Donald holds the flag, Valerie?*"

this trip. I guess it's very embarrassing having a mother like me. Did I ever tell you about my mother?"



"Forgive an old man's tears, my boy, but you can't know how moving it is to realize that I have a son who can afford a Scotch in this price range."

Fillmore

WE have a report from a young man who sometimes acts as this department's rock correspondent:

"I went to the final night of the Fillmore East last Sunday. As I'm sure you know, the Fillmore has been, for a bit more than three years, an important place for rock people, and most of the time it has been a good place for rock people, too. It has been run, by Bill Graham, in a strange, quixotic way involving considerable hassling, petulance, and embarrassment but involving also considerable affection for the music. Running the Fillmore, according to Graham, has made Graham a nervous wreck, but it has also made Graham a lot of money—more, probably, than has been made by any of the groups whose high prices he says are causing him to close the theatre. The last night at the Fillmore was a *party*, *for free*, and that was as it should be.

"One person I know went to see 'Timon of Athens' last Sunday night, but everyone else I know was at Bill Graham's party at the Fillmore. Ahmet Ertegun, who is president of Atlantic Records, and who is, of course you know, a very important man, said that he had never seen so many rock-and-roll people together in one place. Ahmet Ertegun was dressed in a blue blazer and white pants, a yellow polo shirt, yellow socks, and a yellow handkerchief. Sid Bernstein, a large man who promotes large concerts, was dressed in a brown suit and a blue shirt. Sid Bernstein's outfit was, I think, less striking than the blue-blazer-yellow-socks combination of Ahmet Ertegun. I mention Ahmet Ertegun and Sid Bernstein right away because I want to make it clear that the Fillmore last Sunday night was not crawling with a lot of musicians and singers. The Fillmore was crawling with people *more important* than that. I have constructed an organizational-field-chart-chain-of-command graph of the important people at the Fillmore party. At the bottom I have put people who used to manage acts that used to be popular. (Below this, one does not qualify for the graph.) Then come the people (like James Taylor's manager, Nat Weiss) who are now managing acts that are now popular. Above them are the impresarios like Sid Bernstein and Bill Graham himself. Then I have made places for brigadier-general (one-star) record-company presidents like Jerry Schoenbaum, president of Polydor; major-general (two-star) record-company presidents like Jac Holzman, president of Elektra; and for lieutenant-general (three-star) record-company presidents like Clive Davis, of Columbia. Finally, at the top (four-star), Ahmet Ertegun, who was having the whole night's music recorded for Atlantic and was dressed, as I have pointed out, as though he had just successfully completed an energetic (but not tiring) game of tennis.

"Jerry Leiber, who was responsible, with Mike Stoller, for the great records by the Coasters (the greatest of which is 'Little Egypt,' a record that has yet to find its proper place), talked to Bill Graham, who looked nervous and vulnerable and petulant all at the same time. 'It must be very weird for you tonight,' said Leiber. 'It is very weird,' said Graham.

"The music at the Fillmore on Sunday night went on from eight-thirty to after four, and it was fine. Albert King began it with good blues. (He sang 'Cross Cut Saw': 'I cut your wood so easy for you, baby, that you can't help but say "hot dog." ') The Allman Brothers, the J. Geils Band, Edgar Winter, and Mountain played. Country Joe came on and sang four songs. The Beach Boys got people out of their seats with some straight middle-class commercial rock. It had a beat, and you could dance to it. After the Beach Boys went off, Bill Graham came onstage and, in a bit of characteristic strangeness, announced a pleasant surprise, then took offense at something someone in the audience said (he heard it, but I didn't) and left the stage without giving the pleasant surprise.

"The Allman Brothers were the last to go on, and I left after they had played for about an hour. There was a hassle at the door between a young girl and a very nervous Fillmore employee in a green Fillmore East T-shirt. The girl, like a lot of people, was having trouble getting in or getting out or getting back in after she had got out. A typical straightforward Fillmore hassle. 'This is my last night after three and a half years, and I should worry about whether you go in or out?' the guy in the green T-shirt said. 'My advice to you would be not to involve me in your problems.' "

ROSE PETALS

HE loves being a cabinet minister; he thinks it's wonderful. His bearer comes to wake him with tea early in the morning, and he gets up and starts getting dressed, ready to see the stream of callers who have already begun to gather downstairs. He thinks I'm still asleep, but I'm awake and know what he is doing. Sometimes I peep at him as he moves around our bedroom. How fat and old he has become. He makes an important face even when he is alone like this and thinks no one is watching him. He frowns and thinks of all his great affairs. Perhaps he is rehearsing a speech in Parliament. I see his lips move, and sometimes he shakes his head and makes a gesture as if he were talking to someone. He struggles into his cotton tights; he still has not quite got used to these Indian clothes, but he wears nothing else now. There was a time when only suits made in London were good enough for him. Now they hang in the closet and no one ever wears them.

I don't get up till several hours later, when he has left the house. I don't like to get up early, and, anyway, there is nothing to do. I lie in bed with the curtains drawn. They are golden yellow in color, like honey, and so is the carpet, and the cushions and everything; because of this, the light in the room is also honey-colored. After a while, Mina comes in. She sits on the bed and talks to me. She is fully dressed and very clean and tidy. She usually has breakfast with her father; she pours the tea for him and any guests there might be, and takes an interest in what is being said. She, too, likes it that her father is a cabinet minister. She wants to be helpful to him in his work, and reads all the newspapers and is very well up on current affairs. She intends to go back to college and take a course in political science and economics. We sometimes discuss this while she is sitting on my bed. She holds my hand in hers and plays with it. Her hand is broader than mine. She cuts her nails short and does not use varnish or anything. I look up into her face. It is so young and earnest; she frowns a little bit, the way her father does when he is talking of something serious. I love her so much that I have to shut my eyes. I say, "Kiss me, darling." She bends down to do so. She smells of Palmolive soap.

By the time I get up, Mina has left the house. She has many interests and activities. I'm alone in the house now, with the servants. I get up from my bed and walk over to the dressing table to see myself in the mirror there. I always do this first thing when I get up. It is a habit that has remained with me from the past, when I was very interested in my appearance and took so much pleasure in looking in the mirror that I would jump eagerly out of bed to see myself. Now this pleasure has gone. If I don't look too closely, and if the curtains are drawn and the room is all honey-colored, I don't appear so very different from what I used to be. But sometimes, in a mischievous mood with myself, I stretch out my hand and lift the yellow silk curtain. The light comes streaming in, straight onto the mirror, and now, yes, I can see that I do look very different.

Biju comes every day. Often he is already sitting there when I come down. He is reading the papers—but only the cinema and restaurant advertisements and perhaps the local news if there has been a murder or some interesting social engagement. He usually stays all day. He has nowhere to go and nothing to do. Every day, he asks, "And how is the Minister?" Every day, he makes fun of him. I enjoy that, and I also make fun of him with Biju. They are cousins, but they have always been very different. Biju likes a nice life—no work, good food, and drinking. The Minister also likes good food and drinking, but he can't sit in a house with a woman all day, like Biju. He always has to be doing something, or he becomes restless and his temper is spoiled. Biju's temper is never spoiled, although sometimes he is melancholy. Then he recites sad poetry or plays sad music on the gramophone.

Quite often, we have a lunch or dinner party in the house. Of course, it is always the Minister's party and the guests are all his. There are usually one or two cabinet ministers, an ambassador, a few newspaper editors—people like that. Biju likes to stay for these parties. I don't know why; they are not very interesting. He moves round the room talking to everyone. Biju looks distinguished. He is tall and well built, and though the top of his head is mostly bald, he keeps long sideburns. He is always well dressed in an English suit, just like the Minister used to wear before taking to Indian clothes. The guests are impressed with Biju and talk to him as if he were as clever and important as themselves. They never guess that he is not, because he speaks in a very grand English accent and is ready to talk on any subject.

Mina also enjoys her father's parties, and she mingles with the guests and listens to the intelligent conversation. But I don't enjoy them at all. I talk to the wives, but it is tiring for me to talk with strangers about things that are not interesting to me. Very soon I slip away, hoping they will think that I have to supervise the servants in the kitchen. Actually, I don't enter the kitchen at all—there is no need, because our cooks have been with us a long time. Instead, I lie down on a sofa somewhere or sit in the garden where no one can find me. Only Biju does find me sooner or later, and then he stays with me and talks to me about the guests. He imitates the accent of a foreign ambassador or shows how one of the cabinet ministers cracks nuts and spits out the shells. He makes me laugh, and I like being there with him in the garden, which is so quiet, with the birds all asleep in the trees and the moon shining down with a silver light. I wish we didn't have to go back. But I know that if I stay away too long the Minister will miss me and get annoyed and send Mina to look for me. When she has found us, she, too, will be annoyed. She will stand there and look at us severely, as if we were two children that were not to be trusted.

Mina is often annoyed with us. She lectures us. One day, she came home earlier than usual and found me lying on a sofa and Biju by my side with a drink in one hand and a cigar in the other. She said, "Is this all you ever do?"

Biju said, "What else *is* there to do?"

"Aren't you awful!"

But she can't concentrate on us just now. She is very hungry and is wondering what to eat. I ring for the bearer and order refreshments to be brought for Mina on a tray. She sits with us while she is eating. After a time, she feels fit enough to speak to us again. She asks, "Don't you want to do something constructive?"

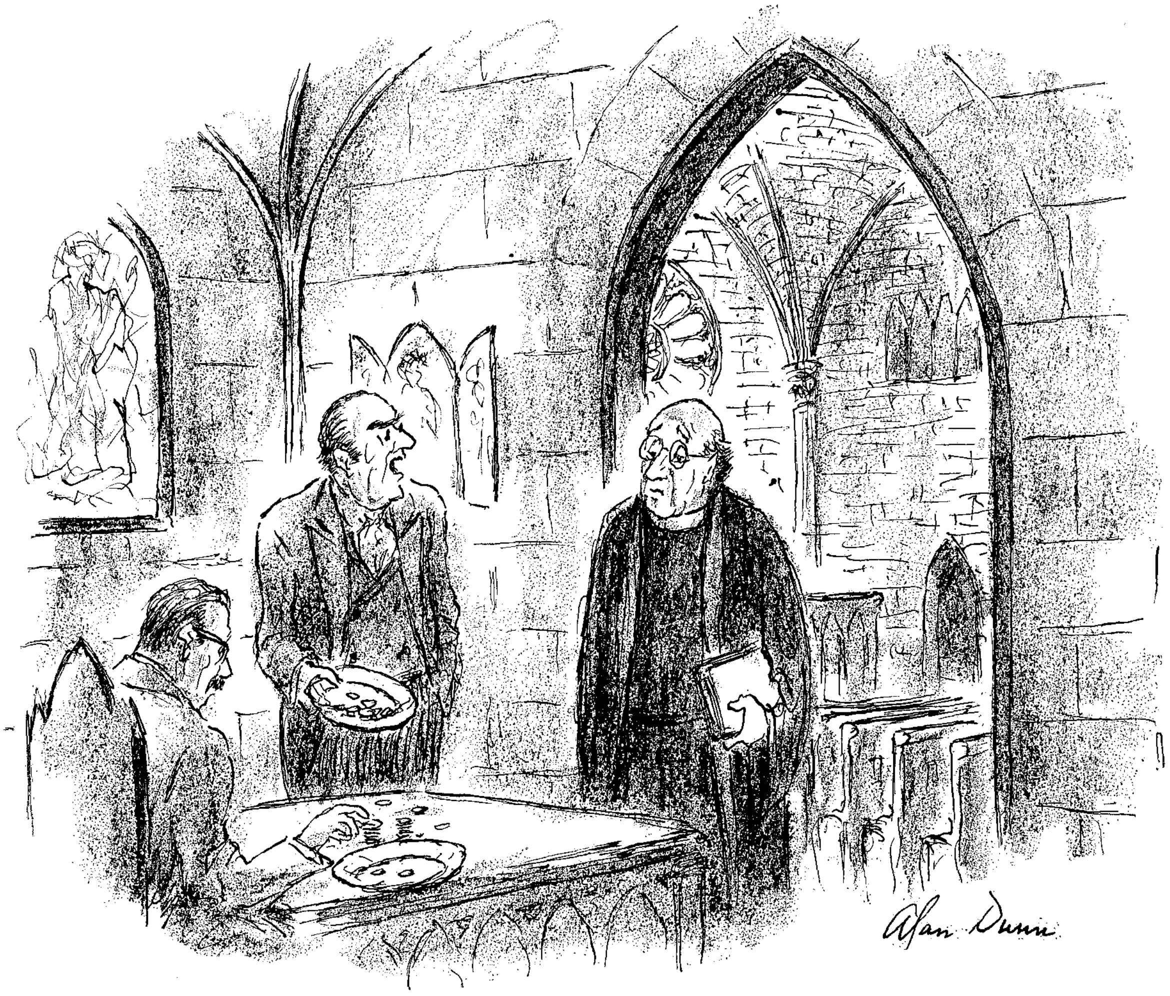
Biju thinks about this for a moment. He examines the tip of his cigar while he is thinking. Then he says, "No."

"Well, you ought to. Everybody ought to. There's such a lot to do! In every conceivable field." She licks crumbs off the ends of her fingers—I murmur automatically, "Darling, use the napkin"—and when she has got them clean she uses them to tick off with: "Social. Educational. Cultural—that reminds me: Are you coming to the play?"

"What play?"

"I've been telling you for *weeks*."

"Oh, yes, of course," I say. "I remember." I don't, really, but I know



“ ‘Jesus Christ Superstar’ has already grossed thirty million dollars. Just where did we go wrong?”

vaguely that her friends are always putting on advanced plays translated from French or German or Rumanian. Mina has no acting talent herself, but she takes great interest in these activities. She often attends rehearsals, and as the time of the performance draws near she is busy selling tickets and persuading shopkeepers to allow her to stick posters in their windows.

“This is really going to be something special. It’s a difficult play but terribly interesting, and Bobo Oberoi is just great as God the Father. What talent he has, that boy!” She sighs with admiration, but the next moment she has recollected something and is looking suspiciously at Biju and me. “You’re welcome to buy tickets, of course, and I’m certainly going to sell you some, but I hope you’ll behave better than last time.”

Biju looks guilty. It’s true he didn’t behave very well last time. It was a long play, and again a difficult one. Biju got restless. He sighed and crossed his long legs now one way and now another, and kept asking me how much longer it was going to be. At last, he decided to go out and smoke, and pushed his way down the row, so that everybody had to get up or squeeze in their legs to let him pass, while he said “Excuse me” in a loud voice, and people in the rows behind said “Sh-h-h!”

“Why don’t they put on one of these nice musical plays?” Biju asks now, as Mina eats the last biscuit from her tray and washes it down with her glass of milk. She doesn’t answer him but looks exasperated. “ ‘My Fair Lady,’ ” Biju presses on. “ ‘Funny Girl.’ ” The expression on Mina’s face becomes more exasperated, and I tell him to be quiet.

“If you’d only make an *effort*,” Mina says, doing her best to be patient, and in a voice that is almost pleading. “To move with the times. To understand the modern mind.”

I try to excuse us. “We’re too old, darling.”

“It’s nothing to do with age. It’s an attitude, that’s all. Look at Daddy.”

“Ah,” says Biju.

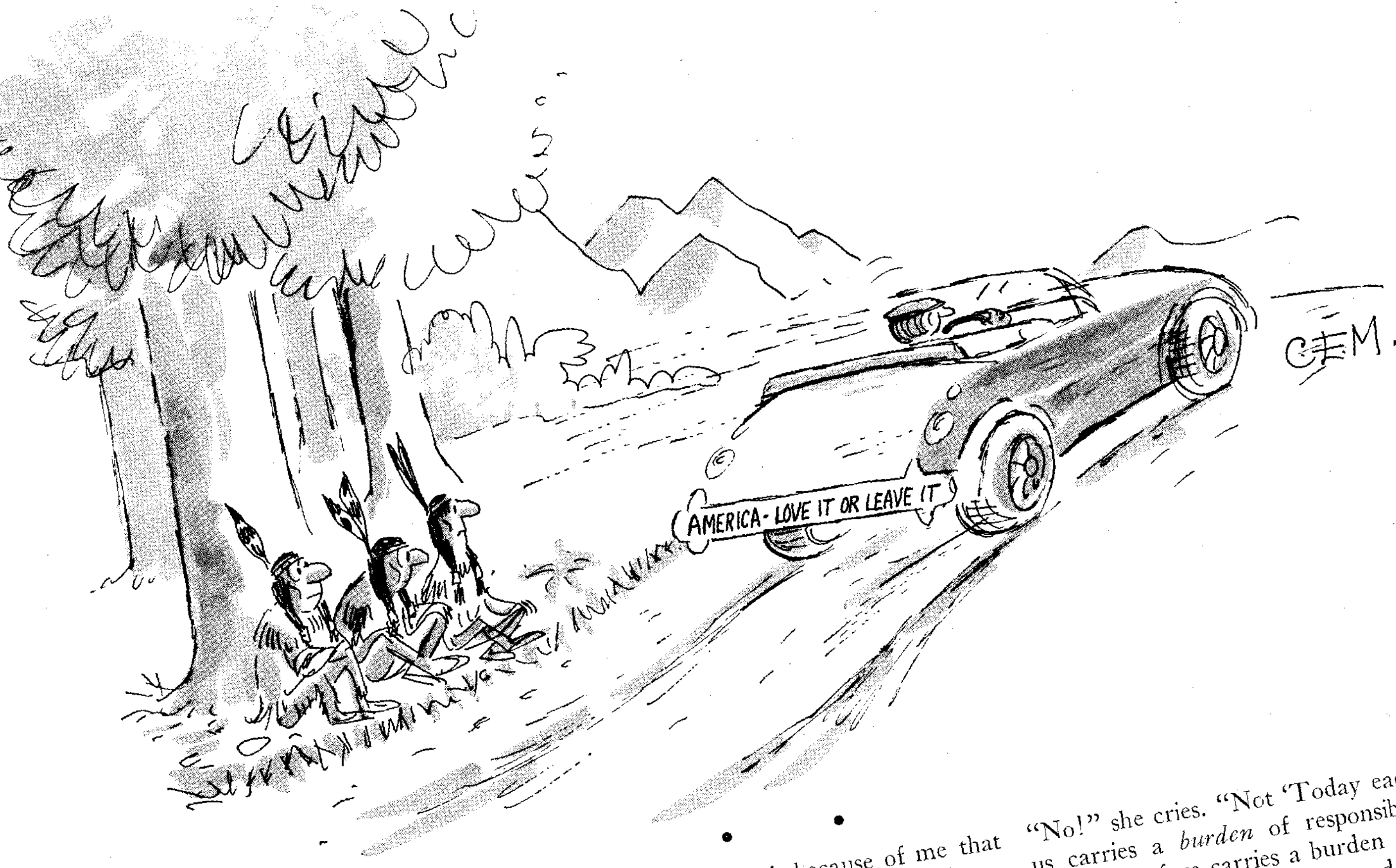
“He’s the same age as you are.”

“Two years older,” Biju says.

“So, you see.”

Biju raises his glass as if he were drinking to someone, and as he does so his face becomes so solemn and respectful that it is difficult for me not to laugh.

THE Minister is very keen to “move with the times.” It has always been one of his favorite sayings. Even when he was young, and long before he entered politics, he was never satisfied doing what everyone else did. Looking after the estates, hunting and other sports, entertaining guests—no, these were not enough for him. When we were first married, he used to give me long lectures the way Mina does now—about the changing times and building up India and everyone putting their shoulder to the wheel. He would talk to me for a long time on this subject, getting more and more excited and enthusiastic. I did not listen too carefully, because, as with Mina, I was so happy looking at him while he talked that it didn’t matter to me what he said. How handsome he was in those days! His eyes sparkled, and he was tall and strong and always appeared to be in a great hurry, as if difficult tasks awaited him. When he went up any stairs, it was two, three steps at a time. Doors banged behind him, and his voice was loud and urgent, like that of a king in battle, even when he was only calling to the servant for his shoes. He used to get very impatient with me because he said I was slow and lazy like an elephant, and if he was walking behind me he would prod my hips (which were always rather heavy) and say, “Get moving.” In those days, he wanted me to do everything with him. At one time, he had imported a new fertilizer which was going to do magic, and together we would walk through the fields to see its effect (which was not good; it partially killed the maize crop). Another time, he was building model housing for the staff, and we spent long hours with plans and builders and visited the site to inspect the progress of the work. We travelled to Japan to study their system of hotel


AMERICA - LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT
CEM.

management, because he thought of converting one of our houses into a hotel. Then he had an idea that he would like to start a factory for manufacturing steel tubing, and we went to Russia to observe the process of manufacture. Wherever we went, he drew up a heavy program for us, which I found very tiring. He himself never needed any rest, so he couldn't understand why I should. He began to feel that I was a hindrance to him on these tours, and as the years went by he became less eager to take me with him.

Fortunately, Biju came back from abroad just at that time, and he began to spend a lot of time with me, so I did not feel too lonely. It was said in the family that Biju had been abroad all these years to study, but of course it was well known that he had not done much studying. Even at that age, he was very lazy and did not like to do anything except enjoy himself and have a good time. In the beginning, when he first came back, he used to go to Bombay quite often to meet with friends and dance and go to the races, but later he did not care so much for these amusements and came to stay on his land, which was near ours. During the summer, when we went up to Simla, he also took a house there. Everyone was keen for him to get married, and his aunts were always finding suitable girls for him. But he didn't like any of them. He says it is because of me that he didn't marry, but that's only his excuse. It is just that he was too lazy to take up any burdens.

It is not easy to be a Minister's wife. People ask me to do all sorts of things that I don't like. They ask me to sit on welfare committees and give away prizes at cultural shows. I want to say no, but the Minister says it's my duty, so I go. But I do it very badly. All the other ladies are used to sitting on committees, and they make speeches and know exactly what is wanted. Sometimes they get very heated, especially when they have to elect one another to subcommittees. They all want to be on as many committees and subcommittees as possible—not for any selfish reasons but for the good of India. They debate hotly with one another. Sometimes they turn to me to ask my opinion, but I don't have any opinion; I don't know what it is they are discussing. Then they turn away and go on talking to each other, and although they are polite to me, I know they think I'm not worthy to be a Minister's wife. I wish Mina could be there instead of me. She would be able to talk the way they do, and they would respect her.

When I have to give a speech anywhere, it is always Mina who writes it for me. She writes a beautiful speech and then she makes me rehearse it. She is very thorough and strict with me. "No!" she cries. "Not 'Today each of us carries a *burden* of responsibility,' but 'each of us carries a burden of *responsibility!*' " I start again and say it the way she wants me to say it, and as many times as she wants me to, till at last she is satisfied. She is never entirely satisfied; at the end of each rehearsal, she sighs and looks at me with doubtful eyes. And she is right, because when the time comes to make the speech I forget everything she has taught me and just read it off as quickly as possible. When I come home, she asks me how it went, and I tell her that everyone praised the speech and said it was full of beautiful words and thoughts.

Once, though, she was with me. It was a school sports day, and it was really quite nice—not like some of the other functions I have had to attend. We all sat on chairs in the school grounds and enjoyed the winter sunshine. Mina and I sat in the front row with the headmistress and the school governors and some other people who had been introduced to us. The girls did mass P.T. and rhythmic exercises, and they ran various races. They were accompanied by the school band, and one of the teachers announced each item over the microphone, which was not in good order, so that the announcement could not be heard very well. From time to time, the headmistress explained something to me, and I nodded and smiled, though I could not hear what she said because of the noise from the loudspeaker and the band. The sun was warm on my face, and I half shut my eyes and the girls became a pretty-colored blur. Mina nudged me and whispered, "Mummy, are you falling asleep?," so I opened my eyes again quickly and clapped loudly at the conclusion of an item and turned to smile at the headmistress, who smiled back at me.

When it was time for my speech, I got up quite happily and read it from the paper Mina had got ready for me. The microphone crackled very loudly, so I don't think my speech could be heard distinctly, but no one seemed to mind. I didn't mind, either. Then I gave away the prizes, and it was all over and we could go home. I was cheerful and relieved, as I always am when one of these functions is finished, but as soon as we were alone in the car together Mina began to reproach me for the way I had delivered the speech. She was upset, not because I had spoiled her speech—that didn't matter, she said—but because I hadn't cared about it. I hadn't cared about the whole function; I was not serious. "You even fell asleep," she accused me.

"No, no. The sun was in my eyes, so I shut them."

"Why are you like that? You and Uncle Biju. Nothing is serious for you. Life is just a game."

I was silent. I was sorry that she was so disappointed in me. We rode along in silence. My head was turned away from her. I looked out of the window but saw nothing. From time to time, a sigh escaped my lips. Then, after a while, she laid her hand on mine. I pressed it, and she came closer and put her head on my shoulder. How sweetly she forgave me, how affectionately she clung to me! I laid my lips against her hair and kissed it again and again.

IS life only a game for Biju and me? I don't know. It's true we laugh a lot together and have jokes that Mina says are childish. The Minister also gets impatient with us, although we are always careful not to laugh too much when he is there. He himself, of course, is very serious. The important face I see him get up with in the morning remains with him till he goes to bed at night. Strangely enough, in spite of all the great affairs with which his day is filled, when he is in bed he falls asleep at once, and his face next to me on the pillow is as peaceful as a child's. I toss and turn for many hours, and although I try not to, I usually have to take one of my pills. Biju also has to sleep with pills. And he has terrible nightmares. Often his servant has to rush into his bedroom because he hears him screaming with fear, and he shakes him by the shoulder and shouts "Sahib! Sahib!" till Biju wakes up. Terrible things happen in Biju's dreams; he falls down mountainsides, tigers jump through his window, he is publicly hanged on a gallows. When his servant shakes him awake, he is trembling all over and wet with perspiration. But he is glad to be awake and alive.

Nothing like that ever happens in the Minister's dreams. He has no dreams. When he goes to sleep at night, there is a complete blank till he wakes up again in the morning and starts to do important things. He always says that he has a great number of worries—his whole life, he tells me, is one big worry—and sometimes he feels as if he has to carry all the problems of the government and the country on his own shoulders, but all the same he sleeps so soundly. He never seems to be troubled by the sort of thoughts that come to me. Probably he doesn't have time for them. I see him look into the mirror, but he appears to do so with pleasure, pulling down his coat and smoothing his hair and turning this way and that to see himself sideways. He smiles at what he sees—he likes it. Doesn't he remember what he was? How can he like that fat old man who now looks back at him?

It is strange that when you're young you don't think that it can ever happen to you—that you'll ever get old. Or perhaps you do think about it, but you don't really believe it—not in your heart of hearts. I remember once we were talking about it, many years ago, Biju and I. We were staying in a house we have by a lake. We never used this house much because it was built as a shooting box, and none of us cared for hunting and shooting. In fact, the Minister had definitely renounced them on what he called humanitarian grounds, and he was always telling people about these grounds. He had even printed a pamphlet about them; only it had been done very badly by the local printers and had so many spelling mistakes in it that the Minister felt ashamed and didn't want it distributed. That time, though, we were staying in the shooting box because the Minister was on an inspection tour. These inspection tours were another favorite idea of his. He always came on them without any advance notice, so as to keep the people who looked after the properties alert all the year round. Sometimes he took a whole party of guests with him, but that time it was

"You see before you the second declared candidate for President of these United States."

only he and I and Biju, who had come with us because he thought he would be bored alone at home.

The Minister—of course, he wasn't a Minister at that time—was busy going over the house, running his finger along ledges for dust and inspecting dinner services that hadn't been in use for twenty years, while Biju and I rested after our journey in the small red sitting room. This room had many ornaments in it that my father-in-law, who frequently travelled to Europe, had brought back with him. There were views of Venice in golden frames on the walls, and an ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, and next to it a lacquered music box that intrigued Biju very much. He kept playing it over and over again. The house was built on a lake, and the light from the water filled the room and was reflected from the glass of the pictures, so that the walls appeared to be swaying and rippling as if waves were passing over them. The music box played a very sweet, sad tinkling little tune. Biju didn't seem to get tired of it, and I didn't, either; indeed, the fact that it was being played over and over again somehow made it even sweeter and sadder, so that all sorts of thoughts and feelings rose in the heart. We were drinking orange squash.

Biju said, "How do you think it'll be when we're old?"

This question was perhaps sudden, but I understood how it had come into his head at that particular moment. I said, "Same as now."

"We'll always be sitting like this?"

"Why not?"

At that time, it wasn't possible for me to think of Biju as old. He was very slim and had a mop of hair and wore a trim little mustache. He was a wonderful dancer and knew all the latest steps. Whenever he heard a snatch of dance music on the radio, his feet tapped up and down at once.

He wound the music box again, and the sad little tune played. The thought of being together like this forever—always in some beautiful room with a view from its long windows of water or a lawn, or hot summer nights in a garden full of scents and overlaid with moonlight so white that it looked like snow—the thought of it was sad and yet also quite nice. I couldn't really think of us as old—only the same as we were now, with, at the most, white hair.

"What about the Revolution?" I asked.

Biju laughed. "No, then we won't be here at all." He put his head sideways and showed a rope going round his neck. "Up on a lamppost."

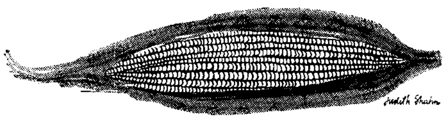
ON INSECTS

As they pass in the labyrinthine buried walks
Of their interminable nests beneath the mounds
Of farfetched twigs, the earnest ants
Stop jerkily, confront each other, and then touch.
Touch, touch, they say, here is myself
And that is you, or, put it in another way,
Here's you, and that encased in your black carapace
Is me. Touch. Touch.
                                        The bees
Fill up their time with similar small talk.
It is epiphany to dance the route
To Sunday morning's aster levulose,
But this is seldom. Most of what the hive
Contains is vibratory small talk. Touch.
It is in contact that we maintain
And pass along our life.
Touch.
Live again.

—Lewis Thomas

• •

The Revolution was one of our jokes. I don't know whether we really thought it would come. I think often we felt it ought to come, but when we talked about it, it was only to laugh and joke. The Minister did sometimes talk about it seriously, but he didn't believe in it. He said India would always remain a parliamentary democracy, because that was the best mode of government. Once, all three of us were driving in a car, when we were held up by some policemen. They were very polite and apologized and asked us please to take another road because some slum houses were being demolished on this one. Our chauffeur tried to reverse, but the gear was stuck, and for a while we couldn't move. Out of our car window, we could see a squad of demolition workers knocking down hovels made of old tins and sticks and rags, and the people who lived in the hovels were picking up what they could from the debris. They didn't look angry, just sad, except for one old woman who was shaking her fist and shouting something that we couldn't hear. She ran around and got in the way of the workers till someone gave her a push and she fell over. When she got up, she was holding her knee and limping, but she stopped shouting and she, too, began to dig in the debris. The Minister was getting very impatient with the car not starting, and he kept giving instructions to the chauffeur. When at last we managed to get away, he talked about the car and said that it was a faulty model—all the models of that year were. Cars were like vintages, he said; some years were good, some not so good. I don't think Biju was paying any more attention than I was. He didn't say anything at the time, but later in the day he made a lot of jokes about the Revolution and described how we would all be strung up on lampposts or perhaps, if we were lucky, sent to work in the salt mines. The Minister said, "What salt mines? At least get your facts straight."

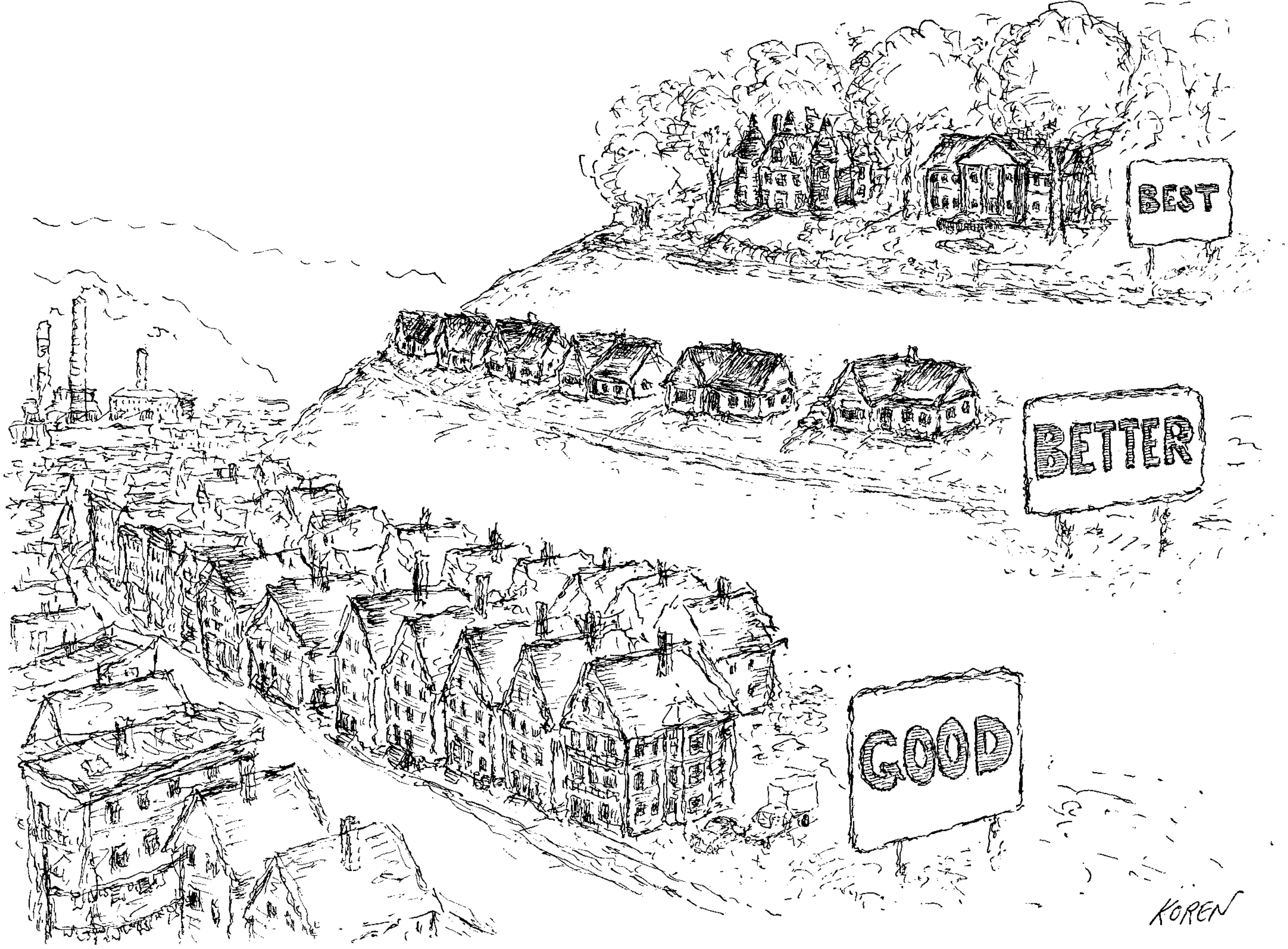


But to go back to that time in the shooting box. After finishing his inspection tour, the Minister came striding into the room and asked what we were doing, and when we told him we were talking about our old age he said, "Ah," as if he thought it might be a good subject for discussion. He liked people to have discussions and got impatient with Biju and me because we never had any.

"When I think of my old age," he said, "I think mainly, what will I have achieved? That means, what sort of person will I be? Because a person can only be judged by his achievements." He walked up and down the room, playing an imaginary game of tennis. He served imaginary balls hard across an imaginary net, stretching up so that his chest swelled out. "I hope I'll have done something," he said as he served. "I intend to. I intend to be a very busy person. Not only when I'm young but when I'm old, too." He kept on serving, and with such energy that he got a bit out of breath. "Right-till-the-end," he said, slamming a particularly hard ball.

"Out," Biju said.

The Minister turned on him with indignation. "Absolutely in," he said.



• •

"And turn off that damn noise, it's getting on my nerves."

Biju shut the music box.

"I'll tell you something else," said the Minister. "The point about old age is not to be afraid of it. To meet it head on. As a challenge that has to be faced and won, like everything else. The King of Sweden played tennis at the age of ninety. I intend to be like that."

HOW pleased he would have been at that time if he had known that he was going to be a cabinet minister. Things have not really turned out very different from the way we thought they would. The Minister is busy, and Biju and I are not. We sit in the room and look out into the garden, or sit in the garden and enjoy the trees and flowers. But being old does not only mean white hair. As a matter of fact, neither of us has all that much white hair. Miss Yvonne takes care of mine, and Biju has lost most of his. We still talk the way we used to, and laugh and joke, but it is not true that life is a game for us. When we were young, we even enjoyed being sad—like when we listened to the music box—and now even when we're laughing, I don't know that we really *are* laughing. Only it is not possible for us to be serious the way the Minister is, and Mina.

Everyone nowadays is serious. The people who come to the house, the ladies on committees—they are forever having discussions and talking about important problems. The Minister, of course, likes it very much, and he hardly ever stops talking. He gives long interviews to the press and addresses meetings and talks on the radio, and he is always "threshing out his ideas" with people. He especially enjoys talking to Mina's friends, and no wonder, because they hang on every word he says. Although they argue quite a lot with him, they do so in a very respectful way. He gets carried away talking to them and forgets the time, so that his secretary has to come and remind him. Then he jumps up with a shout of surprise and humorously scolds them for keeping him from his duties, and they all laugh and say, "Thank you, sir," and Mina kisses his cheek and is terribly proud of him.

The Minister says it is good to be with young people and listen to their ideas. He says it keeps the mind flexible and conditions it to deal with the problems of tomorrow as well as those of today. Biju, too, would like to talk to Mina's friends. From the garden, I can see him go into the room in which they are all sitting. Before he goes in, he pats his tie and smooths his hair to look extra smart. But as a matter of fact he looks rather too smart. He is wearing an English suit and has a handkerchief scented with eau de cologne arranged artistically in his top pocket. He seems taller than everyone else in the room. He begins to make conversation. He says, "Any of you seen the new film at the Odeon?" in his clipped, very English accent that always impresses the people at the Minister's parties. But these young people are not impressed. They even look puzzled, as if they have not understood what he said, and he repeats his question. They are polite young people, and they answer him politely. But no one is at ease. Biju also is embarrassed; he clears his throat and flicks his handkerchief out of his pocket and holds it against his nose for a moment, as if to sniff the eau de cologne. But he doesn't want to go away, he wants to go on talking. He begins to tell them some long story. Perhaps it is about the film, perhaps it is about a similar film he has once seen, perhaps it is some incident from his past life. It goes on for a long time. Sometimes Biju laughs in the middle, and he is disappointed when no one laughs with him. He flicks out his handkerchief again and sniffs it. His story doesn't come to an end; it has no end. He simply trails off and says, "Yes." The young people patiently wait to see if he wants to say anything more. He looks as if he does want to go on, but before he can do so Mina says, "Oh, Uncle, I think I hear Mummy calling you." Biju seems as relieved as everyone else to have an excuse to go away.

Once, Mina and her friends rolled up the carpet in the drawing room and danced to records. The doors of the drawing room were wide open and the light and music came out into the garden, where Biju and I were. We sat on a stone bench by the fountain and looked at them. They were stamping and shaking from side to side in what I suppose were the latest dances. We stayed and watched them for a long time. Biju was very interested. He craned forward, and sometimes he said, "Did you see that?," and sometimes he gave a short laugh as if he didn't believe what he saw. I was only interested in looking at Mina. She was stamping and shaking like all the rest, and she had taken off her shoes and flung her veil over her shoulders so that it danced behind her. She laughed and turned and sometimes flung up her arms into the air.

Biju said, "Care to dance?," and when I shook my head he jumped up from the bench and began to dance by himself. He tried to do it the way they were doing it inside. He couldn't get it right, but he kept on trying. He wanted me to try, too, but I wouldn't. "Come on!" he said, partly to me, partly to himself, as he tried to get his feet and hips to make the right movements. He was getting out of breath but he wouldn't give up. I was worried that he might strain his heart, but I didn't say anything, because he never likes to be reminded of his heart. Suddenly he said, "There—now look!," and, indeed, when I looked he was doing it absolutely right, just as they were doing it inside. Only he seemed more graceful than they did because he was a better dancer. He was enjoying himself. He laughed and spun round on his heel several times, and then he shook and glided all around the rim of the fountain, on the grass, and up and down the path. He had really got into the rhythm of it, and wouldn't stop, though I could see he was getting more and more out of breath. Sometimes he danced in the light that came out of the drawing room, sometimes he moved into the dark and was illumined only by faint moonlight. But suddenly there was a third light, a great harsh beam that came from the Minister's car bringing him home from a late night meeting. I hoped Biju would stop, but, on the contrary, he went on dancing right there in the driveway and only jumped out of the way before the advancing car at the last possible moment, and then he continued on the grass and at the same time saluted the Minister as he passed in the car.

SOMETIMES Biju doesn't come to the house for several days. I don't miss him at all. On the contrary, I'm quite glad. I do all sorts of little things that I wouldn't do if he were there. For instance, I stick photographs of Mina into an album, or I tidy some drawers in the Minister's cupboard. I wait for them both to come home. Mina usually arrives first. She talks to me about what she has been doing all day and about her friends. I do her hair in various attractive styles. She looks nice, but when I have finished she takes it all down again and plaits it back into a plain pigtail. I ask her whether she wouldn't like to get married, but she laughs and says what for? I'm partly relieved but partly also worried, because she is nearly twenty-two now. At one time, she wanted to be a doctor, but she kept getting headaches on account of the hard studying she had to do, so she left it. I was glad. I never liked the idea of her becoming a doctor and having to work so hard and seeing so much suffering. The Minister was keen on it because he said the country needed a lot of doctors, but now he says what it needs even more is economists. So Mina often talks to me about becoming an economist.

On those days when Biju is not there, I seem to see more of the Minister. If he is late, I wait up for him to come. He is full of whatever he has been doing—attending a meeting or a dinner or some other function—and convinced that it was an event of great importance to the nation. Perhaps it was; I don't know. He tells me about it, and then it is the way it was in the old days; I don't listen carefully but I'm glad to have him there. He still speaks with the same enthusiasm and moves with the same energy while he is speaking, often bumping into things in his impatience. He continues to talk when we go up to bed and while he is undressing, but then he gets into bed and is suddenly fast asleep, almost in the middle of a sentence. I leave the light on for a while to look at him. It makes me feel safe and comfortable to see him sleeping so peacefully.

When I get up next morning, I'm half hoping that Biju will not come that day, either, but if there is no sign of him by afternoon I get restless. I wonder what has happened. I telephone to his house, but his old servant is not much used to the telephone and it is difficult to understand him or make him understand anything. In the end, I have to go to Biju's house and see for myself. Usually there is nothing wrong with him, and he is only having one of his strange moods when he doesn't feel like getting out of bed or doing anything. After I have been with him for some time, he feels better and gets up and comes home with me. I'm glad to get him out of his house. It is not a cheerful place. He takes no care of it, and his servant is too old to be able to keep it nicely. It is a rented house, which he has taken only so that he can live in Delhi and be near us. It has cement floors and broken-down servants' quarters at the back, and no one ever looks after the garden, so that one has to be careful not to get scratched by the thorny bushes that have grown all over the path near the gate.

Once, I found him ill. He had a pain in his back and had not got up, not even to allow his bed to be made. It looked very crumpled and untidy, and so did he, which was strange and sad, because he is always so very careful of himself. Now he was unshaven, and his pajama jacket was open, showing tangled gray hair growing on his chest. He looked at me with frightened eyes. I called the doctor, and then Biju was taken away to a nursing home, and he had to stay there for several weeks, because they discovered he had a weak heart.

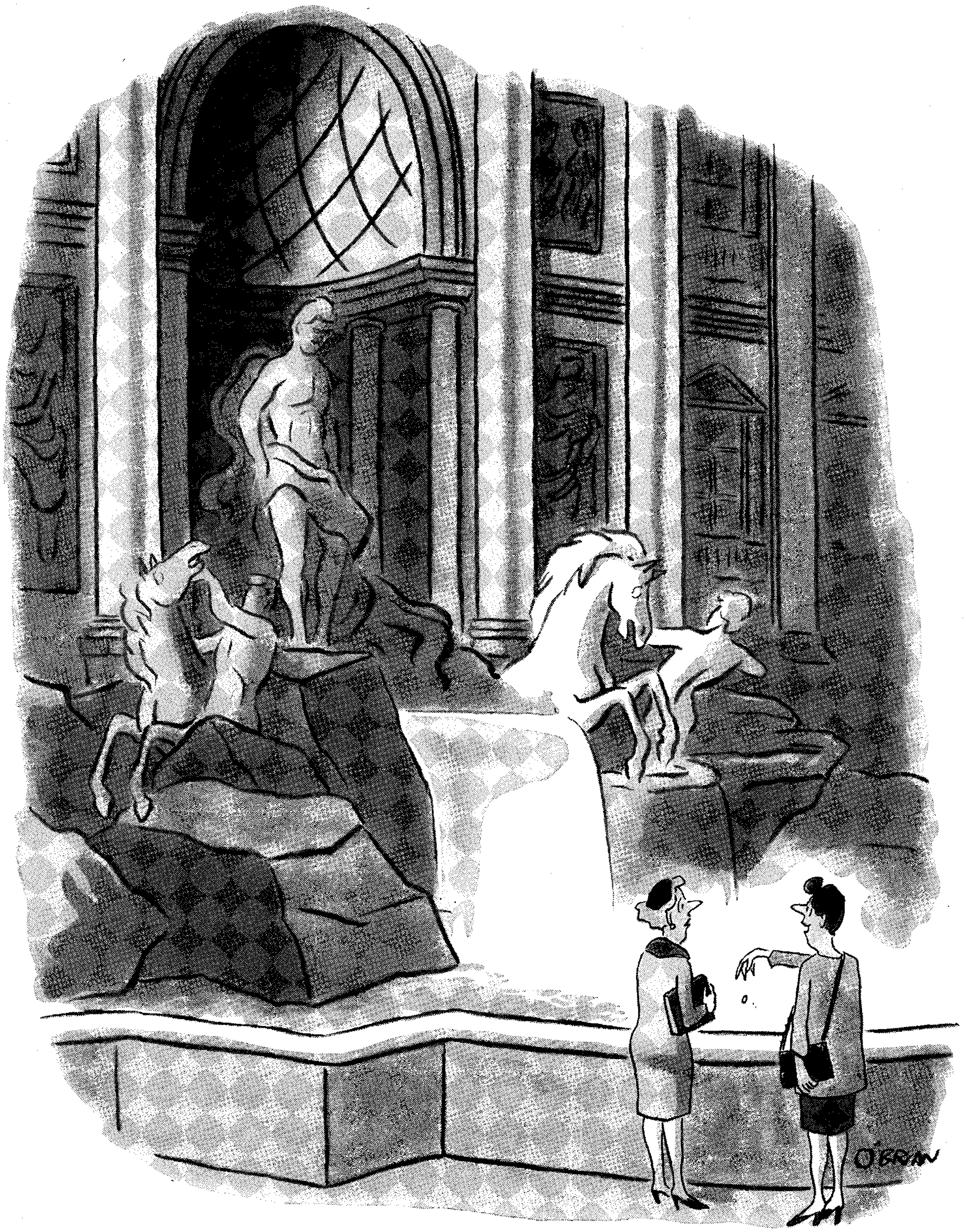
"How true."

• •

When he came out of the nursing home, the Minister wanted him to give up his house and come and live with us. But he wouldn't. It is strange about Biju; he has always gone where we have gone, but he has always taken a place of his own. He says that if he didn't live away from us, then where would he go every day and what would he do? I don't like to think of him alone at night in that house, with only the old servant, and with his violent dreams and his weak heart. The Minister doesn't like it, either. Ever since he heard about Biju's heart, he has been worried, and not only about Biju. He and Biju are about the same age, and he is afraid that whatever was wrong with Biju could be wrong with him, too. In the days after Biju was taken to the nursing home, the Minister began not to feel well. He even woke up at night and wanted me to put my hand on his heart. It felt perfectly all right to me, but he said no, it was beating too fast, and he was annoyed with me for not agreeing. He was convinced now that he, too, had a weak heart, so we called in the doctor and a cardiogram was taken, and it was discovered that his heart was as healthy and sound as that of a fifteen-year-old boy. Then he was satisfied and forgot all about his heart.

I HAD an old aunt who was very religious. She was always saying her prayers and went to the temple to make her offerings. I was not religious at all. I never thought there was anything other than what I saw every day. I didn't speak of these matters. I don't like anyone to mention them to me. But my old aunt was always mentioning them—she could speak of nothing else. She said that even if I did not feel prayerful I should at least go through the form of prayer, and if I only repeated the prescribed prayers every day, then slowly something would waken in my heart. But I wouldn't listen to her, and behind her back I laughed at her with Biju. He did not believe in these things, either. Neither did the Minister. But whereas Biju and I only laughed and did not care about it much, the Minister made a great issue out of it and said a lot about religion retarding the progress of the people. He even told my aunt that she could do what she liked, but he did not care for her to bring these superstitions into his house. She was shocked by all he said, and after that she never liked to stay with us, and she avoided him as much as she could. She didn't avoid Biju and me but continued to try and make us religious. One thing she said I have always remembered. She said that, yes, now it was easy for us not to care about religion, but later, when our youth had gone, and our looks, and everything that gave us so much pleasure now had lost its savor—then what would we do, where would we turn?

Sometimes, like Biju, I don't feel like getting up. Then I stay in bed with the curtains drawn all day. Mina comes in and is very concerned about me. She moves about the room and pulls at the curtains and rearranges things on my bedside table and settles my pillows and does everything she can to make me comfortable. She fully intends to stay with me all day, but after a while she gets restless. There are so many things for her to do and places to go to. She begins to telephone her friends and tells them that she can't meet them today because she is looking after her mother. I pretend to be very drowsy and ask why doesn't she go out while I'm asleep, it would be much better. At first, she absolutely refuses, but after a while she says if I'm quite sure, and I urge her to go till at last she agrees. She gives me many hurried instructions as to rest and diet, and in saying goodbye she gathers me in her arms and embraces me so hard that I



"It's nice that there's still something you can get for a penny."

• •

almost cry out. She leaves in a great hurry, as if there was a lot of lost time to be made up. Then Biju comes in to sit with me. He reads the newspaper to himself, and when there is anything especially interesting he reads it aloud to me. He stays the whole day. Sometimes he dozes off in his chair, sometimes he lays cards out for patience. He is not at all bored or restless, but seems quite happy to stay not only for one day but for many more. I don't mind having him there; it is not very different from being by myself.

But when the Minister comes in there is a great disturbance. "Why is it so dark in here?" he says, and roughly pulls apart the curtains, dispelling the soothing, honey-colored light in which Biju and I have been all day, like two fish in an aquarium. We both have to shut our eyes against the light coming in from the windows. My head begins to hurt. "But what's the matter with you?" the Minister asks. He wants to call the doctor. He says when people are ill, naturally one calls a doctor. Biju asks, "What will *he* do?," and this annoys the Minister. He gives Biju a lecture on modern science, and Biju defends himself by saying that not everything can be cured by science. As usual, the Minister gets more and more irritated with Biju. I can understand why. All the Minister's arguments are very sensible, but Biju's aren't one bit sensible—in fact, after a while he stops answering altogether and instead begins to tear up the newspaper he has been reading and makes paper darts out of it. I watch him launching these darts. He looks very innocent while he is doing this, like a boy. He smiles to himself, and his tie flutters over his shoulder. When people have a weak heart, they can die quite suddenly, one has to expect it. I think of my old aunt asking, where will you turn? I look at the Minister. He, too, has begun to take an interest in Biju's paper darts. He picks one up and throws it into the air with a great swing of his body like a discus thrower, but it falls down on the carpet very lamely. He tries again and then again, always attempting this great sportsman's swing, though not very successfully, because he is so fat and heavy. It gives me pleasure to watch him; it also gives me pleasure to think of his heart that is as strong as the heart of a fifteen-year-old boy. There is a Persian poem. It says that human life is like the petals that fall from the rose and lie soft and withering by the side of the vase. Whenever I think of this poem, I think of Biju and myself. But it is not possible to think of the Minister and Mina as rose petals. No, they are something much stronger. I'm glad! They are what I have to turn to, and it is enough for me. I need nothing more. My aunt was wrong.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

THREE STORIES

THE FIRST MOON

A PEBBLE is rolling along a road. It cannot see anyone. There is no one there to see it. So it rolls on. It cannot hear anyone. It rolls on all by itself under the sun. It thinks of the sun as one part of itself some of the time, or—more exactly—as a feeling that recurs in one part of itself, hardly perceptible at first, and then more intense, then much more intense, and then weaker and weaker until it is gone. While the feeling is there, the pebble tries to carry as much of itself as possible into that part, dragging itself up from one side where it has become loose as though it had been uprooted. All of itself that it drags up on one side slides down the other, so as long as it feels the sun the pebble rolls on and on, and it can feel itself moving faster, too, but it believes that its speed is the result of its own growing lightness, which is caused by lifting more and more of itself off the ground.

All this time its shadow runs along under it like a friend trying to make it listen. And indeed the shadow is in constant fear, constant fear, striking against every irregularity in the road, knocked out of shape again and again, stretched, snatched at and caught by cracks and by all the bigger shadows along the way, and escaping from them all each time as though by miracle. "Stop, stop," it keeps calling. "Let us find somewhere of our own before night." The stone rolls on.

But it comes to roll more slowly. Not because it has listened to its shadow (it never listens) but because it has been thinking about a permanent place for the feeling of the sun. It has been considering turning into an eye. By the time it has decided, the day is over. The pebble rolls off the road into a wood and stops. Its shadow falls asleep at once. The stone looks up. Clouds draw back. The eye opens. Night. Then deep in the stone the first moon rises.

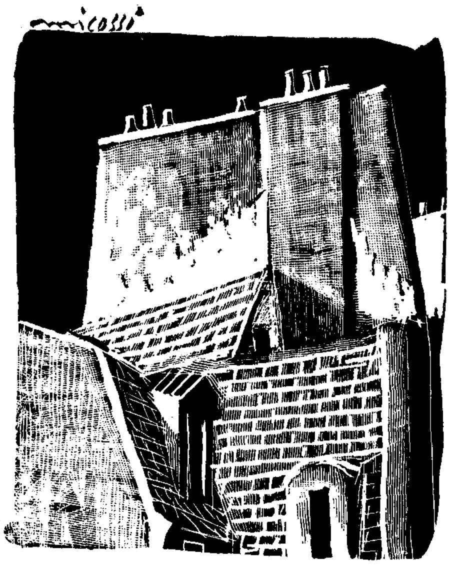
THE DEVIL'S PIG

THE Devil's pig cannot be killed. And you too are happy to hear it—quite as happy as anyone else. Not because pigs are the most intelligent of domestic animals. Is intelligence grounds for mercy? Men have never been certain that it is not in itself a crime. Yet they feel obligated to it, they depend on it, and so they pass laws declaring that it is a virtue. But they are still hungry. And pigs in numbers like the stars of heaven have not been fattened for their virtue but for their flesh: to bleed at the eyes, to wear the blue rind and the colorless wounds, never to know age but to fill with the jellied waters of silence, and be sundered, and pass fibre by fibre through the mouths of men. But not the Devil's pig.

Of course he is beautiful. He is reared by a family who become fond of him, and display him to visitors, and the children scratch him and ride him, and everyone says it is a pity, and when the time comes and he is held down and the neighbor who always does the job holds the knife at the stretched throat and pushes, suddenly the neighbor is kneeling at the edge of a kite, with a glue brush in his hand, trying to mend a gash that he himself has made, while everyone watches in silence, for it is a kite that everyone in the village loved. And the neighbor works for a long time, without a word, while the family stands over him, and at the end he bends forward and breathes on the patched place to make it whole, and then stands and gives the mended kite to the children, and goes home afterward as though he had been to a funeral all by himself.

Sometimes the Devil's pig takes all the prizes and is the sire of a famous progeny, and a center of envy and scheming, and is stolen, and is the pretext for murder and imprisonment and despair, and is returned to his owner, and survives him, and they say he will be allowed to die of old age, but before the first sign of it he disappears, and after that no one in that part of the country trusts anyone else, day or night, for generations.

He lives with a saint and is a model of obedience, and tramples on snakes, and is given away, but never forgotten.



He rides in the truck with the others, and climbs the ramp with them, and at the top the man with the stunner sees the little dog from home running up the ramp with the pigs, and the man shuts the gates and stops the braid of backs, and picks up the little dog and takes him out and sends him home with a pat and never sees him again.

Can you imagine killing him? Can you envisage what it would do to you? Can you think how the Devil would treat you after that—your sleep, what you would hear at table, who would pray with your lips? But you do not wish to kill the Devil's pig.

He has become the pride of the emperor, and his statue is carved, and armies, after victories, have the right to carry his image, on a banner. He fears neither fire nor water. He loves everyone. Why should he not? His master is the lord of this world.

THE TASTE

THERE is a drink which only the old ever taste. Everyone knows that the day is full of rocks, some large, some small, which move. They are all invisible and no one mentions them, but everyone knows that they are rocks. No one knows how to get past them, or to enter them, or to see what is inside them. They are said to contain a treasure of Age which no one has ever looked on—a black treasure.

At night when only the old are awake, black springs rise in some of the rocks and begin to flow toward some of the old. The slow streams seldom choose for destinations the old who are nearest to them. The rocks in which they rise have all moved. The withered body toward which a stream starts to make its way may have passed the source years before and not have known it. How wide the world is now! How empty! How far a stream may have to flow! Meanwhile the old are dying.

As a stream passes through the dark meadows, birds who are standing there turn to look. Each time, they think it is Memory once more. But it is not Memory. Each of the birds was a color once, and this is where they go.

When at last a stream lies on the tongue it set out for, it rests. There is a moment of trembling. Tears come out and sit in the night. After a while the stream gets up and goes to its boat and loads the old person into it and they drift away together toward the valley. In the morning the body that has been visited can no longer stand, no longer speak. It swallows and swallows as though trying to remember tasting water for the first time.

—W. S. MERWIN

ANNALS OF POLITICS

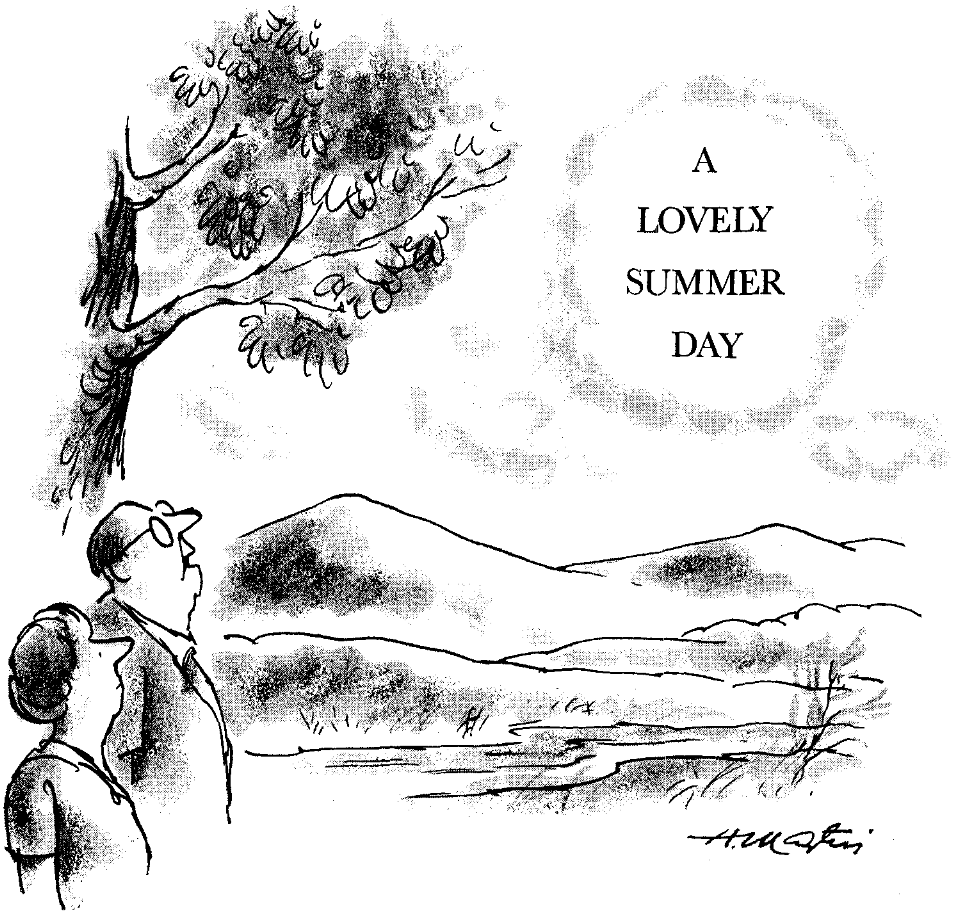
HOW THE PEOPLE FEEL

BUSTER SLOAN is a betting man. He will bet on almost anything, except at even odds. At times, he will go as far as to put money on a political candidate he doesn't like, and the only thing closer to Sloan's heart than betting is disliking certain politicians. When I first met him, a few weeks before the election last fall, in Madisonville, Tennessee, a small town in the eastern part of the state, the person who headed his current list of disliked politicians was Senator Albert Gore. As a Democrat, Gore was bound to be disliked by a lot of people in East Tennessee, where most of the voters have voted Republican since the Civil War. East Tennessee remained in the Union then, and though many of the residents of the area have shown signs in recent years of regretting that affiliation, they have not given up their allegiance to the Republican Party. Some historians claim that East Tennesseans stayed in the Union because they believed in the idea it embodied. Other historians claim that East Tennesseans stayed in the Union because they abhorred slavery. Neither view, Sloan made clear to me, carried any weight with him. "There are only two things wrong with this country," he said. "One is the federal government, and the other is the niggers." He offered to put his money where his mouth was and bet on that. I gathered that he was a rich man.

Sloan's office—of the Sloan Motor Sales Company—was a small, one-story cinder-block cube set in a large lot filled with sparkling new pickup trucks. On the outside, the building had once been painted white. Inside, it was a faded institutional green, and was furnished with a scarred desk, a couple of old wooden armchairs, and three or four aluminum-framed, plastic-seated chairs that seemed antiques by comparison. When I walked in, four of the seats were occupied by the kind of men who are usually to be found in and around courthouses in Southern towns. Their ages ranged from around sixty to eighty or so, and their interest was the same—politics. In towns like Madisonville, politics is a game and a passion, and it is because of such places and such people that the South has long controlled Congress, for nowhere else in the country are men so political-minded so much of the time. I was calling on Sloan because I had been told that he knew more than anybody else in the vicinity about "where the hearts of the voters lie, and hereabouts they lie as often as not." A plump man of middle age and medium height with a broad, flattened nose, and wearing a plasticized tan straw hat whose tiny snap brim was curled down, Southern style, over his eyes, he was standing in the middle of the room, and he greeted me with jovial wariness when I explained my purpose—to find out how Senator Gore's prospects for reëlection looked in East Tennessee, which was the home ground of his Republican opponent, Representative William E. Brock III. "Gore?" Sloan shouted at me. "Hell, he don't have no more chance than a whippoorwill!" I recalled a story about the late Senator Estes Kefauver, who came from Madisonville. It was said that on the day before an election you couldn't find a single voter in any ordinary Tennessee town who intended to vote for Kefauver, and on the day after the election you couldn't find one who had voted for him. Yet Kefauver always won. Sloan went on fulminating against the idea that Gore might do well in the area until one of the older men, who had a straw hat pulled down over *his* eyes and a pair of crutches at his side, waved Sloan away with a negligent gesture and said, "Don't you ever underestimate Albert Gore. He's as smart as a woodchuck in February."

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

TENNESSEE is broad and shallow, running four hundred and thirty-two miles east and west, and a hundred and twelve miles north and south. Often called a Border State, it is really more a Southern state, since it shares a boundary with the Deepest South states of all—Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. However, the number of Negroes who live there is relatively small—sixteen per cent of the population, compared to twice that for most of the rest of the South. One of the first things a Tennessean will tell a visitor is that the state is really three states—East Tennessee, Middle Tennessee, and West Tennessee. Natives are oddly proud of these divisions, as if convinced that homogeneity is a characteristic favored only by the feeble and the dreamless. East Tennessee runs from the North Carolina line through the Great Smoky Mountains and past the western ridge of the Cumberland Mountains. Forty per cent of the state's population lives there. The region varies from hilly to mountainous, with thick forests and clear streams, and these natural attributes have created the ideal conditions for its principal industries—tourism and moonshining. Much of the region is uncommonly beautiful, but it has a touch of savagery to it. So do many of the residents. The accepted way of settling differences there is murder. Many of these differences stem from feelings about race and about liquor. Until a few years ago, there were towns in the area that had no black residents and would countenance none; some municipalities even put up signs on the main road at either end of town saying "Nigger, Don't Let the Sun Set on You Here." There is no estimate of how many blacks have been killed for ignoring these or similar injunctions. Nor is there any estimate of the number of people who have died from drinking or quarrelling after drinking moonshine whiskey. The figure is probably even higher for people who have been killed in feuds over illegal stills, in liquor hijackings, and in attempts to close down the business; in places like Madisonville, the only man who is lower than a "nigger-lover" is a revenue agent. Those who continue to live in the country are unlikely to change their ways much from the ways of their parents and grandparents. But, as in the rest of the nation, more and more families are moving out of the countryside and settling in and around the cities. The largest of these in East Tennessee are Knoxville, which is called "the biggest small town in the South," and Chattanooga, which is a brawling Deep South city on the Georgia border. This migration is gradually changing the political character of Tennessee, for one of the most marked effects is a far better education for the children of these rural migrants, who are usually semi-literate or illiterate. "Most of the voters around here never got past the third grade," a schoolteacher told me during a discussion of the Senate race. "They



"Oh, for our days of youth and imagination, Margaret, when everything didn't have to be spelled out!"

• •

wouldn't know a social issue from a stack of firewood."

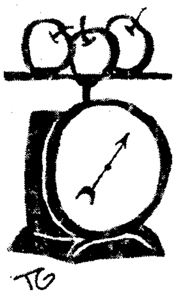
Middle Tennessee, known locally as "the dimple of the universe," is a hundred-and-forty-mile-wide basin that stretches from the middle of the Cumberland Plateau to the western loop of the Tennessee River. It is bluegrass country, and is largely given over to small farms where strawberries, cantaloupes, and tobacco are grown. The few large farms are devoted to dairying, or to raising thoroughbred horses, purebred cattle, mules, hogs, or corn. Middle Tennessee is the most Democratic, and most progressive, part of the state, but any liberalism there does not embrace the war in Indo-China. Despite a contrary shift in most of the rest of the country at the time of the election, Tennessee still favored a military victory in Vietnam. Even in Nashville, which is in the middle of Middle Tennessee and is the most sophisticated city in the state, as well as its capital and the site of its most liberal school, Vanderbilt University, there was little support for any peace movement. An unprepossessing but prosperous city of a quarter of a million people, Nashville has become the South's financial center in recent years, and its Union Street is proudly referred to locally as "the Wall Street of the South." At the same time, the city and its environs are the home of the greatest concentration of George Wallace's followers in the state; more populist than racist, they reserve their deepest mistrust not, as many Northerners suppose, for black men but, rather, for rich men—especially for rich men from any Wall Street.

West Tennessee extends from the Tennessee River to the Mississippi River. On the north, it is bounded by Kentucky, on the west by Missouri and Arkansas, and on the south by Mississippi. It is Deep South country—rich bottom land, where cotton and soybeans are raised. It is also the poorest part of Tennessee, and for that reason it contains most of the state's Negroes. A large proportion of them live in and around Memphis, the largest city in Tennessee and the seat of Shelby County. Situated in the southwesternmost corner of the state, the city serves as the principal metropolitan center for all of West Tennessee and for most of Mississippi, which has no large cities. For many years, Tennessee politics were controlled from Memphis by Boss Ed Crump. Memphis is far enough west to lie in a different time zone from East Tennessee, and Crump used that advantage on election night by waiting to see how far behind his men were and then stealing the necessary number of votes in Shelby County. Since his fall, political control has shifted eastward, but the vote in Shelby County continues to be the most influential in statewide elections. Outside Tennessee, Memphis is chiefly known for its cotton market, which is the largest in the United States, and for being the place where Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated.

Each section of Tennessee contains three congressional districts: the First, Second, and Third in East Tennessee; the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth in Middle Tennessee; and the Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth in West Tennessee. At the time of the election last fall, the Republicans held one seat in the Senate and four of the state's nine seats in the House. Three of the House seats were in Republican districts in East Tennessee, with Brock occupying the one that takes in Chattanooga, his home town; Chattanooga is also the home of the Brock Candy Company, founded by his grandfather, who made a fortune in it and was elected to a term in the United States Senate.

Throughout last summer and fall, the Gore-Brock contest was being watched, studied, interpreted, and argued about by almost everyone who had any interest in national politics. The race was widely said to be the most important one in the nation, and it drew one of the largest collections of reporters and political observers from out of state, and even from other countries, of any senatorial campaign in many years. One reason was that everyone knew that President Nixon had made Senator Gore the Administration's prime target for defeat. In addition, many of those who followed the contest, either on the scene or from a distance, felt that the outcome would provide at least partial answers to some of the questions about the body politic that had been raised recently—the relative value of modern public-relations politics vs. old-fashioned stump politics, the effect on election campaigns of unprecedentedly large sums of money, the importance of prepackaged television productions, the success or failure of the Administration's Southern strategy, the over-all impact of the President's and the Vice-President's campaigning for their kind of candidates, and the gullibility or skepticism of the public when engulfed by distortion and deceit. But all of these matters, it was clear at the time, were inextricably tied up with, and utterly confused by, the character of the people of Tennessee. In the end, though, the Gore-Brock campaign for the Senate—whatever the interpretations, the claims, and the counter-claims—was bound to influence the way the congressional and Presidential election campaigns are run next year.

“Brock will carry East Tennessee by a hundred thousand votes,” Sloan assured me as I sat down with the group in his office. “If he comes over the Cumberland Ridge with that margin and he breaks even in West Tennessee, he’ll win, because Gore cain’t possibly win by a hundred thousand in Middle Tennessee. The Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Districts will decide it. I was on the phone this morning to one of Brock’s men in West Tennessee, and he says Brock thinks he’s got a fifty-thousand-vote lead there. If that’s the case, he’ll win easy.”



I asked Sloan if he had bet on the challenger, and he shook his head. “Cain’t get no odds!” he roared. “But if I *had* to lay even money, I’d bet on Brock. I hope it don’t switch around. I’d sure hate to *have* to bet on Gore.”

“There ain’t nobody knows anything about this election,” the old man with the crutches put in, and added, “Gore’s going to get ninety-five per cent of the nigger vote.”

“Sure,” Sloan said. “But Brock’ll get ninety-five per cent of the white people, and there’s a damn sight more of them.”

“Shoo-o-o-t!” the other man said, or something like it. “Those Democrats won’t *never* vote Republican.”

“Oh, yes, they will,” Sloan said. “More Democrats been contributing money to the Republican campaign in this county than ever before in history.”

The oldest man in the room, who was wearing a brown suit, a white shirt buttoned up to the collar, and no tie, pulled his black felt hat a little farther down over his eyes, tilted forward the cane that he was holding with both hands between his knees, and said, “Yes, and I can think of a lot of reliable Republicans hereabouts who are going to vote Democratic.”

“Maybe for governor but not for that old devil Gore,” Sloan said.

The old man turned and smiled at the man with the crutches. “Buster’s so off Gore he’s about to put me back on him,” he said.

“People just don’t like Gore,” Sloan said. “The only people who like him are the niggers and the loafers. I was walking along the street over in Nashville with some fellas, and I made a bet with them I could pick out what side every voter we passed in a block was on. I won, too. If you go up to a well-dressed man, he’ll be for Brock. If you go up to a bum or a nigger, he’ll be for Gore every time. Brock has the better class of people. That’s the truth of it.”

So far, no one in the room had said anything about the issues in the campaign, and when I brought up the subject, the men looked puzzled. Finally, Sloan shoved his hat onto the back of his head and pulled it down over his eyes again, as if tugging a thought forward, and said, “The biggest thing that’s hurting Gore is the people feel he don’t represent them. That’s biggest in their minds. They feel he’s ignored them all along, and now they resent Albert Gore.”

Much of the conversation at Sloan’s that day concerned the gubernatorial race between Winfield Dunn, a dentist from Memphis, on the Republican ticket, and John Jay Hooker, a lawyer and speculator from Nashville, on the Democratic ticket. Both were young and attractive, both had pretty wives, and both were utterly unqualified to run the state. Most Tennesseans were far more interested in the Hooker-Dunn race than in the Gore-Brock race. Apparently, they believed that a governor would affect their lives more directly than a senator. For one thing, the governor controlled almost all local patronage. For another, there were around thirty-five thousand state employees in Tennessee, and almost every Tennessean who voted either was one, had formerly been one, was related to one, was hoping to become one, or had a friend who was one. At the start of the campaign, Hooker felt that he was far ahead and wanted nothing to do with Gore, who was far behind. On the other side, Brock, who seemed far ahead, wanted nothing to do with Dunn, who looked like a certain loser. But then the chances of the four switched around. Hooker’s latest business venture—a franchise operation for outlets selling Minnie Pearl’s Chicken—reported an estimated loss of thirty-five million dollars. At about the same time, Gore began gaining rapidly on Brock. In the end, Hooker was most anxious to coöperate with Gore, and Brock was most anxious to coöperate with Dunn. “If Brock wins, it won’t be because the voters are sweet on him,” Sloan told the group. “It’ll be because they like Dunn. His coattails are getting longer every day, and Brock’s just clutching to them for all he’s worth.”

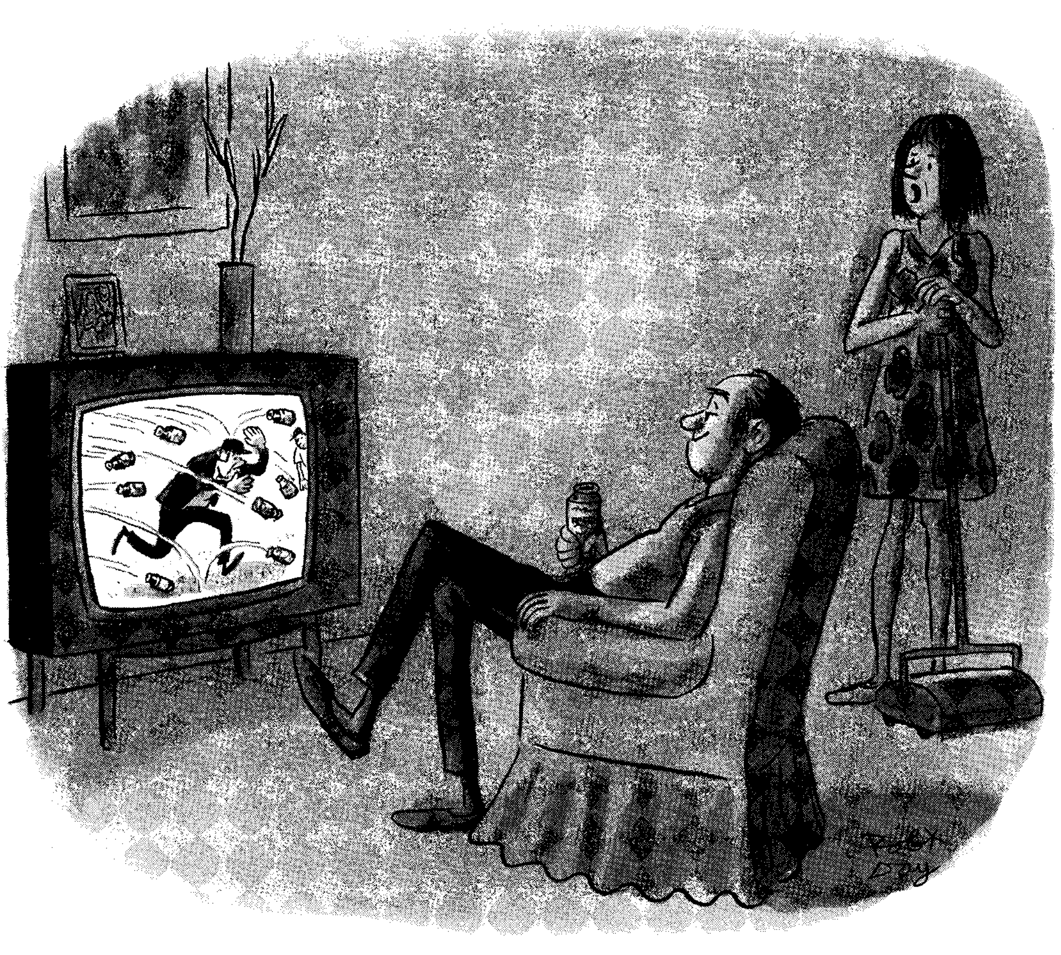
Vice-President Agnew had visited Tennessee a couple of weeks earlier to campaign for the Republican ticket—but mostly to campaign against Gore—and I asked what effect his stopover seemed to have had on the voters. Sloan shrugged, but after a moment’s thought he replied, “Oh, it maybe raised a little money and helped stir up the Party workers over in West Tennessee, but it probably made a lot of voters sore, too. People here don’t care to be told what to do.”

The old man with the cane disagreed. “People around here like Agnew,” he told me. “He’s a man who speaks his mind. We like that.”

Before leaving Madisonville, I stopped in to see Dan Hicks, Jr., the editor of the weekly Monroe County *Democrat*, and in the course of our conversation I mentioned what the old man had said about Agnew. Hicks smiled and took a small automatic out of his pocket and held it up. “I carry this at all times, and when I go out at night I take a deer rifle along,” he said. “I don’t believe the people around here like a man who speaks his mind. I spoke mine last year when I ran a series of articles on the evils of moonshining, and they burned down my shop, they beat me up, and now they shoot at me in the dark.”

Albert Gore was born in 1907 and grew up on a small farm in Possum Hollow, about fifty miles east of Nashville, in Middle Tennessee. (Throughout his early life, he was associated with oddly named places. Near Possum Hollow were towns called Difficult, Defeated, and Nameless; later, he lived in a village officially called High Land but known in the surrounding region as Booze, because of its natives’ dedication to moonshining; and he ended up in Carthage, where he still lives part of the year.) Gore had the ideal kind of youth for a politician from a rural state—comparative poverty, which he rose out of through the usual hard work and dedication. He put himself through college so that he could become a teacher, and, before finishing, became the principal of a three-teacher school. Then, while he was county school superintendent, he put himself through law school at night. At twenty-eight, he was appointed to his first statewide public office, as commissioner of labor. Two years later, when the incumbent representative from the Fourth District declared his Senate candidacy, Gore entered the race for his House seat and won. In the Democratic primary of 1952, after fourteen years in the House, he defeated Senator Kenneth McKellar, a half-senile octogenarian who was one of the last rusty wheels left over from the old Crump machine, and went on to take his seat. By the end of Gore's third term in the Senate, he was a high-ranking member of three important committees—Foreign Relations, Finance, and Atomic Energy—and had managed to offend so many of his constituents that he was believed to have almost no chance of being reëlected. To voters like Sloan, Gore was far too liberal to speak for Tennessee. Actually, though, he was nowhere near as liberal as his detractors—or most of his defenders—believed. Although he had previously voted for almost all the major civil-rights bills, in 1964, when he was up for reëlection, he voted against the most important of them all—the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which directed the government to cut off federal funds to any program where racial discrimination was practiced—on the ground that the bill gave the executive branch too much power. To a large extent, Gore's liberal credentials rested on his long and active opposition to American involvement in Indo-China, and to a lesser extent on his populist opposition to abuse of the small businessman, the worker, and the farmer by large financial interests. But he did not become a strong liberal until Tennessee's other senator, Estes Kefauver, died in 1963 and Gore was more or less compelled to move to the left if he hoped to take over Kefauver's followers. Even then, he stood firmly on the right on some basic issues. He was one of the original sponsors of the gluttonous federal highway program, initiated under President Eisenhower, which has used up some forty billion dollars to date. He also supported all the right-wing "anti-crime" bills voted on in Congress during the last years of the Johnson Administration, and all but one of the entire twenty-one repressive "anti-crime" bills introduced by the Nixon Administration. Though Kefauver, who was far more liberal, was reëlected time after time by huge majorities, Gore barely managed to retain his seat in 1964, a landslide year generally for Democrats in the Goldwater debacle. In the Democratic primary last summer, he won by thirty thousand votes—a bare fifty-one per cent of the total cast—against a political newcomer named Hudley Crockett, whose only claim to the public's confidence was his record as a television news broadcaster. In the Republican primary, Brock, an extremely conservative congressman who had not a single legislative achievement to his credit after eight years in the House, beat Tex Ritter, a popular political figure in Tennessee, by three to one. For these reasons, President Nixon believed that his party had a better chance of picking up a Senate seat in Tennessee than anywhere else in the South. Most important of all, a victory there would dislodge one of the most prominent leaders of the liberal bloc in Congress and, if things went well for the Administration in half a dozen other races, would insure Republican control of the Senate. To accomplish that, the President personally selected Brock to run for Gore's seat.

"BROCK has all the money in the world except three or four dollars, and he knows where those are," Eugene Graham, Gore's press consultant in his state headquarters, in Nashville, told me when I dropped in about a month before the election to discuss the campaign. A rumpled, weary-looking man with blond hair and a heavy Southern accent, Graham had been an editorial and political writer on the Nashville *Tennessean* in 1964, when he quit to teach journalism at the University of Illinois. Last fall, he returned to Nashville to spend a sabbatical writing a book, and one day he wandered into Gore's headquarters to see how things were going. Finding that they were scarcely going at all, since Gore did not believe in organized campaigning, Graham joined the staff on an unpaid basis. "One of our worst problems is money," Graham told me. "We just don't have enough, and when word went around that Albert didn't stand a chance, the sources we might have tapped suddenly dried up. But Brock has all he needs. He's a millionaire, and his wife is even more of a millionaire. He's got the White House and the Republican National Committee behind him with money and advice. And he's got the help of all the rich reactionaries in Tennessee and some outside. Most of all, he's got a huge staff." He handed me a printed diagram that looked like a table-of-organization chart for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Starting out with the candidate and an eleven-member policy



"They will all be recycled, I hope."

committee at the top, the lines of command descended into a maze of interlocking boxes—some thirty-five in all—which covered such activities as Issues Research, Opponent Research, Polling Research, Truth Squad, Young Volunteers for Brock, Barbers for Brock, Democrats for Brock, Walking-Horse People for Brock, and Brockettes. As for Gore, Graham said, he was able to afford only ten paid workers in the entire state and had to rely on volunteers for the rest of the innumerable tasks that had to be done. "The major question in this campaign is: Can an honest, independent politician with ordinary means survive in the public-relations politics of big money and deceit?" he said. "Albert and I think he can. We don't believe in the advertising approach to politics. The Brock crowd says that you should never overestimate the intelligence of the public. We say that you should never underestimate it."

Dana Fradon

"He loves me for myself, he loves me for my body . . ."

President Nixon's determination to transfer Gore's Senate seat to the Republican side of the aisle was most clearly demonstrated by his decision to turn the management of Brock's campaign over to the man who had run Nixon's own television operation during the 1968 Presidential campaign—Harry Treleaven, head of the campaign-management firm of Treleaven & Associates, in New York. In April, 1969, Kenneth Rietz, one of the associates, spent two weeks in Tennessee supervising a poll of what troubled the people of Tennessee most. The conclusion was that they were upset by many issues—among them the war, busing of schoolchildren, gun control, prayer in schools, and Gore's votes against the two Southern nominees to the Supreme Court. Although Rietz could have concluded all this after making a telephone call to practically anyone in Tennessee, he also uncovered a less obvious but far more crucial issue—a deep feeling among the voters, as Sloan had pointed out, that Senator Gore had not represented them in the way they had wanted. When I mentioned this, Graham nodded and said, "Albert's approach from the start has been to show where he stands, and to show that Brock opposes everything that Albert—and practically everybody else in Congress from Tennessee—has supported. The truth of the matter is that Brock is simply against the federal government altogether. That's why he voted against just about every federal program in the last eight years. He's a trickle-down theorist, but in practice not much trickles past him and his crowd. Anyway, Rietz has been here full time, and is Brock's actual, as opposed to his official, campaign manager. Rietz and Treleaven worked out their strategy some fourteen months ago, and they have stuck to it right down the line. The charge that Albert doesn't represent the people of Tennessee is the core of their campaign. Albert didn't realize the depth of the people's feeling about that in the primary, but now he's zeroed in."

Graham broke off to answer a secretary's question, and then turned back to me and went on, "You know, I'd really like to beat these bastards. Not for Albert, not for myself, not for the Democratic Party, but just to show that the people have sense and can't be fooled by a lot of cheap lies. In a debate between the candidates in Washington last Sunday on 'Face the Nation,' Albert charged that Brock had opposed ten veteran-benefits bills during his time in office. Brock didn't deny it then, because he saw that Albert had a briefcase bulging with *Congressional Records*. But when Brock got back to Tennessee, he denied it publicly and called Albert's charge 'a barefaced lie.' And in a press conference just an hour ago Brock said, 'Mr. Gore's a liar.' Actually, Brock voted against every one of those bills, and Albert supported every one of them. We've got Brock dead to rights on this one." Pausing, Graham ran a hand across his eyes and then stared out of the window. Finally, he turned back and said, "This is just the beginning. I know exactly what they're planning for the last weeks—what their newspaper and television campaigns will be in detail. It's going to stink up Tennessee from the Smokies to the Mississippi. From my experience in politics, I'd say this is going to end up as the dirtiest campaign in the state's history."

SENATOR GORE was to campaign in several small towns in Middle Tennessee the next day, so late that evening I drove to Crossville, about a hundred miles east of Nashville, where he was to begin his tour early the following morning. When I arrived, I found that Gore's "party," as the clerk at the motel described it, consisted of Gore himself, his press officer (a reporter on leave from the *Tennessean* who was in his early twenties and had no political experience), and his driver (a student on leave from the University of Tennessee who hoped to write a term paper on the campaign). Although it is almost unheard of for a senator to run a major election campaign without several advance men going out ahead of him to round up crowds, make appointments with influential party people, and arrange for meetings with potential contributors, Gore had no advance men at all. Still, one of his oldest associates in the state insisted that this campaign was far more elaborate than any that Gore had run in the past. "For Albert, this is a twenty-first-century campaign," the man said. "Why, he even has a schedule!"

At the age of sixty-two, Gore was the picture of what a senator should look like—a loose mane of fine white hair brushed straight back from a lofty brow; deep-blue eyes; healthy, almost unwrinkled skin; and the bearing of a man very conscious of his own importance. To some of Gore's aides, he was rather too conscious of this, and one of them had told me that afternoon, "One of our biggest jobs is to take some of the starch out of Albert's shirt." On this occasion, though, he seemed relaxed and natural. He was also highly optimistic. "Things are looking up," he said spiritedly when I joined him in his room. "I was behind earlier, but now I believe I've caught up and may even be ahead." Graham and others at headquarters had said much the same thing, and I had wondered how they could tell that the Senator's prospects had improved so suddenly, for he refused to have any polls taken. I asked the Senator when this switch in the voters' mood had occurred, and he said, "About three weeks ago, when Agnew came here." Agnew, he explained, had made one of his first campaign stops of the fall in Memphis to dedicate a new Internal Revenue Service computer center. The trip was billed as an official visit, but it quickly became clear that it was purely political, so when the Vice-President's plane landed Gore was there, smiling and cordial, to greet him—and to share the coverage on the six-o'clock television news that day and in the newspapers the next morning. In a speech to a Republican rally in Memphis that night, Agnew called Gore a "paranoiac," charged that the Senator seemed to believe that Tennessee was "located somewhere between the New York *Times* and the *Greenwich Village Voice*," and suggested that he had betrayed his country by urging youths of military age to say "Hell, no—we won't go." (Actually, Gore's son, Albert, Jr., not only was in the Army but was scheduled to leave with his unit for Vietnam on the day after Christmas.) After Agnew's visit, Republican-financed polls in Memphis showed that Brock's popularity there had fallen by seven percentage points in a matter of days. "I believe that Mr. Agnew helped me more than I could have hoped," Gore told me. "I understand that of all the many things Brock doesn't want he most of all doesn't want Agnew to come back to Tennessee."

Reaching into an inside breast pocket of his tan suit, the Senator took out a sheet of paper and handed it to me. It was a facsimile of a page from the *Congressional Record* of September 1st, which contained a brief speech by Gore to the effect that he did indeed represent the people of Tennessee. Below that was a list of fifty major pieces of legislation—including the Elementary and Secondary Education Act Extension, the Food Stamp Act, the Appalachia Development Act, the Voting Rights Act Extension, and Medicare—all of which he had voted for and Brock had voted against. "As far as I'm concerned, the most effective issue I have is the one that Brock led off with—representation of the people of Tennessee," Gore said. "That's the big one, and this document will show, once and for all, who has represented the people."

Brock's claim that he would more faithfully represent the wishes of the people, Gore went on, apparently did not include one group of them—the Negroes. Not only had Brock stayed out of black areas during the entire campaign but he was also covertly using racist appeals to white voters. "Several of Brock's so-called issues are just code words for 'nigger,'" Gore said. "Take his attacks on me for voting against Haynsworth and Carswell. Everybody here wants a Southerner on the Supreme Court. But to many of them a Southerner means just one thing—a racist. 'Gun control' is the same code, because whites fear they will be disarmed by the government and unable to protect themselves against a black uprising. The attacks on me for being friendly with Northern liberals are the same, since people down here blame them for replacing states' rights with civil rights. Politicians used to make racist appeals openly, but the people have been too shamed, and you can't do that anymore. So Brock is whispering the same kind of thing behind his hand."

I got up to go, and the Senator accompanied me to the door. He suddenly leaned forward and jabbed a finger at me. "This is the most important campaign in the country," he said intensely. "It's not because of my seat but because of the political implications. If just my seat were at issue, I wouldn't run. I have had an honorable career and could retire with dignity. But a national party and its ideology are at stake. If the right wing wins here and shows that the Southern strategy works, no liberal or moderate in a Border or Southern state will dare raise his head again. That will be the death of the Democratic Party."

Early the next morning, I ran into the Senator in the motel dining room and joined him for breakfast. He picked up a newspaper on the table beside him and waved it jubilantly. "Look at that!" he cried, pointing to a front-page headline: "'MR. GORE'S A LIAR,' REP. BROCK SAYS." Smiling broadly, Gore said, "That will hurt Brock badly. People don't like attacks of that kind. Whatever the voters think of me, I'm known for my integrity, honor, independence." Pausing to smile appreciatively at the headline that cast aspersions on these virtues, he went on, "The campaign is beginning to heat up. I'm going to change my style completely in the last ten days and really start swinging. Today will be the last of my rural towns. This one will be like the dance of the gooney bird. The day won't mean two hundred votes for me, but people get mad if I don't appear."

The first step in the gooney bird's dance took place at seven-thirty in a dingy roadside restaurant on the main highway running through Crossville, a dingy town of some fifty-two hundred people, and the seat of Cumberland County. Despite the weather—a cold, persistent rain—fifty people were waiting in a narrow rear room of the restaurant, most of them local Party workers and volunteers. "Although the weather is dreary, the political outlook is bright," the Senator began, and went on to credit Brock with contributing to that outlook by telling an outright lie—a charge that Gore had

ST. LOUIS
FAMILY MOVED
LEFT ME BEHIND
BY ACCIDENT
W Miller

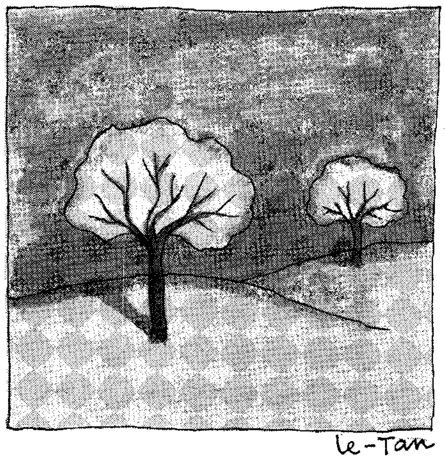
persuaded the federal government to run an interstate highway, including seven bridges, through his farm at Carthage—which was five miles from the highway. After that, he talked about some of the main issues, answered a few questions, shook hands all around, and left. The next stop was across town at the Cumberland County Democratic Club, a small, rather seedy storefront room. A dozen men were on hand, most of them well along in years, and while Gore stopped to reminisce with one ancient who had worked for him in his first campaign for the House, in 1938, I talked for a few minutes with a middle-aged man who had a thin, weathered face and gleaming false teeth that clattered as he spoke. After remarking that many voters in the area were angry at Gore for his votes in favor of stricter gun laws and for his position on Vietnam, he said, "People in these parts don't like giving up a fight." I asked whether the recession was having any effect on the voters' outlook, and he brightened at once. "Oh, yes, we're beginning to hurt some," he said. "They's been some layoffs, and that heps. But not enough. Course, when Detroit closes down they send our boys home, and they don't have all that money or nothing to do, 'cept shoot squirrels and make whiskey and fight. Bread and butter may be the big issue before it's over."

From there, Gore moved on to the Wharton Nursing Home, a geriatrics center a few miles to the west, where he made a strictly nonpolitical speech to sixty or so elderly patients and staff members. Afterward, he made a quick tour of a doctors' clinic and another of a hospital in Sparta, twenty-odd miles to the west and the seat of White County, and then stopped off at the Sparta Democratic headquarters. It was another storefront, across the street from the courthouse, and it was covered with Hooker posters; there wasn't a single Gore poster or sign in sight. A couple of dozen elderly men were on hand, and Gore made the rounds, shaking hands, chatting, and having his picture taken with a man who was said to be a hundred years old but refused to confirm it. I went outside to get some air and ran into Gore's campaign manager for White County, a short, dapper man with tinted glasses named William Mitchell. I asked about the Senator's prospects in the county, and Mitchell looked unhappy. "They're not good—not good at all," he answered. "Two weeks ago, he was too far behind for hope. But now he might just squeak through. If he does, he'll owe it all to Agnew. Albert's image is bad—very bad. He looks anti-South and anti-war. His only strength is his seniority in the Senate. But that works only with old-timers. Younger people don't know about seniority, and wouldn't care if they did."

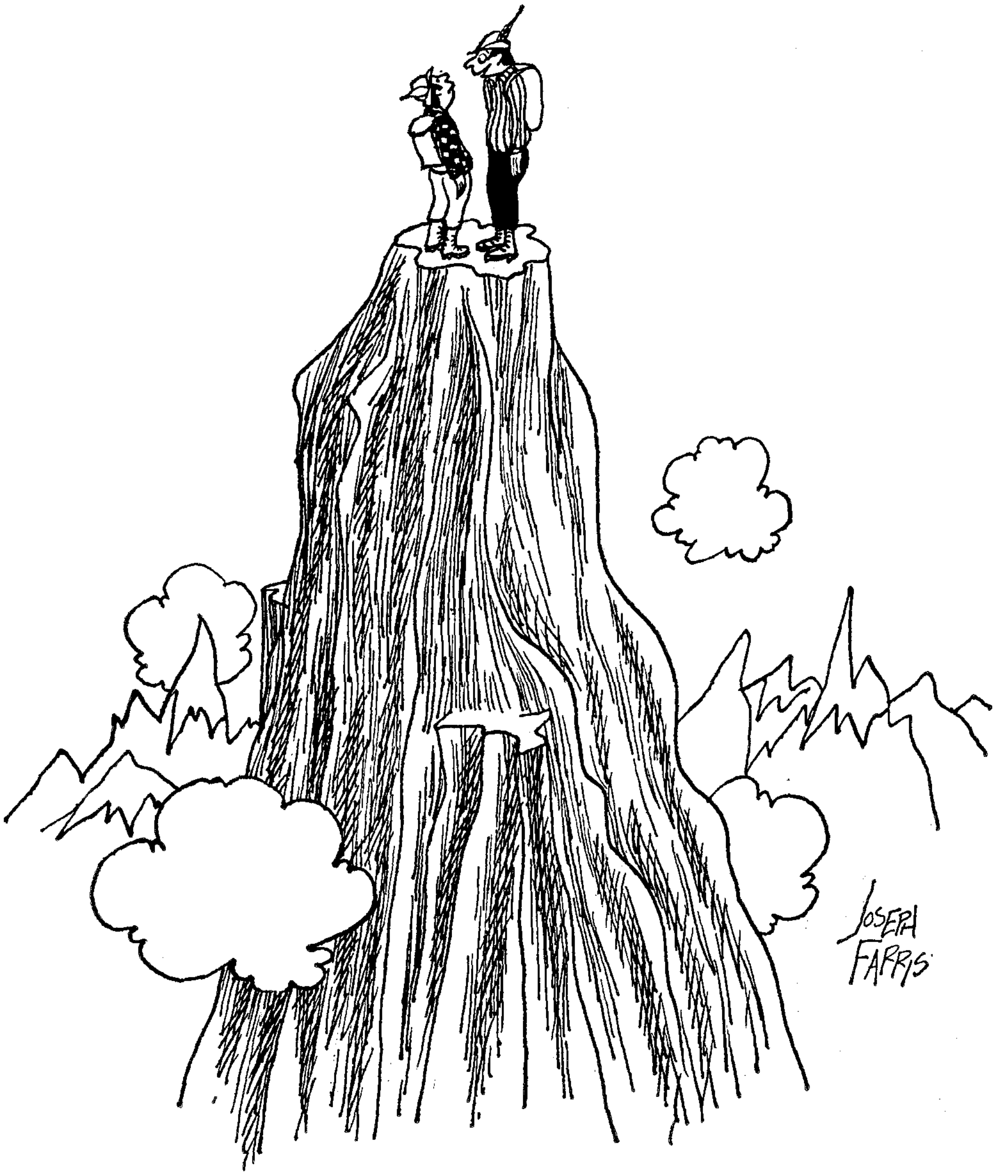
Mitchell hurried off, and I went over to Thomas Gillem, Gore's bespectacled, red-haired young press officer, and asked where the young people were. He scowled and said, "Working for Brock. The Democratic Party in Tennessee, especially in places like this, is committing suicide. The old-timers are afraid of losing control, so they won't let new blood in."

Following lunch at a Sparta drugstore, Gore made a brief appearance outside town at a livestock auction, where most of the farmers accepted his greetings noncommittally. Then he went on to Smithville, the seat of DeKalb County—a town of some twenty-nine hundred people situated twenty miles farther west. His car stopped in a parking lot beside a small restaurant on the outskirts of town, where his DeKalb County manager—a plump, bulbous-nosed man by the name of Dewitt Puckett—was waiting for him. As they talked, Gillem told me that he had tried to arrange for a reception for the Senator in Smithville but that Puckett had curtly told him the local people would do the arranging. "This is the result," Gillem said despondently. "It's typical—no advance man, no rally, no organization at all. That's the way the Senator likes it." If that was the case, the Senator must have been a happy man, for, aside from Puckett, the only greeter was a photographer from the Smithville *Review*, who was wearing a lapel button stating "I believe in God, and I love America," and who snapped a few pictures of the candidate and left. Gore went off to make a telephone call, and I asked Puckett how things looked in DeKalb. "Albert's hurting," he answered. "At first, it seemed like it was his Supreme Court votes that were doing the damage, but now you just can't pin it down. People say he votes too much with the Eastern liberals and doesn't care about Tennessee. I don't know," he added helplessly.

Gore's next stop was the office of the Democratic county chairman, a thin-faced, long-nosed lawyer by the name of McAllen Foutch, who had formerly been the speaker of the state assembly. "I'm sorry you couldn't make our rally the other night," Foutch said. "We had over a thousand people there. Some nice things were said about you by the speakers. It's too bad you weren't there." Gore showed no sign of regret at having missed a rally that would have provided five times the number of people he expected to see on this day's tour, nor did he appear put out when Foutch added, "I wish we had known that you were going to be here today."



AT the start of the Senate campaign in Tennessee, thousands of billboards, posters, stickers, and placards across the state proclaimed, "Bill Brock Believes." A month before the election, one-fourth of the billboards were changed to "Bill Brock Believes In the Things We Believe In." The new politics, it appeared, was little more than the old publicity technique—a general statement followed by a more specific statement as a teaser and, finally, by the details, reserved for the last ten days of the campaign. Shortly before that period began, I dropped in to see the official chairman of Brock's campaign—Dr. Nat Winston, a relaxed, gray-haired psychiatrist, who was head of a chain of private mental hospitals called the American Psychiatric Hospitals—at his office in a new skyscraper in downtown Nashville. We discussed some of the issues that had been brought up in the campaign so far, such as Brock's repeated charge that Gore was an intimate friend of Senator Edward M. Kennedy (whom Brock called "the Chappaquiddick kid" in one address). Dr. Winston dismissed that as "not a bona-fide issue," but when we turned to the subject of gun control, he leaned forward and said, "Now, there's a *real* issue! In my travels around the state, that's the issue I've heard discussed most frequently. I have twelve guns in my home right now. If convicts can't get guns legally, my guns will become a target. That means law-abiding citizens will become targets of non-law-abiding citizens." It seemed to me that it would make a law-abiding citizen think twice about having a dozen guns around the house, but before I could take that up Dr. Winston assured me that the gun issue had no racial overtones, "as some people have



"I'm higher than you are!"

charged." However, he went on, he felt that Gore's votes on Haynsworth and Carswell had produced "symptoms of racist fear" in many people. As for the war, he said, "I don't think that is as big an issue as the people think it is." Bringing up the charges of deceit that were then emanating from both camps, I remarked that Brock had called Gore a liar but hadn't documented it, whereas Gore had not called Brock a liar but had documented it, and asked whether that might damage Brock. "No, I don't think the people get such nuances," the Doctor replied. Then I broached the question of how he felt, as a psychiatrist, about the effects that advertising and public relations had on the human mind when they were transferred from selling soaps to selling leaders. "Advertising is most effective," he said. "People vote largely on the basis of whether they like the looks of a guy—whether they believe in him. We're used to charismatic, evangelical political personalities in Tennessee, and the advertising system has been shown to work well here."

Of all the television and radio political appeals I had heard in Tennessee, by far the most effective were those featuring a man named Alfred MacFarland, a lawyer from Lebanon, in Middle Tennessee. Formerly a supporter and friend of Gore's, MacFarland had turned against him and was now head of a group called Democrats for Brock. Many observers felt that he had been having a devastating effect on Gore's chances. One of MacFarland's thirty-second radio spots, delivered in a resonant and inexplicably convincing voice, went, " 'No child ever got an education riding on a bus.' Bill Brock said that the other day when he was talking about a subject that concerns every parent of school-age children—busing. I'm Alfred MacFarland, of Lebanon. I'm a lawyer. And I agree with Bill Brock that busing is un-Constitutional, that it's wrong, and that our elected representatives ought to be doing everything they can to stop forced busing. However, Senator Albert Gore has failed to do that. In fact, he recently opposed an amendment which would remove from the federal courts' jurisdiction the administration of our local schools. That kind of misrepresentation is one of the reasons I'm backing Bill Brock for the Senate seat now occupied by Albert Gore—even though I've been a Democrat all my life." When it came to misrepresentation—not of constituents but of facts—MacFarland was a match for his candidate. From the start, Senator Gore had steadfastly opposed the busing of children to achieve racial balance in public schools, because he believed that the value of community schools was greater than the value of racial balance. And the amendment that MacFarland referred to—submitted by Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., Democrat of North Carolina, earlier that year and withdrawn for lack of support—had been aimed not at busing but at wiping out altogether the Supreme Court's desegregation order in the landmark case Brown v. Board of Education. In another radio address, MacFarland stated, "I'm from Lebanon, and one thing I firmly believe in is the right of the people to make their own decisions in matters of religion, including whether or not their children can pray in school if they want to. But Senator Albert Gore doesn't feel that way. Three times—*three times* in the U.S. Senate—he has taken a position *against* allowing voluntary prayer in our public schools." The "three times" referred to three amendments that were proposed within a period of an hour in the Senate in 1966. Two votes were taken on an amendment put up by Senator Everett M. Dirksen; it was rejected after every major church body in the United States had denounced it. The third vote was on a resolution offered by Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, to the effect that the sense of the Senate was that the Supreme Court had never said anything about voluntary prayers; this resolution was also rejected, on the ground that it was not the business of the Senate to describe what the Court hadn't done.

After listening to several other campaign appeals by MacFarland, I telephoned him at his law office in Lebanon, and he suggested that we meet for lunch that day at a place called the Cracker Barrel Country Store, outside town. Over a lunch of ham and biscuits, MacFarland, a pleasant-looking bald man in his early fifties, with a thin face and deep seams running from the sides of his nose to the corners of his mouth, told me that he had formerly served in both houses of the state legislature and as commissioner of revenue, that he thought of himself as an independent Democrat, and that he had voted for Nixon in 1960 and 1968. As the head of Democrats for Brock, he went on, in addition to the television and radio spots he had made innumerable speeches throughout Middle and West Tennessee, and had also organized such supporting groups as Farmers for Brock, Lawyers for Brock, Sportsmen for Brock, and Doctors for Brock; along the way, he added, he had collected a large number of campaign contributions from Democrats who were going to vote Republican this time. After lunch, he suggested that we take advantage of the sun, which was uncommonly warm that day, and led the way outside to a picnic bench on the restaurant's grounds.

"This is a mellow spot," MacFarland said as we sat down. Pointing toward a gentle slope that rose off to one side, he continued, "My grandfather and grandmother are buried right over there on a little hillock. I'm the sixth generation of MacFarlands here. My grandfather had slaves. He freed them in 1858. They just skedaddled, every one of them. Of course, they were all back inside of a week. When the news came about the Emancipation Proclamation, townsmen came over to talk to my grandfather, who was a doctor and was highly respected here. They asked him what to do, and he said, 'I see no change. Some men are born to rule and some are born to serve. Good day, gentlemen.' " MacFarland paused and looked fondly up the hillside. Finally, he turned back and went on, "I married one of the few Phi Beta Kappa girls I ever knew who was a Republican. Smart people tend to be liberal. Anyway, she never pressed me, but she was happy when I came out for Brock."

I asked what had led him to make that decision, and he answered, "I suppose watching the Democratic National Convention in 1968. If that Allard Lowenstein is a Democrat, I'm not. If Charles Goodell is a Republican, I'm not. Maybe I'm a progressive conservative. But it goes back even before then. I became convinced four or five years ago, after voting for Gore in 1964, that he wasn't the man for Tennessee. I watched him vote wrong repeatedly. His closeness to the Kennedys bothered me. And his voting record was spend, spend, spend. In one of my spots, I point out that if all the legislation he has proposed had been enacted, it would come to two hundred and twenty-five billion dollars, or more than the entire federal budget." He did not mention that these bills had been proposed over a period of eighteen years, that many of them were duplicates or adaptations of bills that had failed earlier, or that, of course, only a very small number of them had ever been enacted. "Then I got even more discouraged by Albert Gore when he voted against Haynsworth and Carswell—very discouraged," MacFarland continued. "I wish Albert could explain those votes to me. But what really set me off was the gun-control bill that Albert supported. I wrote him about that and got back a not very courteous reply. Country feeling is very strong on guns. There are thirty thousand people in this county, and nine out of ten families have guns at home. Most of the city people came from the country not too long ago, and they're used to having guns. Now Albert wants to take them away." Neither Gore nor any other senator had ever proposed that guns be taken away from sane adults who had no criminal record. Rather, he and a few others had supported a move to register guns, like automobiles.

I asked MacFarland which provisions of the gun-control laws he found objectionable, and it turned out that he was unfamiliar with the contents of the two bills that had been enacted, which did little more than make it illegal for minors, ex-convicts, and mental defectives to obtain firearms through mail-order purchases. "Regardless of the facts on the gun issue, Albert could at least listen to the voters," MacFarland said irritably. Suddenly he jumped up, took out a pocket knife, opened it, jabbed it into the ground, and straightened up and waved a weed he had dug out. "These things are a plague and an abomination—Russian thistles," he said, and abruptly sat down again. He was silent for a few moments, and then went on, "Whether or not Albert Gore voted to disarm the people, ninety per cent of them here think he did." Of course, many of them thought so because Alfred MacFarland had told them to.

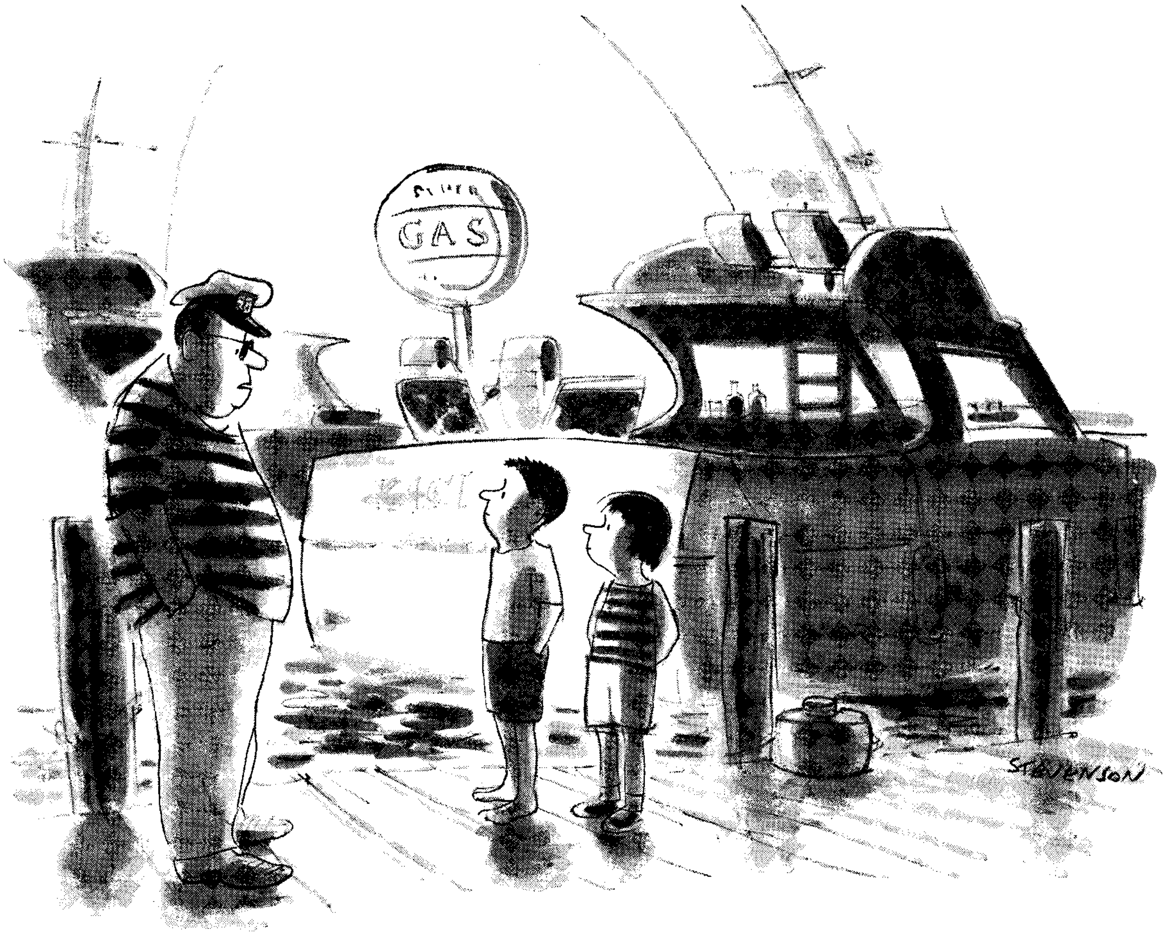
WHILE Gore's political credentials were not impeccably liberal, Brock's were impeccably conservative. After taking a degree in commerce at Washington and Lee University, he did a hitch as a junior officer in the Navy and then joined the family candy firm, of which he ultimately became a vice-president and director. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1962, and in the next eight years compiled an almost entirely negative record. Shortly after Brock was elected to the House, he set out to win a seat in the Senate. As a leading Republican in the state, with a large organization and sizable funds, he was generally assumed to have a good chance for the nomination to oppose Governor Frank Clement, the Democratic nominee, in 1966. But the Republican nomination went to Howard Baker, son of a late and locally powerful congressman from Knoxville and son-in-law of Senator Dirksen. When Baker won, the next opening was Gore's seat, in 1970.

To get a direct impression of Brock's performance on the stump, I made arrangements to follow him for a day as he campaigned in East Tennessee, his home territory. The tour was to start early in the morning in Gatlinburg—a brand-new, gimcracky resort town in the Great Smokies that looked as if it had been built to last over the weekend and made one impatient at the wait. When I checked in at the motel where Brock and his party were staying, a handsome blond young man beside the desk introduced himself as one of Brock's aides, said that he had been expecting me, consulted a sheaf of papers on a clipboard and informed me that I was booked into Room 102, explained that the following day's tour would begin at seven-thirty, with breakfast and speeches at a larger motel across town, recommended a nearby restaurant for dinner, and wished me a good night's sleep. After dinner at the place he mentioned—where everything, including the waitress, was frozen—I went back to my room and rang the desk to leave a call for the morning. "That has already been taken care of," a woman's voice on the other end said. "A call for six-thirty has been left for you. A bus for your convenience will be waiting out in front."

While Senator Gore had the use of a four-passenger airplane provided by a supporter, along with one automobile, Brock had two airplanes, two buses, and such a vast supply of cars that a reporter or visitor who needed transportation was sometimes given the keys to a car and told to keep it as long as he liked. In front of the motel the next morning, I found two buses—one an enormous double-decked Greyhound festooned with red-white-and-blue bunting, flags, and campaign posters, and the other a tan vehicle that looked like an old bread truck with windows. The large bus was for Brock, his aides, and the two other candidates he was travelling with that day—Dunn, the gubernatorial aspirant, and James Quillen, the incumbent congressman from the First District, in whose territory they would be campaigning. The small bus, which had room for about twenty passengers, was for members of the press and other assorted hangers-on. At seven o'clock, the two buses, preceded by a sheriff's car and followed by ten private automobiles and another sheriff's car, wound across the small town to the River Terrace Motel, where about two hundred people—as many as Gore had seen during the entire day's tour that I had gone along on—were waiting in a large dining room. After breakfast, Quillen, a bald, plump man with wagging jowls, introduced Brock by saying, "With men like Bill Brock in the Senate, we will go on to build a broad, new, imaginary Republican Party." Brock himself—a tall, well-built man of thirty-nine with dark, wavy hair and uneasy eyes—opened his speech by assuring his audience, "I have had a lot of fun in this campaign." He did not look it. A man who had been on the bread truck with me whispered that there was nothing Brock disliked more than campaigning, and that this was one of the chief reasons he was running for the Senate, where the term of office is three times as long as in the House. "Bill Brock *does* believe!" the candidate told his breakfast audience. "I believe in the United States of America. I believe in the Constitution. I believe in Tennessee. But most of all I believe in *you!*"

Except for three stops at public schools, where he delivered nonpolitical, inspirational speeches, Brock used the same themes all day. After an attack on Gore, he usually switched to a homily on patriotism ("The thing that gave me the opportunity to be where I am is the *people* of this country. They're the source of our strength"); an explanation of why he had gone into politics (to the breakfast audience: "To bring back home the money and the power that Washington has taken away from the people;" to an elementary-school audience: "To help you make this a better country;" to a junior-high-school audience: "To give my children the privilege of living in a free country, as you do;" to a high-school audience: "To serve your parents, who are going to pay my salary and who have such faith in this great country of ours;" to a group of merchants: "Because I believe in business"); praise for the President's plan to Vietnamize the war ("You don't teach a man to walk by carrying him on your back"); the charge that Gore was against the South ("He opposed the President on his Supreme Court nominations of two Southerners, and for no reason"); the claim that Gore had aided the enemy ("Every time President Nixon took action to protect our boys, who was there attacking, always carping, always criticizing? Albert Gore. He brought shame on the entire state of Tennessee"); Gore's friendship with Kennedy ("I want to represent you, not Massachusetts"); Gore's alleged position on prayer in schools ("We want our children to be free to pray, but Albert Gore won't allow it"); Gore's support of gun controls ("We have terrible problems with lawlessness. What's Albert What's-His-Name's answer? Let's take everyone's gun away, that's his answer. Well, I say we don't need gun control, we need crime control"); and, finally, Gore's failure to represent the voters ("Gore said he was going to do what was right for the people of Tennessee whether they wanted it or not. Well, let's do the right thing for Albert Gore whether he wants it or not. Let's send him back to Carthage").

At every stop except the schools, Brock's dominant theme was much the same as what President Nixon would later call "revenue sharing"—that government had to be returned to local control by way of sending the taxpayers' money back to the states, counties, cities, and towns. "I've seen the erosion of local and state government because the money has gone, in truckloads, to a place called Washington," Brock said. He held forth on this theme most extensively at a rally of three hundred people in Newport, where he spoke on the front steps of the courthouse, under a sign saying "Put Prince Albert Back in the Can." I happened to be sitting on a wooden bench beside an elderly man with a handsome, unlined face, silver-



"*Sorry, kids. I don't know any yarns.*"

rimmed spectacles, and the usual fedora over his eyes. At one point, Brock shouted, "We've got to give the people a chance to keep this money in their own pockets! We've *got* to bring this money back home!" The audience applauded and cheered, and the old man snorted derisively and turned to me. "You suppose those people who are clapping their hands raw got any idea whose pockets that money would end up in?" he asked. "I practiced law in these parts nearly fifty years, and I could show you men here—public servants, they call themselves—who would steal the eyes out of a dead cat. It's like that across the country. Municipal government is putrid with corruption. If the story was told, a stench would hang over this land for a generation. And those who aren't crooks likely as not are numbskulls. You can't even find men qualified to run sewage-disposal plants or do road-mending work. And he wants the people to run things at home! Bring that money back here and what isn't frittered away will line somebody's pockets. Like always, that somebody will already have more than he can use decently." He lapsed into a gloomy silence, and after a minute I asked if he minded revealing how he intended to vote. "Not at all—secretly," he answered, and exploded in a wheeze of laughter. When he recovered, he added, "Tell the truth, I don't much care for either of them. Albert's got a bit uppity. He's been away from here too long. But this fella up there, I don't believe he's got a notion of what he's talking about."

The largest rally of the day was held in Dandridge, a town of a thousand inhabitants and the seat of Jefferson County. About six hundred people were gathered around a platform that had been erected in front of a red brick building down the street from the town's white antebellum courthouse. Two-thirds of them were children who had been brought there in school buses. (This was a violation of the state's Little Hatch Act, which forbids the use of public property or public employees in political matters, but no one seemed to mind.) After the usual invocation, a rendition of the national anthem, and a recital of the pledge of allegiance, the Jefferson County Republican chairman—a small, frantic man named Joseph Felknor, who had a dozen or so strands of hair pasted over his bald crown—got up and talked for a couple of days. One of Brock's aides started pacing up and down along the outer fringe of the crowd as the speech went on, and at one point he stopped beside a colleague and said, "That guy could kill the Republican Party singlehanded." Just then, Felknor began distributing small American-flag lapel pins to the children. "I want you to wear these flags until Election Day!" he shouted into the microphone. "Give me your promise that you will wear this flag every single day between now and Election Day!" he cried. "Ask your parents, your grandparents, your uncles and aunts, your brothers and sisters, and all your friends and their friends to do the same!" Then he began describing a hundred-and-ten-year-old ex-slave in the county who had promised to vote Republican. "That man," Felknor shouted, waving both hands above his head, "that man said to me it was too late to change his voting record now!" Brock's aides looked as if they might faint. "My God, and everything depends on getting Democrats to change *their* voting record," one of them muttered. "This is the *last* time we come to Jefferson County."

When Brock finally got up and started on his more or less set speech, I talked with a sinewy man who had the kind of taut, weathered Anglo-Saxon face that is so common among country people in the South. He was dressed in a uniform—gray pants and shirt and a gray garrison cap—and he told me that he was Brock's bus driver, temporarily on leave from the Greyhound company. I asked how the experience of following the campaign had affected his political outlook. "I'm a straight Democrat—voted Democratic all my life—but I'm going for Brock," he answered. "We got to do something about this law and order, and I believe he's the one to do it." I asked if there was much crime in East Tennessee, and he shook his head and said, "None to speak of." After a pause to listen briefly to Brock promise his listeners that he would represent all the people of Tennessee, I asked the driver if the other audiences he had seen during the campaign had been—like this one—without a black face. He nodded. "I haven't seen a single niggra in any of Mr. Brock's audiences," he said. "That's another problem that something's got to be done about—them niggras. They're getting everything free. And what they aren't given they take." I asked if there were many black people in that part of the state, and he answered, "Practically none. Maybe three, four per cent." Once again he paused to listen to Brock, who had moved on to his bring-back-the-money section, and then turned to me again. "You know, last year I paid forty-five hundred dollars in income taxes," he said. "That's what hurts. Yes, sir, I'm voting straight Republican this time."

At the end of the rally, Felknor delivered a flappingly incoherent speech that seemed to be about patriotism, and then gave the candidates hard hats with their names inscribed on them. When Brock left the crowd, he waited until Felknor, beaming radiantly in the limelight and nodding to everyone he passed, had climbed aboard the Greyhound to go along to the next stop. Once Felknor was out of sight, Brock joined us on the smaller bus. Sitting down across the aisle from me, he muttered, "Damned redneck!" and shoved the hat under his seat. During the short ride, we talked briefly, and I took the opportunity to ask him if he wanted Vice-President Agnew to return to Tennessee during the campaign. "No!" Brock answered unhesitatingly. Then I asked what he thought about Agnew in general, and he said, "No comment," and laughed. At the next stop, Brock got off the bus, waved his hard hat at some two hundred people waiting to greet him, and shouted, "This is a battle hat! I believe in the men who wear these hats, I tell you! They stand up for America!"

The campaign tour that day ended at around six o'clock, and when it was over I got a ride back to Gatlinburg with Brock and his wife—a dark-haired, matronly woman known as Muffet—and two of his aides. During the trip, we discussed the rigors of political campaigns and the impossibility of the job when a candidate won it. Finally, I asked him if a man didn't have to be a bit crazy to want to be a senator. Brock thought for a moment, then laughed and said, "Yes, I suppose he does."

Mrs. Brock disagreed. "It's lots of fun," she said. "You meet all kinds of such interesting people. Bill got bored with the candy business in Chattanooga, so we went down to Sarasota a few years ago to start another candy business. But it seems that people in hot climates don't eat a lot of chocolates. So we came back, and that's how he got into politics."

R. L. WILES FEED MILLS, INC., Manufacturers of Square Deal Feeds, is a modest complex of red brick buildings a few blocks from the center of Nashville. The area is full of warehouses, wholesale fruit-and-vegetable outlets—one of which has a fleet of white trucks inscribed on the front "Attend Church Sunday"—and dusty, empty lots strewn with cans and bot-

• •

tles and scraps of newspaper. Across the street from the feed store is the Nashville stockyards, a ramshackle place half a block square, with a sagging roof. The place gives off a pungent odor of dung, urine, and chlorine, and, from time to time, the premonitory bellowing of cattle. Charles Wiles, the co-owner of the feed store, is an affable-looking man in his mid-fifties who is bald, except for a fringe of gray hair and long, full sideburns, and has the kind of relentlessly keen blue eyes that weigh a person, appraise the character of his forebears, and estimate his credit rating within a dollar and a half. I had been told that Wiles had as sound a feeling for the mood of the voters and the intricacies of local politics as anyone in Middle Tennessee, so I dropped in to see him about a week before the election. His domain was not much more prepossessing than the area outside. The office section consisted of three dusty rooms with faded pale-green walls, scuffed tan linoleum floors, fluorescent lights, and clutter. Behind the office and connected to it was the warehouse, which contained several thousand tons of such commodities as hog feed, shelled corn, rolled oats, alfalfa, rabbit pellets, dog food, and soybean meal.

Leading the way to a dingy room in the rear, which was furnished with an old wooden desk, two straight-backed wooden chairs, and several filing cabinets and boxes, Wiles took the chair at the desk and leaned back. "I believe Gore has pulled ahead and will win," he announced. "Things turned in his favor just after Agnew was here." I had heard little about the effects of an appearance that President Nixon had made in East Tennessee toward the end of the campaign, and when I brought this up Wiles said, "I don't believe he helped Brock at all. Nixon's aim was to get the Republican voters up there in East Tennessee to come out on Election Day. But mostly all he accomplished, from what I hear, was to get all that extra print in the newspapers. Maybe that put Brock's name a little more in the minds of people. A lot of voters believe the President's got enough to do in Washington without coming to these hills to tell them how to vote. And the way Nixon said Brock would help him out in the Senate made it look like the man wouldn't be more than a rubber stamp. People here, they don't like that."

A mouse ran down a cord extending from the air-conditioner in a window just behind Wiles' head and stopped to look about. I mentioned it, and Wiles craned his neck around casually and smiled. The mouse ran on down the cord to the floor and disappeared under the desk. "This race is a brand-new kind for Tennessee," Wiles said. "It's the first time the Republicans ever had a chance. They've got good candidates all down the line, state and local. I've never heard so much talk before about splitting tickets and switching parties as I hear now. The big change is that people who never voted Republican in their lives are getting ready to now. It's like the wind changing from north to south. You don't know why, and you can't do anything about it, but you can feel it when it happens."

An elderly man wearing a black suit and with a black hat pulled down over the bridge of his nose came into the room, and Wiles asked, "Johnny, you mean to vote for Gore, like always?"

"Vote for *Gore?*" the man asked in astonishment, his mouth quivering. "Why, I never voted for that son of a bitch in my life! He won't even talk to a man."

Wiles' eyes glittered as he leaned back and smiled. "You knew Senator McKellar before Gore beat him, didn't you?" he asked.

"Sure I did," the old man answered. "I knew him real well."

Wiles laughed uproariously. "Hell, that's why you don't like Gore," he said. "He beat your man back in '52. I know you, you lying old scoundrel."

The man drew himself up indignantly and stalked out. Wiles turned to me and smiled. "People might say *how* they're going to vote, but they aren't so fond of saying *why*," he said. "This year, more than any other I can remember, a lot of people won't even say how they mean to vote, or they claim they haven't made up their minds yet. I believe they probably have decided but don't want to let on. And you can't tell why. Maybe a Democrat won't say because he means to vote for Gore and is embarrassed about it, with all that bad feeling around this year. Or maybe a Democrat won't say because he means to vote for Brock and is ashamed to admit it to friends who wouldn't vote for a Republican if somebody put their head in a buzz saw."

Brock's staff had estimated that their man would get anywhere from fifty to ninety-five per cent of the Wallace supporters' vote, but many people doubted whether such voters, who had never supported a Republican in their lives, and whose parents and grandparents

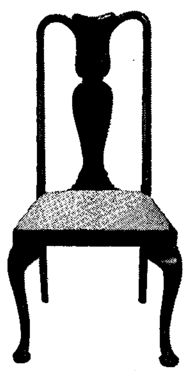
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Tie up your stock

in this strong paisley pattern, hand-washable acrylic with the softness of challis. Black-red-gold or purple-orange-yellow. For 8 to 16 sizes, $22. Blouse Collections.

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders.

QUEEN ANNE



from our large collection of English and French dining chairs

A meticulously crafted replica of one of the finest Queen Anne chairs we have seen. Reproduced from the museum original, in the mellow luxury of old mahogany; and covered in lush Scalamandrè silks. Gracious, comfortable chairs that are at home around a dining table, card table or as occasional chairs. Arm Chair 24" wide, 42" high; Side Chair 19¾" wide, 41" high.

side chair $165 ea. arm chair $195 ea.

F.O.B. New York City. Add $8 per chair crating charge beyond normal delivery area.

There's no other shop like Lloyds in New York. For here, is one of the few places that you take your own sweet time to browse through a wonderful collection of fine antique and reproduction furniture, decorative accessories, and estate pieces. Here, your own sense of good taste and value can lead you to the pieces that you'd like to live with.

Appraisals for Estate & Insurance Purposes

NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00

LLOYDS

116 EAST 60th ST., N. Y. 22, N. Y., PL 9-7313

hadn't, either, could be persuaded to support one now. On this question, Wiles said, "I believe they can be persuaded. This party thing is about run out here. Eisenhower carried Tennessee twice, Nixon won it twice, Howard Baker beat hell out of Governor Clement, a strong Democrat, in the 1966 Senate race. Around here, for instance, it's become respectable to be a Republican, and that's a big change from a few years back. Most of all, John Jay Hooker's presence on the Democratic ticket is going to make voting Republican a lot more respectable. People—even Wallace people—wonder whether Hooker is capable of running the state after that business failure of his. If it hadn't been for that, he could have won easy, and he'd have pulled Gore in with him. But people suspect that Hooker would use the office to solve his financial problems. Lots of people here think that there's a big room up in the Capitol full of money, and that the man who's elected governor can just go in there and take out what he wants in bushel baskets."

We got on the subject of the misrepresentations, if not outright lies, that—in the Gore camp's view—had come to typify Brock's campaign, and Wiles said, "People just take it for granted that candidates get away from the truth quite a bit. There's not anyone who takes a candidate's statements or a newspaper's statements and pays any mind to them during political campaigns here. They watch each man on TV and decide whether they like him—whether he seems up to the job. That's what's hurting Brock most, I believe. He doesn't come across on TV. He looks weak. His main advantage is not that the people are for him but that they're against Gore. Brock was way ahead at the start—by over sixteen per cent, they say. If he'd left the state then and not shown his face again, I believe he'd win big. As it is, people watched him and began to wonder if he has the stuff to be a U.S. senator. Like Gore or not, they know he's got the stuff."

Wiles paused for a moment, and then said, "These issues that get the candidates so stirred up don't stir up the voters much at all. Take all this talk of Gore's about a recession. Down here, anybody who's good enough to hold down a job has one. Trouble is, most employers can't find good workers. Inflation isn't a real issue, either. People figure if they can get some of that money that's floating by, they'll manage to keep a piece of it. Maybe it hurts for a minute when they pay their bill at the grocery store, but when they get back in their car they still got a pocketful of money. All inflation does is make a man conservative. What he doesn't like most of all is seeing that tax money go for welfare. A man like that—and there's tens of thousands of them—is going to vote against whoever the niggers vote for. And I don't believe the war is an issue, either, for all the talk. They're just fed up with talking about the war and thinking about it and nothing being done about it. All these issues are beside the point. The point is how the voters feel about a man. That's hard to judge. I talk to thirty, forty people a day who come in here from all over—farmers, salesmen, or people who have a regular job and some livestock out back—and I try to find out how the folks they know back home feel about the election. That's what politics is—how the people feel."

How Wiles' customers felt was demonstrated a little later, when we moved to the main salesroom of the feed store. It was about twenty-five feet long and twelve feet wide and contained a clerk's high desk, where orders were taken; behind that was a scarred wooden desk with an old-fashioned cash register on it and a small red rocking chair alongside. Along one wall were shelves of bottles and boxes containing horse conditioner, rat poison, flea-and-tick powder, mange liquid, udder ointment, Terramycin, Calf Manna, suckle bottles, and Pig Swig. At the rear of the room was a door to the loading platform and the warehouse; at the front was a door leading to the street. When we came in, a large muscular man with red hair and glasses who was wearing denim overalls and a green-and-black checked shirt was standing by the clerk's desk. He had a granitic face, with a deep cleft in his chin and very large and very white teeth, and was chewing gum furiously. Wiles introduced him as F. H. Epps, a cattle dealer from Rutherford County, a few miles southeast of Nashville.

"How're you going on the election, Charles?" Epps asked, sitting down in the rocking chair.

"I got a lot on Dunn," Wiles answered.

"And Gore?"

"You can't get any money on Gore."

"I was hoping you'd take a thousand against him," Epps said, grinning and increasing the pace of his chewing.

"I knew you were hosing me with that big buildup of Brock the other day," Wiles said. "Just hoping for a bet."

Epps grinned again, and said, "Me, I'm for Dunn and Gore."

"I know you, Red," Wiles retorted. "You want a nice liberal up there in Washington, so when that gusher of money is turned on he can divert some of it down here. That way, we don't have to pay our full share. Let New York and California pay it. But when you got to pay it, you want a tight son of a bitch in the statehouse."

Epps roared with laughter. "That's just about it, Charles," he said.

A farmer with a leathery face who was wearing faded green pants, a dirty white sweatshirt, and a tan forage cap pulled over his eyes came in and ordered ten bags of shelled corn. Wiles passed along the order over an intercom at his side, and then asked, "How's the election look back in Dickson County, Witt? Or don't you know anything but what you read in the papers? That is, giving you the benefit of my strong doubts about your reading at all."

Witt smiled broadly, revealing more gaps than teeth. "The *Banner* is always right, and it is this time, too," he answered. "Dunn and Brock, like it says. Back in Dickson, the folks are bitter against the Democrats. Take me. I ain't *never* voted Republican, but I got a notion to this time. The Democrats couldn't have picked a worse man to run for governor if they'd looked in a lunatic asylum. They set it all up in East Tennessee to get Hooker nominated just so's they could knock him off and let him take old Gore down with him." He cackled delightedly at the thought of such skulduggery.

Wiles dismissed him with a wave. "You can't do that with a vote," he said. "There's no way in the world you can do it, because you can't tell how the people will vote. You put up a dog, maybe the voters will start petting him. Course, you don't know anything."

"No, except the truth," Witt retorted, grinning. "I come in here with some of the truth, and it just tears you to pieces."

"If that's the truth, don't leave any of it behind when you go," Wiles told him, and turned away.

A plump man in faded overalls and a hunting cap came in as Witt left, grinning and shaking his head with pleasure over the encounter. "Who's going to win?" Wiles asked the newcomer.

"Don't know," the man answered. "Can't tell."

"Why not? Can't you read the papers?"

"The papers here?"

"That's right."

"Which one?"

"Both."

"You do that, you can't vote at all," the man said, and laughed.

The two Nashville papers—the *Tennessean*, which was pro-Democratic, and the *Banner*, which was pro-Republican—had been locked in an eye-gouging, hair-pulling battle over the election for months. The *Tennessean* made a modest, though unsuccessful, effort to conceal its bias, but the *Banner* revelled in partiality. When Vice-President Agnew visited Tennessee, the *Banner* gave his stopover the kind of coverage that a newspaper ordinarily reserves for the outbreak of a world war. The entire front page—except for a small box containing a short announcement that civil war had broken out in Jordan—was devoted to the visit, and inside was a full page of photographs of Agnew, Agnew and Brock, Agnew and Dunn, and Agnew and other Republican candidates. If the *Banner* accomplished nothing else, it proved that Agnew was right when he charged the press with bias.

"The *Banner* is just riding the Democrats to death," Wiles said. "It's a mistake, because it makes the people mad."

A handsome, dark-haired young man with a cleft chin and an engaging smile came in as Wiles was going on about the *Banner*, and asked, "Charles, don't you talk anything but politics?"

Wiles took him by the arm and said, "Why, Leeson, it's just like life—interesting, confusing, and pointless."

"Charles, I've been thinking just now of doing you a favor," Epps said.

"Wait till I put my wallet in the safe," Wiles said.

Chewing his gum, Epps went on, "I've got ten of the nicest little black heifers you ever seen. You might've noticed them in that pasture just past my barn. You can have the lot for four thousand."

"And they talk about a recession!" Wiles said. "Four hundred dollars for a little old cow!"

A diminutive man who resembled a penguin hurried into the room and announced breathlessly, "There was a fella over at the stockyard just now wanting to put money on Brock."

Wiles straightened up. "You go find him and send him around," he ordered.

"We got some fellas out looking for

Now it costs less to play on Acapulco's famous Bay...

It's value season at the Paraíso/Marriott, Acapulco's most exciting hotel. From May 1 through December 19, you can save on a package of pleasure, including your luxurious room, a full breakfast each morning, and a weekly cocktail party and water show.

3 nights and 4 days:
$39.95 per person (dbl. occ.)
$11.65 per person extra nights
$58.95 (single occ.)
$16.65 extra nights

6 nights and 7 days:
$69.95 per person (dbl. occ.)
$11.65 per person extra nights
$99.95 (single occ.)
$16.65 extra nights

Music and entertainment nightly. For reservations, call your travel agent, nearby Marriott, or free from anywhere, (800) 228-9290.

Paraíso/Marriott

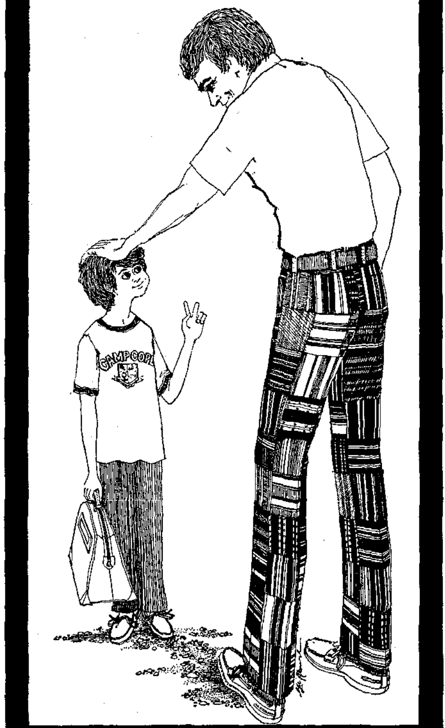
P.O. Box 70
Av. Costera Miguel Alemán
Acapulco, Gro., Mexico

There are connoisseurs who maintain that our resourceful buyers have assembled the East Coast's ultimate wine cellar.

The Ritz is for them.

The
Ritz-Carlton
Boston

**The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.**



The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

him," the man replied and rushed out.

He nearly bumped into a fat man with three days' growth of whitish whiskers and two immense warts on one cheek who was dressed in dusty overalls, a dirty white shirt, and a crumpled gray hat. "There's a big gambler from Chicago out there with money for Brock," Wiles told him.

The fat man waddled up to the counter and put a gnarled fist on top of it. "I met a fella who offered me two to one on Hooker," he said. "I told him, 'Hell, I don't need no odds on that one. Just give me even money.' He gave me a hundred dollars." He shook his head in wonderment at the recollection, and added, "I was down in the bottom one day making some whiskey when I seen the revenue men coming. I lit out and knocked down two trees and ran half way across the river before I sunk. That's how Dunn's running. If Hooker wins, I understand he's going to sell the state in two years and buy a little-bitty one he can manage."

"And Gore?" Wiles asked.

The man shrugged, and ordered five bags of rolled oats. Finally, he said, "I'd sure hate to see old Gore back in. Everything he voted for I'd vote against. I think he's left the South. Those two judges he voted against may have been low-down, but they couldn't be any worse than those other low-down fellas up there."

He left, and Wiles said to me, "I think most people in Tennessee would like to vote Democratic, because they make more money under the Democrats. But it's the people who're running as Democrats this time that make the difference. Voters aren't for Brock, they're against Gore. And a man will stand in line at the polls a lot longer to vote against somebody than he will to vote for somebody."

"And they're against Nixon for coming in here and telling them what to do," Epps said. Explaining that he travelled almost constantly to and from livestock auctions within a hundred and fifty miles of Nashville, he said that he had heard many complaints about the President's intrusion into Tennessee's affairs. "Even up in East Tennessee, men who had voted for Nixon told me they were ashamed of it now," he said.

"How much you say you wanted for those cows, Red?" Wiles asked.

"I believe the price was four thousand," Epps answered, grinning.

"It doesn't look like it's come down a whole lot," Wiles said.

"They're all from the same bull," Epps said, chomping on his gum. "He'd never forgive me if I gave his little heifers away for less. Any man with four race horses—as I recall, one of them being a brood mare descended from Citation—can afford a few little old cows."

Two farmers came in together. One was a short middle-aged man with crew-cut red hair and no teeth, who was wearing a red-and-black plaid shirt, baggy corduroy trousers, and suspenders and a belt; the other was about thirty years old and had on a wrinkled raincoat, rubber boots, and a baseball cap. Wiles asked them how they felt about the Senate race, and the redhead answered, "I'm voting for Gore. He hasn't done too bad up there. You put in another man, he'll do just as bad, maybe worse. At least, we know about Gore."

The younger man smiled deferentially at his companion, then said, "I think Gore's been up there long enough. It's time to give somebody else a chance."

When the two men left, Wiles said, with an air of mild exasperation, "Most people don't realize the value of seniority in Congress. All they hear is the bad side of it—about narrow old men running things like they please. People don't see what the system can do for them personally. Why, having Gore in the Senate is like having some big oil fields in Tennessee. He's a natural asset. It'll take Brock fifteen years before he can do for us what Gore does right now."

A tall, bespectacled, dyspeptic-looking man with thinning gray hair emerged from an inner office, and Wiles introduced him as Peter Elliott, his partner. Then a small, pudgy man in a gray cotton shirt, gray cotton trousers, and a brown felt hat, which he wore, in open defiance of Southern custom, on the back of his head, came through the front door. His name was Clifton Pugh, and after a nod to Wiles he took out a small pocketknife and began carving on a railing near the door. "Gore won't carry Shelby County," he said, to no one in particular.

Wiles agreed. "It all depends on the Wallace vote and the nigger vote," he said to me. "You never can tell about Shelby." He paused and looked at Pugh. "Who you betting on?" he asked.

"Hooker and Gore," Pugh replied.

Wiles turned away in disdain. "I don't want that kind of money," he said. "You can't feed your family on breaking even."

"Gore can't win if he loses Shelby,"

Pugh said, and began digging at the railing again.

"A lot of people mean to vote against *any*body the niggers vote for," Wiles said.

Elliott looked up from a sheaf of papers and said, "I'm like that."

"If they can keep the niggers from going to the polls, the Republicans will win sure," Wiles added. "In the primaries, there were six Democrats, five Republicans, and one Independent. It was too confusing, and not many niggers came out to vote. But they're likely to now."

Epps got up from the rocking chair, and Pugh, folding up his knife and putting it away, took over the seat. "My daddy told me, 'Always vote for the man, but make damn sure he's a Democrat,' " he said.

One of Wiles' employees, a small, wizened black man of about sixty, came in and went to a drinking fountain at the far end of the room. Wiles walked over to him and asked, "Jack, all the niggers going to stay with Gore?"

"Looks that way, Mr. Charles," the man answered, with a nervous smile, and hurried out.

Most of the feed-store employees who worked in the warehouse were Negroes. From time to time, one of them would come in to ask a question, and when he left Wiles would occasionally characterize him as "a good nigger" or "a good worker." Once, he added, "That's the hardest thing to find—a good worker." I asked him where he found his best workers, and he replied, "The penitentiary. We take them on parole." Few of his customers were black, and those who were bought small quantities of feed or medicine and transacted their business swiftly and uneasily. One, an aged man in a rumpled brown sweater, baggy black trousers, and a gray cap that he took off when he came in, nervously went up to the clerk's desk, which Elliott was manning at the time, and said he needed some worm pills for his hounds. "Last batch I couldn't get down their throat," he added, and smiled apologetically.

"How many dogs you got?" Elliott asked, not looking up from some papers he was leafing through.

"Two," the man answered.

"You bring them on down," Elliott said. "I'll worm them for you."

The old man looked at him in amazement, and then grinned broadly, revealing several gold teeth. "Sure enough?" he asked uncertainly.

"There isn't a dog living I can't get a worm pill into," Elliott said. "You

minolta
SR-T 100
MINOLTA
LENS MADE IN JAPAN
MC ROKKOR-PF 1:1.9 f=55mm
Minolta

Now there's a fine camera you can take on vacation and still have enough money left for the vacation.

The Minolta SR-T 100 costs only about $220 complete with a custom-ground Rokkor f/1.9 lens.

We say "only" because it is made to perform as well as 35mm SLR cameras costing up to $130 more. Including our own.

If you don't mind giving up a few exotic features (a mirror lock and a self-timer, for example) to save a lot of money on a fine camera, ask your dealer to show you the Minolta SR-T 100. (Before you go on vacation.) Or write to us for literature.

Look for a little "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras. It assures you of a 2-year warranty, according to the terms of the U.S.A. warranty registration packed with the camera.

Minolta

Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

Possibly the ultimate
cooperative in Manhattan.

A model apartment
is now open
on the premises.

30 stories. One apartment to a floor. 3 exposures.
9 rooms, 3 master bedrooms, library, 4 baths & powder room.
Cash Price from $270,000.

733 Park Avenue
at 71st STREET

A Muss Enterprise.
Selling & Managing Agent: Douglas Gibbons-Hollyday & Ives, inc.
Sales Office Telephone (212) 249-8228

DGHI

This is not an offering. No offering can be made except by formal prospectus filed with the Department of Law of the State of New York.

ENTERTAINING IN TERRY

Striped Aba

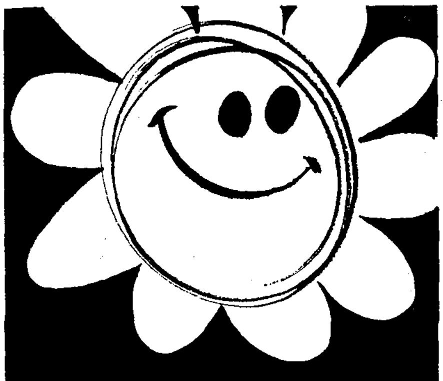
A smashing way to look entertaining at-home or enjoying the leisurely life. Our new multicolor stripe combines red, navy, gold and sky-blue on white terry. Buttoned front, side pockets. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18), X-lg (20). **$19.95**

Add 50¢ each for shipping.

Send for our new 80-page color catalog featuring fashions in terry for men and women.

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square Americus, Ga. 31709

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR



The happy place on the friendly island. Elbow Beach Surf Club. On the ocean in Paget, Bermuda. See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. in New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami or Toronto.

hold it, I'll worm it." Smiling delightedly, the man promised to bring the dogs in first thing the next day and left.

A tall, skinny man of fifty or so who was wearing an old red hunting jacket and a green baseball cap that matched his green trousers came in, and when Wiles saw him he cried, "Come on, Sweetmouth, tell us what you know! We need some political advice here."

"I don't know nothing," the man answered, slouching forward to the desk. "I'm no politician."

"You're just what we want," Wiles told him. "We don't want politicians. We want people who know something. Tell us, who's going to take Nashville?"

"Dunn and Brock," the man answered.

Since Nashville was the center of Democratic strength in the state, Wiles looked at him in astonishment. "Dunn and Brock?" he asked.

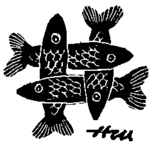
"Yep."

"You know even less than you claim," Wiles said. "I wouldn't give you half a cold fried egg for their chances here."

Epps said that he had to go, and when he reached the door he stopped and turned. "You know what they say is one of the prettiest sights you could ever hope to see, Charles?" he asked. Wiles watched him warily, and Epps, grinning and chewing on his gum, said, "Race horses and black heifers in the same pasture." He laughed, waved, and left.

"I believe he's going to sell me those heifers yet," Wiles muttered.

I got up to go, too, and Wiles walked out to the street with me. Standing there was a man of about eighty, with a face as wrinkled as dried mud. Wiles greeted him warmly and invited him in for a drink. The old man's watery blue eyes brightened and then faded. "I just had one," he said. "The moonshine they're making these days is so mean it'd make you climb a thorn tree." Wiles asked how his son was, and the man answered, "Sober. We been living together, and we decided we couldn't both be drunk, so this month is my turn." He spluttered out a wheezing laugh, but when Wiles asked him what he thought about the Senate race, he at once got serious. "I never seen anything like that Albert Gore!" he shouted angrily, and fell into a coughing fit. When he recovered, he went on, "Leastwise, he ain't making much speed. I hear that up in Gore's home county people are dead against him. He comes across the square in Carthage with those millionaire friends of his and he won't even stop and talk to a man. He got a big head up there in Washington." Wiles asked him whom he planned to vote for, and after a moment's reflection the old man said, "Oh, I don't know. Gore, I suppose." I was glad I was not a pollster.



LATER that day, at Gore's headquarters in Nashville, I found that the optimistic mood I had observed a few days before had changed to consternation. The turnabout, I learned from Eugene Graham, Gore's press consultant, had been caused by an all-out effort on Brock's part to saturate newspapers, radio, and television with a last-minute deluge of charges against Gore. "This is the most scurrilous campaign I've ever seen," Graham told me. "Look at these!" He threw a batch of papers on the desk. The top one was a full-page advertisement from that morning's *Tennessean*, headed "Bill Brock Believes In the Things We Believe In." Below were the details that always follow the teaser in the standard publicity technique—two dozen legislative proposals that Brock claimed he had supported and Gore had opposed. "There's almost nothing there that's true, and what *is* true is so distorted that it ends up being false," Graham said angrily. "But what's hurting us most is this voluntary-prayer stuff." He reached over to the pile of newspaper clippings and picked up another full-page advertisement, this one from the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*. Under the heading "Albert Gore Has Taken a Position Against School Prayer Three Times," it stated, "Bill Brock believes that children should be allowed to pray in schools. His constitutional amendment to permit school prayer has now passed the United States Senate." Graham threw the paper down on the desk and said, "The so-called Brock amendment is really Howard Baker's amendment, which passed the Senate a couple of weeks ago. Actually, there were thirty-nine identical amendments introduced in the House, one of them Brock's, and fifty more that were similar. And anyway the whole thing is a farce. Baker, Brock, and everybody else in Congress knows that it's nothing more than an election-year stunt, and that the amendment has no chance of being finally approved."

I asked why, and Graham answered, "Because all the churches are against it, including the Presbyterian Church, which Brock belongs to. The amendment calls for a nondenominational prayer. Who's going to choose the prayer? Are Christians going to accept one that doesn't mention Christ, or Jews one that does? Are Catholics going to accept a Protestant prayer, or Protestants a Catholic prayer? And if the churches can't agree, that leaves the federal, state, or local governments to choose one, which clearly violates the separation-of-church-and-state doctrine." Slumping back in his chair wearily, Graham went on, "The Nixon people are using exactly the same technique that was used to beat Ralph Yarborough in his Senate primary campaign last spring in Texas. They inundated the state with deceptive ads—particularly misleading ads on prayer in schools—just like they're doing here. If it worked there and it works here, this country will be in deep, deep trouble in future campaigns."

The telephone rang, and Graham answered it, listened, and then explained Senator Gore's position on the prayer issue. When he hung up, he said, "That was an old lady who said she's always voted for Albert but she won't this time unless she's satisfied that he's *not* against prayers in the schools. We've been overwhelmed with such calls. Aside from answering them one by one, there's no way for us to reply. It's too late."

William Allen, who had been Gore's administrative assistant—the top post on his staff—since he entered the Senate and was now his unofficial campaign manager, looked unruffled and worried at the same time when I dropped in to see him in his office at headquarters. A man in his early fifties with sandy hair, Allen said, "I think the Senator has run as effective a campaign as he could, given his resources and his character. Basically, the problem he faces is the mood of the people. They are frustrated and uneasy, and frequently are not precise in their thinking as to why they feel that way. All the issues are deeply emotional. In my opinion, though, the race issue is the biggest one in this campaign. And, to some extent, that is the Senator's fault. Senator Baker is at least as liberal on race matters as Senator Gore, and yet he has no trouble with the voters on that score. Albert has failed to explain himself adequately to his constituents. For example, when a vote is coming up in the Senate on a controversial issue, reporters are very interested in how a senator intends to vote. If Albert had used that means to inform the people back home why he was going to vote in a certain way—on Carswell, for instance—he would have got big stories in the press here. But after a vote is cast reporters aren't much interested in why it was cast as it was. On the Carswell nomination, not even Mrs. Gore knew beforehand how he would vote. Anyway, on the race issue we've found that the strongest prejudice is among working-class people—our usual supporters. Lower-class whites are better off than ever in terms of the money they have, but not in terms of their relation to the people below them—the blacks, who keep creeping closer and closer in status. And, of course, the Senator gets blamed for that, too. All he can do now is stay off the defensive. That's why he's concentrating everything on economics—that good old bread-and-butter issue."

Allen agreed with Graham that this campaign was the dirtiest within memory. "All Brock's advertisements were figured out more than a year ago," he said. "The dirtiest ones, like the prayer stuff, were held until the end, so that they couldn't be responded to. This campaign is so dirty not because these distortions and misrepresentations are worse than in past campaigns but because they are disseminated on such an immense scale. Innuendo is far worse than a lie. Given time, you can refute a lie. But an utter and yet carefully calculated distortion is impossible to refute."

I had been wondering about the effect that these tactics would ultimately have on Brock, whether he won or lost. By now, it was clear that he had turned not just the management of his campaign but himself over to his handlers. "They've got him completely under control," a man who was inside the Brock camp for a time had told me earlier. "He goes where they tell him, and he says what they tell him. Of course, although they've devised the misrepresentations, he's the one who speaks them. His mother and his closest friends are furious at him for it. It's a shame. Before these people took him over, Brock was a decent young fellow. Now he's programmed like an automaton." During a debate in Knoxville, Gore, infuriated by the false charges that Brock was making against his record—and, by extension, against his integrity—suddenly turned to his opponent, who was sitting beside him, stuck a forefinger in his face, and said, "Mr. Brock, yours is an honorable name. You come from an honorable family. If you don't repudiate this low road your campaign managers have taken in your name and denounce these smears and

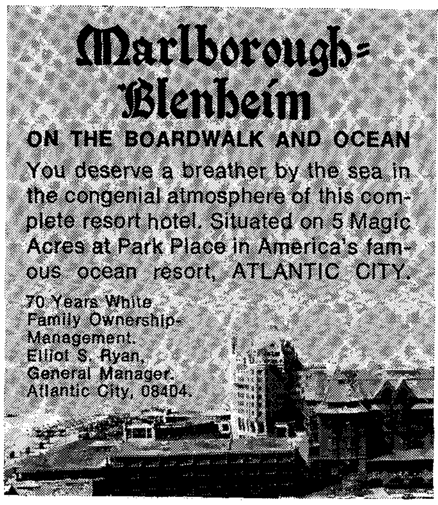
MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE
DROPPING ANCHOR
AT "NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too!
Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.
May we send you a brochure?

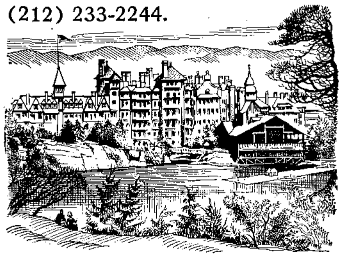
the Tuscany
39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
Tel. (212) 686-1600



Marlborough-Blenheim
ON THE BOARDWALK AND OCEAN
You deserve a breather by the sea in the congenial atmosphere of this complete resort hotel. Situated on 5 Magic Acres at Park Place in America's famous ocean resort, ATLANTIC CITY.
70 Years White Family Ownership-Management.
Elliot S. Ryan, General Manager.
Atlantic City, 08404.

It's like a giant's castle on a Swiss lake.

The Mohonk Mountain House. Over 7500 unspoiled acres on a beautiful glacial lake high in the Shawangunk Mountains. Miles and miles of view-lined trails to hike or ride horseback on. Golf, tennis, boating, swimming and fishing, too. And delicious meals. Come, to one of America's most scenic and soul-satisfying resorts. See your travel agent or call (212) 233-2244.



Mohonk
MOUNTAIN HOUSE
90 Miles from N.Y.C., Thruway Exit 18
LAKE MOHONK, NEW PALTZ, N.Y.

NEW YORK

The Regency Hotel

The most celebrated address in New York.
Park Avenue at 61st Street,
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 759-4100.

A LOEWS HOTEL

We'll give you a free scotch.

but you must come over to London, England, to get it.

We'll also serve you up with the most prime Scotch steaks in England, fine wines and a lot of Scottish atmosphere.

Which could almost make it worth the trip.

THE ANGUS STEAK HOUSES LONDON
Twenty-two restaurants in Central London, England.
Clip this ad. and bring it with you. It's worth a free Scotch with your meal.

innuendos, you will live the rest of your life in shame and regret." Stricken, Brock stared at him in silence; he did not recover sufficiently to reply then or later. I mentioned this incident to Allen, and after thinking for a moment he said, "Brock is not an evil man. He's merely the captive of his own machine. If he *is* aware of what he's doing, he probably explains it by saying that it's important for him to become a senator for the sake of the country. That's the justification of every weakling who runs for office and runs dirty."

IN Memphis, the day before the election, a black minister said that Gore might be in trouble because only the middle-class Negroes were aware that he was for them and that Brock was against them. A black union official who was trying to get out the vote said, "There's no blazing fire out there for Albert." A Democratic politician who was close to the Wallace voters said, "They can never bring themselves to vote for a Republican or for Gore." Another Democratic politician said that black preachers often asked for large sums of money to deliver their parishioners' votes, and then failed to. A white gambler who was wearing an enormous diamond ring, a large diamond stickpin, a diamond-studded wristwatch, and an orange suit said, "Even Tennesseans aren't dumb enough to fall for Brock's stuff, so Gore is a sure bet—but no odds, hear?" A middle-aged, bouffant-haired blonde who ran a stall in a farmer's market slammed an apple from one hand to the other and said that she was going to vote for Gore, "since Wallace isn't running, and there's nobody else around who'll keep the niggers down." And a young man who worked in a printing plant said that he had voted for Nixon in 1960, for Goldwater in 1964, and for Wallace in 1968, and was going to vote for Gore this time "because Brock is too conservative."

The road from Memphis to Nashville, two hundred miles distant, passes through the heart of rural West Tennessee. Near Memphis, the land is flat and dull, and the highway runs with scarcely a curve past a few sizable plantations but mostly past small farms where cotton, soybeans, and corn are grown. The cotton crop was only half in by election time, and the shoulders of the highway that I drove along on the morning of November 3rd were littered with fluffs of raw cotton that had blown out of the mesh-sided trucks carrying it to market. I stopped in Arlington, a drab village of thirteen hundred people not far from Memphis, to see the mayor, Sam Wilson, who runs the general store there. A bald man in his fifties, wearing eyebrow glasses and a green windbreaker, he told me, "The feeling here is strong as it can be against Gore. People know he doesn't represent them. Take me. I voted in the Democratic primary just so I could vote against Gore. I was born and raised a Democrat, but no more. I haven't left the Party—it's left me. That's true of most people in town. They're fed up with all that liberal stuff."

Arlington's former mayor—a square-faced, rugged man in a Stetson and a gray suit named C. W. Bond, who was the town's Ford dealer and a staunch Democrat—corroborated this when I ran into him at the local polling place. "Sam's right," he said. "People who never voted Republican before will this time. They're not so much becoming actual Republicans as just voting against these particular Democrats—mostly against Gore. People who feel strong against Gore can't tell you why. Mostly they say he's too liberal, or something like that. When you try to pin them down as to why, they just fly away. Maybe they say because he voted against Carswell. I told them I talked to Gore about that and he explained how Carswell lied to a Senate committee. I tell them he just plain lied, and ask, 'Hellfire, you want a liar on the Supreme Court?' Course, some wouldn't mind that as long as he was a Southern liar. I try to explain how Gore knew it would hurt him bad politically but he had to do it because he knew it was right. I tell them any senator from down here who voted against Carswell has *got* to have guts. That convinces a few, but mostly they just don't like Albert Gore—they somehow don't feel close to him—and so they find a new reason to be against him. Arguments don't change their minds."

Brownsville, a town of about fifty-five hundred people fifty miles from Memphis, and the seat of Haywood County, is said to be the most racist community in West Tennessee. It is also noted for its perpetual courthouse checkers game, which is conducted outside the courthouse in fair weather and inside when the weather is bad. This being Election Day, however, the courthouse was being used as a polling place, and the old men who were the regular players, or who sat talking politics while waiting to play, were standing together in twos and threes in the main lobby. There was an air of high anticipation in the room. I gathered that to men who sat around discussing politics all year Election Day was much the same as Christmas Day is to small children. As I came in, I heard an elderly man with a large paunch and jowls like dewlaps say, "What turned me against Albert is he wanted to take prayers out of school and put sex in."

"That's enough to put me on him," an equally old man beside him said.

There was a round of laughter, and then a man of about seventy who looked like a dull caricature of W. C. Fields said, as he watched a couple of young Negro women pass by on their way to the polling booths, "It looks like a hundred per cent of the niggers is coming out. A vote for Albert Gore is a vote for niggers. Now, I don't have nothing against the niggers, mind you. You know me. It's just that the government's giving them everything they want, everything it's got. You do anything against the niggers, you got the government down on you. I voted for Wallace last time, and I'll vote for him again if he runs. But there are times I wish I'd voted for Nixon, since he ran on the same platform."

He looked around sagely, and a companion said, "Hell, Harvey, you don't care about platforms. All you want is a winner. How much you lose on Wallace?"

The other man grinned, and his face fell into a map of wrinkles and seams. "A bottle of moonshine and a little sleep was all," he answered.

SENATOR GORE privately said that to win he would have to hold Brock's margin in East Tennessee to sixty thousand votes, would have to split the vote evenly in West Tennessee, except for Shelby County, which he hoped to win by ten thousand votes, and would have to make up the fifty-thousand-vote difference in Middle Tennessee, the traditional Democratic stronghold. By nine o'clock on Election Night, it was clear that this strategy had failed. Brock won East Tennessee by over eighty thousand votes, and soon afterward the returns from West Tennessee showed that Gore was doing poorly there, despite a turnout of two-thirds of the registered Negro voters. Though he was doing well in Middle Tennessee, where he got better than three-fourths of the Wallace vote, his margin could not possibly make up for his losses in the east and west. At his election-return headquarters, in the Hermitage Hotel in Nashville—a drab ballroom on the first floor, where the usual array of television interviewers with nothing to ask and interviewees with nothing to answer took up the slack hours—the word that the election was lost quickly went around the room. At twenty minutes to ten, Senator Gore, followed by his family, went to a platform at one side of the room to make a brief, and gallant, speech. "First, I would like to express my faith in our system," he began, and a few sentences later he concluded, "The causes for which we fought are not dead. The truth shall rise again!" He said nothing about his opponent. As the Gores made their way out of the crowded ballroom, a middle-aged Negro woman in a prim navy-blue suit stopped the Senator and clasped his hand. "I'm sorry," she said. "I know what it's like to be standing alone."

On my way to breakfast the next morning, I ran into Senator Gore in the lobby of the Hermitage, and he stopped for a minute to present his post-election analysis. "The main obstacle I faced was that in 1968 Hubert Humphrey got only twenty-eight per cent of the vote in Tennessee, which shows the state of the Democratic Party here," he said. "Then, there was a pincer movement—an attractive young Republican candidate from East Tennessee running for the Senate and an attractive young Republican from West Tennessee running for governor—and I was in the middle. In a face-to-face contest with Brock, I would have beaten him easily. He didn't win. Dunn won it for him. And there was all that money that Brock spent. Finally, there was the new politics of the far right. If the appeals to fear, hatred, insecurity, provincialism, and bigotry work in other states as they worked here, where are we headed?"

Senator Gore's explanation of his defeat may have been wide of the mark. While it was true that the Democratic Party was in disarray in Tennessee, largely because of traditional Democratic supporters' defection to Wallace, that was more or less the case in such other Southern states as Florida and Arkansas, where Democratic candidates had pulled off stunning upset victories. And while Humphrey had indeed done poorly in Tennessee, he had received only twenty-nine per cent of the vote in South Carolina and yet a racial moderate had won the governorship there this time. It was also difficult to credit Dunn with having pulled Brock through, since Brock's winning margin—forty-five thousand votes, out of slightly more than a million cast—

THE BOWERY
presents
THE SILENT YEARS
TUESDAYS, 9 P.M., CHANNEL 13

Every Tues., thru Sept. 21,
The Bowery will present an
all-time great movie from
The Silent Years.

Coming attractions:

RUDOLPH VALENTINO
in Son of the Sheik
July 13

D. W. GRIFFITH'S
Intolerance
July 20

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Sr.
in The Mark of Zorro
July 27

America's No.1 Savings Bank

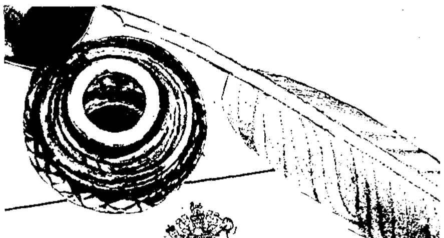
POETIC LICENSE
Travel agents say "Never fear"
for beaches and tennis; Buccaneer
on St. Croix you should go
while the rates are still low
(how would you finish it?)

Send your finished limerick and request for brochure . . . and you may select a complimentary bottle of wine during your stay at the Buccaneer.

- Sandy beaches—100 acre estate
- Fresh water swimming pool
- Four championship tennis courts—lighted for evening play
- Complete water sports center
- Nightly entertainment—average temperature 82°—low humidity

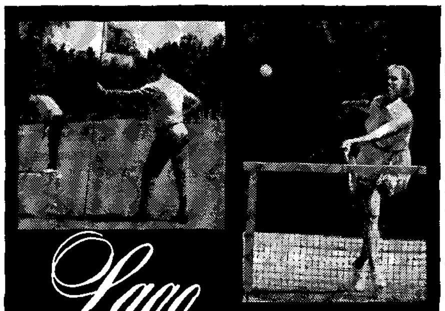
The Buccaneer
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Contact
Ralph Locke
535 East 72nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021
Phone (212) 586-8070



Fortnum & Mason Ltd
Piccadilly London W1A 1ER Tel: 734 8040

Our famous forebears, as you may already know, took particular pride in welcoming their customers to this great store.
Happily, this privileged tradition is still impeccably preserved. We invite you to walk the floors of this legendary house of luxury and to enjoy our fine merchandise and unhurried service . . . our gastronomic delights, superb wines and spirits, exquisite jewellery, leatherware, perfume, exclusive fashionwear, elegant shoes, hats, toys. Gifts for all occasions.
Whatever your pleasure, we extend to you a warm welcome. May we expect you soon?
Fortnum & Mason



Lago Mar
PARTICULAR PLACE FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE
A RESORT CLUB
Distinguished oceanside resort with its own Golf and Country Club. Rooms, Efficiencies, Apartments.
Your inquiry is invited.
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

was only seventeen thousand votes less than Dunn's. As for the use of deception and racism, there were many signs that these had hurt rather than helped Brock, and that if he had run a decent campaign and presented himself as a man whose honor could match Gore's he would have won overwhelmingly, because a reputation for integrity was Gore's major asset—indeed, in the view of some, his only strong one. Moreover, the basic theme of Brock's campaign—that Gore did not represent the people of Tennessee—was true. Although he may have represented their best interests, he did not represent them as they wanted him to. Given his character and outlook, of course, he couldn't have represented them as they were. But he might have brought them around to a more enlightened view if he had not been too proud or too busy or too negligent to go home and explain why he was going to vote or why he had voted in a certain way. Although Gore could not have hoped to persuade a majority of his constituents to agree with him, he might well have led a majority to understand him. In addition, while Brock outspent Gore by three to one, Gore ended up spending *half a million dollars*—more than enough for him to get his message across to the voters. Several of Gore's aides put his defeat down, most of all, to his failure during his last term to mend his fences back home—with county chairmen, precinct workers, prominent supporters, and ordinary voters—and thereby cut down the resentment toward him that had obviously been building up over the years. "Bill Brock didn't win, Albert Gore lost," one of the Senator's aides said the day after the election. "As in just about every other place in the country, Nixon's strategy of big money, smear, and public relations was a failure. If innuendo and smear had worked, Brock's huge lead at the beginning wouldn't have disappeared the way it did. They didn't work in Tennessee any more than they did in Illinois or California or Utah. The only danger is that political candidates and their managers across the country may *think* they worked. No, that's not why Albert lost. He lost because he remembered that he was a senator but forgot that he was a politician."

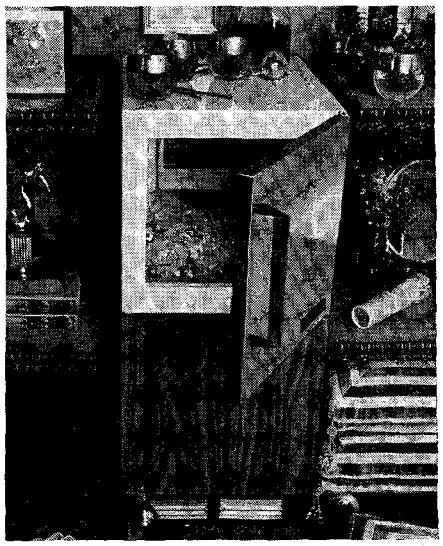
—RICHARD HARRIS

•

BUFFALO SUBURB OKAYED
FOR DOOMED STADIUM
—*Headline in the Columbus* (*Ohio*) *Citizen-Journal.*

Handy to Lake Erie, anyway.

480 cubes– no waiting.



Your parties will never go on the rocks when you have a new Scotsman home ice cube maker. It makes up to 480 crystal clear cubes a day and stores up to 680! It's completely automatic and available both as a kitchen built-in or free standing model. Installation's a snap and the price surprisingly low. Write today for full information.

SCOTSMAN®
ICE CUBE MAKERS
N119A, Albert Lea, Minn. 56007
World's leading maker of commercial ice machines

Washington's second best address
(Across from the White House)

THE
MANGER
Hay-Adams
HOTEL

16th at H Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. (202) 638-2260
New York area: (212) 265-2100
E. K. Vaughn — General Manager
☆
Manger Hotels and Motor Inns are located in: Charlotte, New York City, Savannah, Tampa, Washington, D.C.

DISCOVER INN
to stroll country lanes
to dine well
to sleep
Chester INN
CHESTER, VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Split

IN "Walkabout," city Australia seems a paper doily under a sheep's skeleton. We are in a primitive country, perilous, but white gloves will be worn. We see schoolgirls in Sydney learning consonants by rote, suffocating in English school clothes that take no account of alien heat and a hinterland where the trunks of gum trees look like baked bones. It is a land of stately, beautiful kangaroos where housewives not many hundreds of miles away fuss busily over the price of kangaroo meat and show off about their recipes. We see urban houses with chandeliers and swimming pools and radio etiquette programs about the place for a napkin being on your lap; and then, beyond, the huge continent, where flies swarm around animal heads that look like ceremonial masks, and the civilized can deal with none of it.

3
ARTS
LAST WEEK

In Nicolas Roeg's film, from Edward Bond's screenplay (based on a novel by James Vance Marshall), two English children are there with their father. It is a violent fable, much of it about silence. Like Bond's best play, "Saved," about South London, this is an account of the tactics of people in unknown conditions they are trying to tame. The schoolgirl (Jenny Agutter), who masks adolescent reserve with an old woman's downrightness, has a younger brother (Lucien John), seven or eight years old, rapt about engines and dirt. In their flannel uniforms and school hats, the boy firing a water pistol, they stand by while their father kills himself with a real gun in the wilds of the bush. The girl hustles the little boy away from their car, which has gone up in flames. What now? A walk. Adventure. The attrition of pretense is slow. The boy accommodates more quickly. Both of them are unadmittedly scared. The sound track chatters with the sound of insects' feet on rocks. The boy runs around, pretending to be an airplane. The red desert looks unconquerable.

"It's silly to give in now," says the girl, buoying him up.

"We don't want people thinking we're a couple of tramps," she says a while later.

"What people?" says the little boy.

Snakes. No water.

"You should have picked some fruit."

"Which way are we going today?"

In time, they meet a young Aborigine on his initiation walkabout.

"We're English," says the girl. "Where is Adelaide?" Thousands of miles. She speaks decidedly. The voice of Empire. "We want water to drink."

The Abo, comprehending need, if not the sedate language, pipes water up from the ground. There are skeletons around. Survival here is skillful and fierce. The English girl thinks it can be accomplished by manners. She deals kindly with the Abo boy, not at all understanding his ache for her. When the Abo kills a lizard, it rather puts her off, but gives her faint stirrings for this boy "who has never had any toys of his own." She is like Lolita. Sweet-natured and genuinely erotic, she already contains the kernel of a cruelly bourgeois, grasping, dulled housewife, and that kernel is to kill the Abo in the end. Her brother thinks that the Abo might take them to the moon. She says firmly that the Abo doesn't understand. She seems to be longing for a dry cleaner, even in the middle of swimming rapturously in a bush pool without anything on. For her it is an interlude. She wants the road to Adelaide. For the Abo, scarcely older, it is a marriage, and the divorce from her when she gets near civilization breaks his heart. He hangs himself, after doing a courtship dance outside her window, decorated with white paint and feathers. The girl, moved to her own limits, musters her resources and takes her small brother's mind off horror by talking to him about not eating his breakfast standing up.

It is a plain, muscular film, handsome and shocking to look at, with a link to the Romantics' feeling for barbarism and savage *savants* in the late eighteenth century. The girl is not mocked. One remembers photographs of her in the bone-dry bush, walking with an impromptu parasol against the amazing sun, trying to make something out of an impossible marriage of fourteen-year-olds in foreign territory.

IF American youth had no more ideas than the American-youth cinema, how long would society hold together? "Two-Lane Blacktop," directed by Monte Hellman, expressively begins with a shot of a lot of young jeans-clad bodies which is cut off well below the heads. Various vaguely cosmic and headless things are said in the course of the film, which is a chronicle of a car drive east from Los Angeles. "You can never go fast enough," says a character called The Driver, heavily meaning everything and nothing. "Everything is going too fast and not fast enough," says a character who is called G.T.O., after the Pontiac model he drives. The hero of the film is really another car, a souped-up Chevy with an endearing look of having been concocted out of baking utensils. The human crew, which lacks the car's temperament and eagerness, includes The Driver, The Mechanic, and a girl called The Girl, which is adequate, since she seems to exist purely as a sample of gender. After the numb fashion of anyone saddled with being called The Anything, she climbs arbitrarily into the car at a diner and just stays there, like Everest, or a rather pretty little traffic jam. Apart from Warren Oates as G.T.O., nobody in this film acts. The members of the cast are simply photographed in leggy positions with varying species of scowl on their faces. They look zonked, and their minds have flown: typically uncharacterized symbols of the cracked-up nation that the cant of youth cinema makes America out to be. The photography is full of closeups of the hero car's digestive tract, and traffic signs are made to seem loaded with meaning in the barren land of this picture's mind. One reads them attentively because nothing else is going on, as one reads the small print on cereal packets if the newspaper hasn't come. The script's arcane technicalities about car engines grow absorbing for the same reason. It should be said that Rudolph Wurlitzer, who did the screenplay with Will Corry, has written two novels, "Flats" and "Nog," that are immensely different from this—truly interesting, gifted.

THE idolization of crackup is also there in a better film called "Drive, He Said." The movie is the first that Jack Nicholson has directed, and it is taken from a novel by Jeremy Larner. The reputedly schizoid state of American society is symbolized here by an All-American basketball player (William Tepper) and a nicer, hungry-faced friend called Gabriel, who goes on a no-sleep program to send himself nuts as a way of avoiding the draft. Gabriel is played by Michael Margotta, looking paler and paler as the film goes on, with his mouth fixed in a rictus of panicky grin, as though he were an unemployable ventriloquist. The acting is spiked with the quirks of behavior that never seem at all odd in real life, and it flows every now and then into

Where do you keep your orange trees in the winter?

We keep ours in the orangery at Boscobel, the 19th century mansion that is one of America's finest examples of Adam-style architecture. And you'll find acres of other fruit trees and formal gardens.

Boscobel, on the Hudson River opposite West Point, belonged to States Dyckman, a colonist whose taste for elegance is reflected in the décor, Wedgwood china, rare books, crystal, silver and furniture you'll see when you visit.

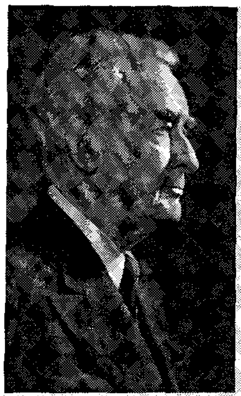
Boscobel is 8 miles north of Bear Mt. Bridge on Rte. 9D. The drive is easy and the scenery is lovely.

Sound and Light Spectacular every Wednesday and Saturday at 9 P.M., June 5th to September 8th.

Telephone reservations are necessary. For tour and ticket information and reservations, call (914) CO 5-3638 or (212) LO 2-7444. Closed Tuesday. Free color brochure available.

BOSCOBEL

Route 9D, Garrison-On-Hudson, N.Y.



A sitting in
black and white
plus six glossies,
only $49.50
Color from $150.

Fabian
Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

The birds are singing
and the
golf is great

THE NEW
Woodstock
Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for brochure
Woodstock Inn, Box N
Woodstock, Vermont 05091
Operated by ROCKRESORTS, Inc

a warm Gulf Stream of cordiality; since it was directed by Jack Nicholson, one could hope it would be like this. There are some beautiful slow-motion scenes of basketball that lull you into seeing Americana as an idyll. But the film is also saying that Americana produce schizophrenia, which is no idyll, and the two-character conflict isn't up to the size of what it seems to want to represent about the choices open to young Americans. The basketball player, a bonehead who surprisingly reveals, a long way through the film, that he is majoring in Greek, is an unhappy lad who seems secretly to hate his own athleticism, because he knows that it is going to run out, like the world's coal; the draft dodger goes mad and races into the biology lab stark naked to let loose the prisoners of this society-in-little, leading to a glazed montage of citizen bugs, snakes, and spiders, and then a mouse balanced in comradeship on bonkers Gabriel's nose. With the mouse, the sociopolitical implication of the scene gets a bit bogged down.

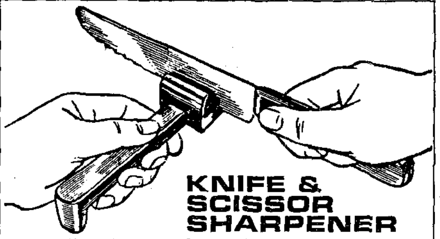
The commonplace that America is having a national crackup is taking its toll of cinema writing and acting. A type of young actor prevails now who will probably turn out to summarize our period as pungently as the brigandish Bogart summarized the forties. The type excels in a style of highly charged immobility, a catatonia hinting at a powerful conscience somewhere in there, but baselessly, as in the case of cats bemused by pajama legs going round and round in a launderette. The romanticism of breakdown has affected the style of good actresses in another way: they have so often been called on to play jittery kooks and, for sentimental purposes, retarded drunks and speechless chicks going where the wind blows that they have had to perfect a technique for making muddleheadedness seem piercing and sweet. In the writing, the mod style that deals in the sentiment of crackup most often attaches to films about drugs, about draft-dodging, about motorbikes (though never to black movies). But the new conventionalism actually has quite old and only superficially different antecedents, in a smart, funny show-biz style that has made use of psychoanalytic slapstick for half a generation. It is often witty, not often deeply characterized, and a few decades after the epoch of the couch it will be completely inaccessible.

"WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME?," directed by Ulu Grosbard with

MAUI SURF
on a beautiful
Hawaiian Beach
Opens Aug 1, 1971

It has a lot to offer. Two golf courses. A golden beach. Ocean view rooms. Dining. Dancing. Entertainment. All the excitement of the Kaanapali Resort area. Next door, a marine museum that's also a shopping village. A narrow gauge train (circa 1890) that runs to old Lahaina Town. Shops. A sea of fun and a special kind of hospitality that's part of our Island upbringing.

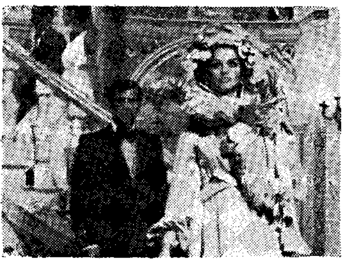
surf resorts HAWAII
A division of Interisland Resorts
See your travel agent or write to
Interisland Resorts
Box 8539, Honolulu, Hi. 96815
We'll gladly send a brochure.
Kauai Surf / Naniloa Surf / Kona Surf



KNIFE & SCISSOR SHARPENER

Herr Mischke, our Swiss (wouldn't you know) friend invented this ingenious sharpener, for benefit of mankind, we think. It's an absolute wonder! Diamond dust lined "V" slot, your knife or scissor simply drawn through, is honed to a very fine edge indeed. We confidently guarantee: this is the finest sharpener you've ever owned, or Your Money back. *$3.50 ea. 2 for $6.50 and 50¢ post. per order.* 5% in Calif.

J. D. BROWNE Ghirardelli Square
900 Northpoint, San Francisco, CA 94109



The Pierre
is a world of its own.
A very cordial world of beauty and charm
for your private entertaining
5TH AVENUE & 61 STREET • TE 8-8000

his usual finely tuned ear, and written by Herb Gardner, who wrote "A Thousand Clowns," is a comedy about mortal combat between split halves of the mind of a hugely successful pop musician who lives in a black-and-white triplex at the top of the General Motors Building. He is called Georgie, and he is played by Dustin Hoffman, looking and seeming forty-two, which is a lot more difficult for an actor of thirty-three than looking and seeming ninety. He, too, seems to be there to represent schizophrenia-in-the-nation, this time incarcerated in one heavily psychoanalyzed person. Apart from an output of sixty-one songs this year, Georgie has written peace marches *and* an Air Force anthem. In the one night of dreams and fantasies that the film occupies, he goes over a life in which his successful self is skeptically surveyed by another self, who insists that he has continually ambushed his dearest wishes about women. His analyst (Jack Warden), a somnolent man who looks as if he would like to pinch the couch for a nap, implies that the song output is unhealthy—and in terms of the analytic economy, of course, he is perfectly right, for without blocks there would be quite a slump in couches.

Georgie has a prototypical mother (Betty Walker), who talks to him with her eyes fixed on his chest, because that was where his head was when he was twelve, and an extremely nice restaurant-owning father (the late David Burns, a strong-spined, humorous actor), who reads pieces of restaurant news as avidly as his wife reads the obituaries. The scenes between the father and the son are fugitive but very touching. So are the scenes between Georgie and Allison (Barbara Harris), his possible new girl. The self whom his fatigued analyst believes wedded to messing things up wants desperately to make a go of it with her. She sits there onstage after an audition, looking beautiful, awkward about her miniskirt, saying that she means to leave but at the same time hanging on like grim death to a lamp. "I can't seem to let go of this lamp right now," she says, looking at it balefully but also thankfully, and gaining time with Georgie by telling him that she is going into her tenth year of apartment hunting. Georgie, too, feels immensely old—older than his accountant, which is older than the universe in this sort of sophisticated film. All the expensive hirelings in the movie seem flaked, including the accountant, an office girl, and the analyst, whom Georgie's mutinously farcical imagination suddenly fancies to be singing, as he writes a prescription at his desk, "Don't tell me your troubles, I've got troubles of my own."

A lot of the film is very tender, and some of it is suddenly funny. But the convention has staled through use, and you don't know where anyone's feet are; Georgie's predicament seems a spoiled child's, and taken too seriously for all the revue comedy that is made to spin off it. We are told, pretty earnestly, that he has not yet learned to be *kind* to himself, that he is not yet ready to *forgive* himself. Christianity may be remembered in history as the religion that began with a tenet of poverty and later, as an arm of capitalism, made a tenet of prosperity; the Freudianism recorded in show biz may be remembered in history as the religion of self-absolution.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

• •

RIVERSIDE PARK

the park
seen from above on bicycles
flashes like a basin
filled with cold sun I've never tasted
impinging
like a loud knock at the unlocked door
of a bedroom
where we were under covers
dressed, perfumed, in each other
like spring and autumn fallen in love
this beauty is an interruption
to that good darkness
where my closed eyes catch your eyes
closed
where the tangle of our legs
passing long boats laden with silver
garbage from the rich lives
in a big city
like this
feels the sperm race dancing to fresh graves

—JILL HOFFMAN

Courtenay...
another heirloom collection
in solid wood... by Davis.
DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture
NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

distinctive
CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Museum Christmas cards – an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, frescoes and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. ☆ Unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, and the new engagement calendar, *Parlors & Palaces*, and the address book, *Flowers for All Seasons*. The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from $2.50 to $150. They are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 56-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N7

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
__________ZIP______

OUR WAIT-LIST BAG IS BACK!

BOB LEE'S BRITISH CARRYALL

Bob Lee introduced his famous English bag five years ago, and most of the time we've had a long waiting list for this aristocrat of carryalls.
It's become the mark of knowledgeable travelers the world over.
We've finally managed to increase production without decreasing quality.
Photographers, fishermen, hunters, travelers have found it the most versatile carryall ever. 3 zippered compartments, big back pocket, adjustable shoulder strap, removable waist strap, washable snap-out liner. Best tan waterproof duck, meticulously detailed and finely trimmed. Roomy 16½"x11½"x5". Perfect flight bag. In Stock Now!

$45 add $1.50 on Mail Orders
N.Y. Res. Add Tax

SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N.Y. 10022

©1971 H.W. INC.

N69

7 miles at sea . . .
an island of pleasure

Harborside Inn
Edgartown, Mass.

on the Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf nearby. Famous *Navigator Restaurant* and *Boathouse Bar*. Free TV in every room.

Master Charge, American Express, Bank-Americard accepted.

Harborside Inn
Edgartown, Mass. 02539
N.Y.C. 758-2188
Chicago 782-4159
See Your Travel Agent

A

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $28.00.
Suites from $29.00.

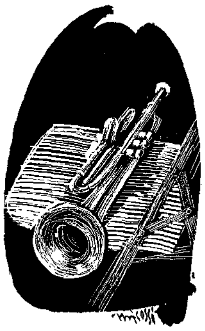
145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Color TV
212-247-7440

MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

THE Fillmore East has closed, the Fillmore West is scheduled to be torn down, and Bill Graham's imminent withdrawal from the rock-concert business is, in its way, as poignant an ending as the breakup of the Beatles. "The dream is over," said Lennon. "The scene has changed," said Graham in his farewell announcement, citing "the unreasonable and totally destructive inflation of the live-concert scene," and decrying "the music industry of festivals, twenty-thousand-seat halls, miserable production quality, and second-rate promoters," greedy musicians and agents, acquiescent audiences, the scarcity of high-quality artists who were willing to perform regularly, and—a sensitive issue for a thin-skinned egotist like Graham—the constant criticism he received from the freak community and press. I was never very fond of the Fillmore East. Sitting in a confined space for three hours is not my idea of how to relate to a rock band, but, beyond that, there was usually something tense and sullen in the air, as if everyone were getting ready for a bust or a riot; the spirit of San Francisco lost something in the migration. Still, Graham did what no one else had managed—he created a continuing, dependable outlet for live rock in New York—and his detractors have never given him enough credit for that. The fans who accuse him of ripping off "their" music do not appreciate how much hard work, shrewdness, and money are involved in producing a successful rock concert, nor are they willing to face how basically rock is a capitalist art. If it weren't for businessmen, we would not have rock shows at all, and Graham has been a better businessman than most. Though his prices were not low, his customers could at least count on seeing and hearing a well-produced show. Today, that is not something to be taken for granted. All over the country, people are paying five dollars or more (usually more) to sit on floors or in bleachers in enormous arenas with terrible acoustics and obstructed views. One refinement of this scenario is unreserved seating, which means that if you come five hours early you may get to see something besides sound equipment, poles, and the Afro of the kid in front of you. Another is the notorious revolving stage. All in all, it's enough to make me sentimental about the good old Fillmore—which is no easy task.



A week before the fateful closing, which was also two weeks after John Lennon had pepped things up a bit by appearing on the Fillmore stage as a guest of Frank Zappa, I went to say my ambivalent goodbyes. B. B. King was the headliner, with a newly reconstituted Moby Grape second on the bill, and Grootna, a lively San Francisco hard-rock band with a strong female lead singer, as a better-than-average filler. The concert was fun. I was almost afraid to see King perform; twice in the past two years, I'd sat through his cornball act for white college students, and I had begun to wonder if he was ruined forever. He isn't. Rock has had an obvious influence on his music, and his style is less cool than it used to be, but the controlling intelligence and dignity that seemed to have lapsed are back, and make all the difference between catering to an audience and interacting with it. The Grape also put on a good show. There was considerable pathos and irony in its modest reappearance at this particular time. Moby Grape was an early casualty of the rock revolution; one of the finest of the first-generation San Francisco bands—and I'm not sure the qualification is necessary—it was badly hurt by overpromotion and went through the by now familiar sequence of inflated egos, freakouts, personnel shifts, bad albums, and, finally, dissolution, leaving behind an enthusiastic Grape cult. Now the five original members are back together, have added a sixth (an electric-viola player), and are making an album for Warner Brothers. That night, they sounded very much like their old selves. They pleased the crowd (a sizable Grape-cult contingent was present) with several favorites from their great first album, including a brilliant performance of "Omaha," and did some new material that was similar in sound and spirit to their early songs. The only real departure was a weird instrumental encore that resembled, and maybe was, a parody of pretentious guitar playing in addition to being an excuse to show that the guitarist Skip Spence, the Grape's house crazy, still is.

Watching the Grape, I wondered if

the basic cause of its troubles back in 1968 was that its members weren't true believers. They came on cynical and cocky, and you had the strong feeling that they didn't really take all this revolutionary-culture stuff seriously, whereas rock fans were taking it very seriously indeed. But these days, for the first time in its history, rock is without any unifying myths and metaphors; there seems to be an audience for almost any sub-genre that is dreamed up, and the scene has become as absorbent as America itself. The Grape couldn't sell itself as part of the San Francisco renaissance; maybe now it can get people to appreciate its music.

—Ellen Willis

◆

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND, WHETHER THE SUN SETS ON HER OR NOT

[*From the London Observer*]

The Master's Hedgehog

Hedgehogs are not uncommon in Cambridge; but for a month last summer one hedgehog in particular seemed to be behaving rather strangely. It would run hard, in a circle, anti-clockwise, for two hours or more, between midnight and 3 a.m. in the garden of the Master's Lodge at St. John's College.

This came to the notice of the Master, the Rev. John Boys Smith. Night after night he observed the hedgehog's actions closely, and has now written a precise account of the episode in the *Journal of Zoology*, where it may be read alongside 'Temperature Conditions in Vole Nests' and 'Pygmy Moles of Europe and Japan.'

'Typically,' the Master relates, 'there was a steady, rapid trot round and round the circle, snout held straight forward well above the ground.' The circle was usually about 15 yards in diameter, and the speed averaged 4½ m.p.h. The creature was first seen on 6 May; from 13 May the Master or his wife put out a saucer of bread and milk, which the hedgehog always ate. It would then have a short rest and set off as usual. It was last seen on 6 June.

'It was simply absent on one night following a night on which it had been seen,' the Master says. 'We were all terribly fond of it,' says the Master's wife wistfully. 'We almost told the time by it.' Does the Master expect to see it again? 'I shall keep my eyes open.'

◆

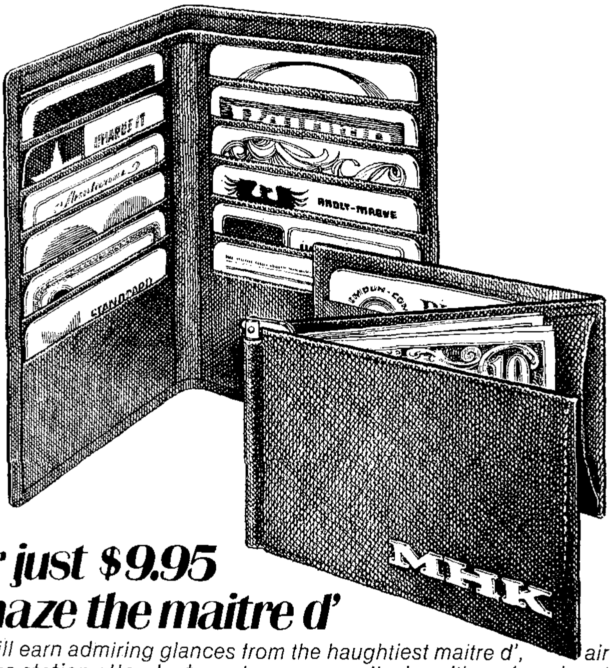
Jorge Luis Borges was born in 1899 in Buenos Aires. In his youth he traveled extensively in Europe and received his education in Geneva. . . . In 1961, he shared the International Publishers prize with Samuel Beckett. In 1961-62 Borges was visiting professor at the University of Texas; in 1967-68 he was Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Poetry at Harvard University.—*Biographical sketch in a paperback.*

Did anyone get on to him?

Thank You
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
Writing Instruments are always appreciated
CROSS
CROSS

From five to fifty dollars
each in Lustrous Chrome,
12 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold Filled,
Sterling and Solid
14 Kt. Gold.

©1970 A. T. CROSS CO., [illegible]



for just $9.95
amaze the maitre d'

You will earn admiring glances from the haughtiest maitre d', airline clerks, and gas station attendants—wherever you display either of our handsome Credit Card Wallets. Both are hip size. The large (4x6", closed) shows up to 12 cards and has three inside pockets for folding money and documents. The small (3½x4½") shows 8 cards, has side pocket and separate bill compartment with hinged brass money clip. Made by fussy British craftsmen of black pinseal kid. Lined in leather and silk. Surprised at the bargain price? Our large direct imports make it possible. Either wallet $9.95. Applied metal initials $3 per set. Please add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. add tax.)

Write or phone: 584 Washington St.,
San Francisco 94111 (415) 981-5688.

haverhill's

NY0710

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

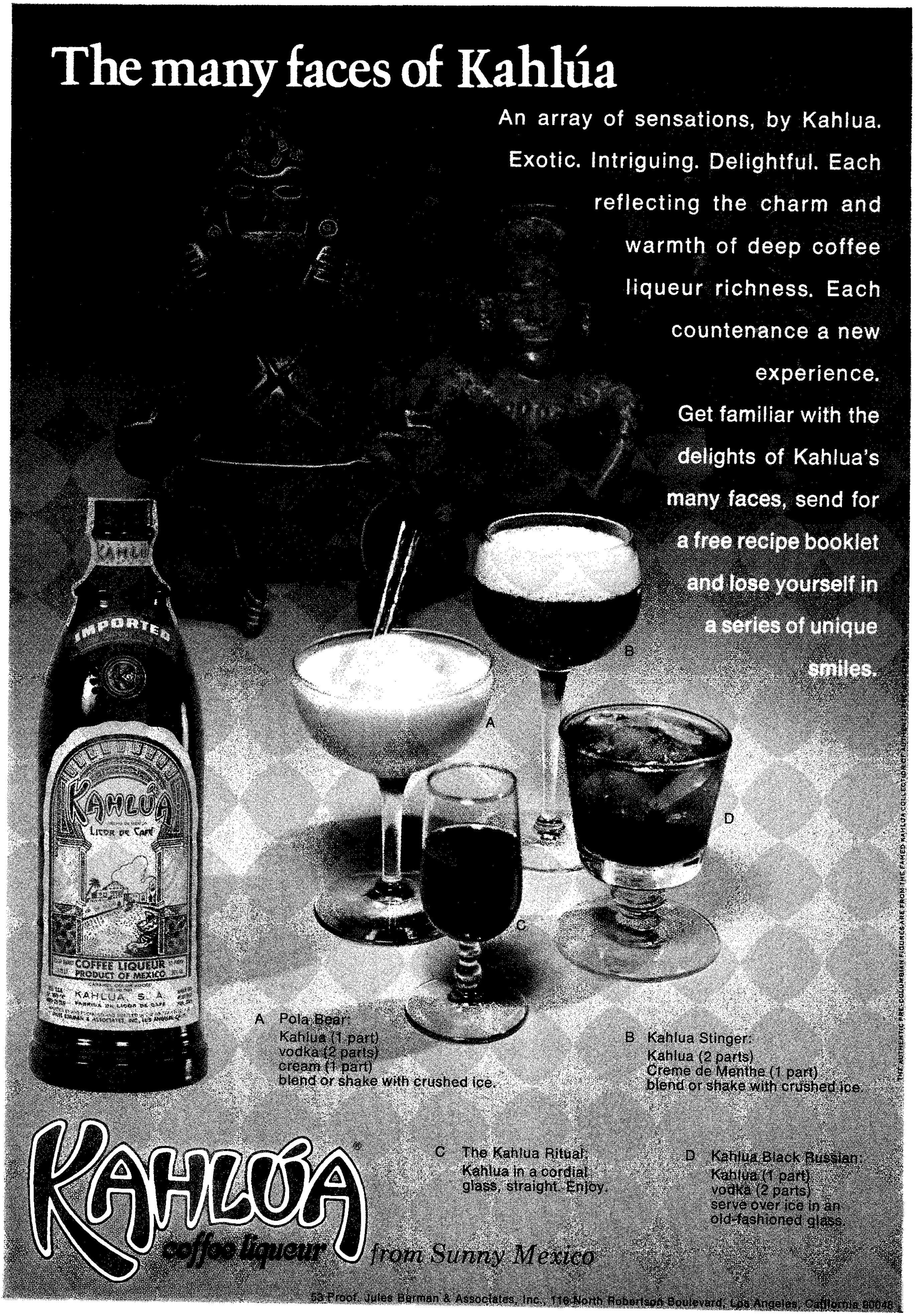
FEMININE FASHIONS

American designers have been showing their fall collections, and any observer who believes that the fashion industry is a mirror rather than a juggernaut must conclude that most women in this country are not merely conservative but reactionary. The balance between the state of women's minds and those who make clothes to match it seems to have tipped, for the present, in the shopper's favor. The true picture of fashion is chaotic and beyond the reach of catchwords, and neither buyer nor seller can honestly attempt a definition of what it is that women now want. But designers realized that some approximation was called for, and have re-created what women used to want before the dark days of last fall, when they stopped spending money. Things are, to this extent, safely back to where they were—in the nineteen-sixties and even the *nineteen-fifties.* Women's mastery of their hem lengths has been dearly won: the rift between fashions for the young and clothes for the middle-aged is now absolute, and those who demand regression as an end to disorder have betrayed their need to be told exactly what to wear. It is fortunate that they are already quite at home with what they will find in the shops in the fall, because designers, in their eagerness to show how businesslike they are, have learned to renounce authority—lest they be accused of trying to dictate—and artistry, which might appear to have something in common with caprice. Peasants, wartime whores, and experiment are suddenly contemptible. It is fashionable to denounce fantasy and—by implication—fashion. The press, unwilling to be excluded from the new realism and responsibility, has extolled the rebirth of classicism, sanity, and a quality mysteriously referred to as "civilization." In this stern and heady new era, fashion vocabulary—which delights in wrenching words from meanings acquired in such humdrum arenas as books and history—is in over its head. The word "lady" is now synonymous with twin sets; civilization can be charged and sent; and a legion of real women, after long months of oppression, is to come into its own in the fall.

Who are these real women? The new collections suggest that they are those who felt most at ease in pencil skirts, girdles, and bouffant hair styles. They hated the midi because it made them look old, and they hate shorts because shorts make others look young. They like suits, and Lurex and brocade cocktail dresses, and heavy coats with broad, fur-trimmed collars. Their figures are flattered by firmly structured clothes and by stiff fabrics. (All the emphasis given to commonplace fabrics in the shows reflected both this need on their part and the designers' nervousness about line.) One New York department store caught the mood of the day in an advertisement that would not have appeared six months ago. "Glory Be for the Real Woman," ran the headline. "We've Never Forgotten You for a Minute." Beneath the text ("Sick of hearing *about diets, exercise, and skinny* girls?") was sketched, on suitably willowy forms, a vision of high-waisted corsets, long-legged panty-girdles, and midriff-controlling brassières. Real women, then, look middle-aged and fat. No amount of new wardrobes will really unshackle all those in our society who feel obliged to appear young, fit, and (since proteins cost money) rich; this flowery praise of real women isn't going to change the world.

But the new focus on the middle-aged—a group, in the industry's current opinion, quite separate from youth: more powerful, and more willing to spend—is a backward step in the realm of fashion. Freedom from the significance of birthdays was just beginning to take root, and the idea of clothes appropriate to certain ways of life was already less tenacious. The women who adopted shorts were those who worked at their figures, and those who took to the midi were willing to develop their sense of style; these were the only messages to be read in their choice of clothes. This ageless group of the slim and the stylish was a valuable bridge between the conservative and the freakish. Now, if things go according to plan, everyone over twenty-five will look much the same. Those under that limit, meanwhile, are offered a *startlingly separatist course* of clothes that seem intended to exclude anyone with a shred of social standing or a mite of responsibility. A young designer named Betsey Johnson—whose summer clothes now include muslin dresses the purchaser is supposed to decorate according to her individuality, and gar-

The many faces of Kahlúa



An array of sensations, by Kahlua. Exotic. Intriguing. Delightful. Each reflecting the charm and warmth of deep coffee liqueur richness. Each countenance a new experience.

Get familiar with the delights of Kahlua's many faces, send for **a free recipe booklet and lose yourself in a series of unique smiles.**

A Pola Bear:
Kahlua (1 part)
vodka (2 parts)
cream (1 part)
blend or shake with crushed ice.

B Kahlua Stinger:
Kahlua (2 parts)
Creme de Menthe (1 part)
blend or shake with crushed ice.

C The Kahlua Ritual:
Kahlua in a cordial
glass, straight. Enjoy.

D Kahlua Black Russian:
Kahlua (1 part)
vodka (2 parts)
serve over ice in an
old-fashioned glass.

KAHLÚA®
coffee liqueur *from Sunny Mexico*

53 Proof. Jules Berman & Associates, Inc., 116 North Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90048

THE AUTHENTIC PRE-COLUMBIAN FIGURES ARE FROM THE FAMED KAHLUA COLLECTION OF [illegible]

TOYOTA
COROLLA
CORONA
COROLLA
TOYOTA

This car is loaded with reasons why it shouldn't be under $1800.

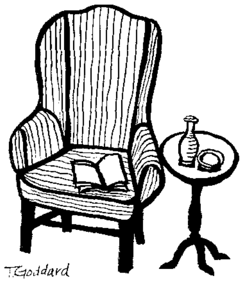
1. Thick, wall-to-wall nylon carpeting.
2. Whitewall tires.
3. Tinted windshield.
4. Anti-rust undersealant.
5. Fully reclining and adjustable bucket seats.
6. Sealed lubrication system (no chassis lubes ever).
7. Up to 28 miles a gallon.
8. Up to 94 miles per hour.
9. Lined trunk.
10. Armrests front and rear.
11. Full wheel covers.
12. Unit body construction.
13. Flo-thru ventilation.
14. Front disc brakes.
15. Five-bearing crankshaft.
16. Bumper guards.
17. Vinyl interior.
18. Trip mileage meter.
19. 73 horsepower engine.
20. 161.4 inches in length. 59.3 inches in width.
21. Can of touch-up paint.
22. Glove box.
23. Tool kit.
24. Windshield washer.
25. Cigarette lighter.
26. Dome light.
27. 4-speed synchromesh transmission.
28. Curved side windows.
29. Parcel shelf.
30. 30-foot turning circle.
31. Swing-out side rear windows.
32. Double edge keys (go in either way).
33. Anti-freeze.
34. 2-barrel carburetor.
35. Heavy-duty battery.
36. 3-point front safety belts.
37. Spare tire recessed in trunk.
38. Passenger assist grip.
39. Coat hooks.

Everything you've just read is included in the price of the $1798* Toyota Corolla.

TOYOTA
We're quality oriented

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price 2-Door Sedan. Inland freight, dealer preparation, options and taxes extra.

ments with all kinds of ecological themes—underlined this new division between the generations when she recently said, "Civilized relates to the fashion world. It is for my mother, who will be able to go shopping and finally find some clothes this year. But what I'm doing relates to the real world." Miss Johnson's interpretation of the real world, and that of all the other young people designing for firms with names like Hang Ups, Bananas, and Boo, is as perplexing as the one that is apparent in the collections of Geoffrey Beene, Bill Blass, Chester Weinberg, and company. But at least the young have room for a laugh or two. The Fashion Group, an organization committed to making sense of fashion for the benefit of those who work with it, concentrated on the work of young designers in a show it put on a while ago, and the bouncy, gawky young bodies wrapped in rainbow colors contrasted violently with the muted displays going on simultaneously in the showrooms of the established designers. Youth showed yellow shorts, worn with purple tights, orange platforms, and a cerise cloche; or striped pants rolled up to mid-calf, an animal-cracker sweater, and green suède work boots. Shorts and miniskirts were favored. They were almost totally absent from the couture houses, where even trouser suits were rare. The show was a hymn of praise for the very young. In spite of the fact that some styles—blazers, chubby furs, and what the compère referred to as "the philosophy of layered dressing"—in this show were also seen in the couture, it was clear that the two worlds were quite distinct and that the young designers had given up on all those out of school and felt free to race ahead at a head-spinning rate.



Apart from wedges, and a combination of leotard and layers of tunics that might owe something to a fifteenth-century court, revivals seem to have lost their appeal to young designers. (Campus nostalgia for the nineteen-fifties—Buffalo Bob and his Howdy Doody Show, boys with greased hair and girls with ponytails dancing together to "Blue Suède Shoes"—is, happily, still too intellectual to have caught the eye of young people earning a living by the drawing board.) But the older wooers of reality on Seventh Avenue have revived almost anything they could remember from the two decades before the midi. They adjusted skirt lengths, where it was necessary, bringing them all to somewhere around the knee for day. They indicated little interest in styles of the forties, because they remain the territory of those too young to have lived with the originals. Oscar de la Renta did show sweetheart necklines, but only halfheartedly; Valentino showed turbans and seamed stockings, but probably more out of habit than anything else. Many of Bill Blass's models wore fedoras swathed in poxy veils and carried the dangling head and paws of a fox fur over their arms, but this was all to be taken as a joke, not as a distraction from the marketable black dresses with white collar and cuffs, or the double-breasted coats in chalk-striped flannel, or the culottes, offered as an unfrightening alternative to shorts. Cocktail dresses in sparkling materials—Lurex, brocade, sequins, and beaded embroideries—are around again, with all their potential vulgarity. The Bill Blass couture collection contributed, among many other things, a cocktail dress consisting of a gold brocade skirt with a draped sash and a sweater top, in purple Lurex, that would never look quite right without a pointed bra. (This collection epitomized all the showings. Mr. Blass was compère, and he introduced this particular sampling of the extensive empire that is Bill Blass, Inc., by saying that, since fashion was dead, he was presenting some new clothes. He went on to explain why they were expensive. The atmosphere of the Hotel Pierre, where the show was held, and the arrangements of "Swinging on a Star" that were trundled out on a white piano were well suited to the brocade culottes, trimmed at the knee with fisher, that stalked down the runway. The collection was hailed as the one most brilliantly suited to real women.) The established designers turned to the Eisenhower years for polo coats and their sash-belted variants, some with shawl collars, in tweed, flannel, and camel. These were often paired with jaunty little hats, so the models looked like ghosts of that lady who—in times when there were trains and redcaps to cope with a pyramid of matching hat- and beauty boxes—leaned a gauntleted hand on a sheathed umbrella while she waited to board the Orange Blossom Special. The clothes of every lady in the White House since Mrs. Kennedy were also seen in the collections, but the strangest figure to float out of the nineteen-sixties was the air host-

Handmade
Belgian Casuals
for more comfort than going barefoot
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.
☐ Red/trim black ☐ Blue/trim green ☐ All White
☐ Blue/trim red ☐ Brown/trim black ☐ All Black
☐ Beige/trim white ☐ Yellow/trim white ☐ All Navy
For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is________
Send______pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add $1.00 per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name________
Address________
City______State______
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

EXEMPLAR GEORGE I

Wyler
EST. 1890
713 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10021

TERRY SHIRT 'N SHORTS Here's the perfect playsuit—all in one piece. So easy to slip into with white pearl buttons up the front. Terry belt is banded in red and blue. In easy care **white terry**. Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). **$10.95**
Add 50¢ for shipping. *Send for free color catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

The Lombardy HOTEL Just off Park Avenue

ENJOY NEW YORK in ELEGANCE

- Quietly lavish air-conditioned rooms and suites
- Featuring the renowned Laurent Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge
- Color Television . . . and a personal serving pantry . . . at your finger tips

SINGLE and DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $35
TWO ROOM SUITES
Monthly and Annual Rentals

111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
Tel.: (212) PLaza 3-8600
Norman E. King, General Manager

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
CHATEAU MADRID
Los CHAVALES de ESPAÑA
"The Kids from Spain"
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT just e. of Lex. Ave.
48th ST. in Hotel Lexington

ess. (This particular revival will comfort any designer who is wondering whether to wait for a style's extinction before daring to resurrect it.) As a group, air hostesses had fought furiously against the covered knee; they were justified in feeling that their trim, bright clothes, their mushrooming hair, and their toothy chic were under particular attack from those seeking to change lengths, colors, and images. At the Geoffrey Beene Boutique, the catwalk was thick with air-hostess clothes, even down to perky side-tipped felt caps. (Most of the couture houses now have two or three divisions, in different price ranges. The cheaper groups are often delegated to a disciple under the supervision of the Master; many outfits look as though no one would willingly take full responsibility for them.) Among Beene's boutique clothes were accordion-pleated skirts, black pussycat bows on white collars, and straight jersey skirts that, even on professional sylphs, were incomplete without a girdle. Chester Weinberg brought back the seven-eighths length in a blue tunic over a straight brown skirt and pale legs. He also gave us a black dress-and-jacket for the cocktail hours; the sleeveless dress was belted with rhinestones worked in the designer's initials, and was worn with a flowerpot hat. Donald Brooks, in an original way, revived things like tie-dyes and nailheads, which have been unfashionable for only six months. The European houses with American connections could not inevitably be looked to for innovation, either. The Cardin collection, with its graceless sandwich-board tunics over ski pants or miniskirts, seemed to echo Courrèges's determination, in the early nineteen-sixties, to drag female attire into the Space Age.

Though real women draw the line at looking like their children and prefer to think back to what they wore when their teen-agers were toddlers, they don't mind looking something like their husbands. Men's fabrics—gray flannel, pinstripes, windowpane and Prince of Wales checks—were present in almost all the collections. Middle-aged women do not really want to imitate clothes worn by middle-aged men, but that air of conservatism suddenly looks awfully good. Men have not yet been encouraged to seem fresh out of Sherwood Forest or a costume ball; if manufacturers had hinted at such a course, their customers would have been firm enough to refuse. Women envy the way a man can throw on a suit much like his neighbor's and then, in the certainty that he looks socially acceptable, forget it for the rest of the day. His

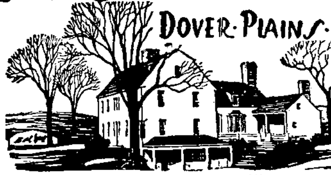
JAMAICA
AND
Montego Bay
COMPLIMENTS OF THE Royal Caribbean RESORT HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of
JAMAICA...
...intoxicating rhythms, evenings filled with the sound of calypso, ska, limbo and American swing, exciting entertainment nightly... the candlelight spell of the Royal Caribbean—where a staff of 300 excel in gracious, attentive service...and, of course, a magnificent private beach. The Royal Caribbean caters to adults only and is one of the very few large resorts that does not accept conventions.

Privately owned by
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul
Reservations are handled by your Travel Agent thru Leonard Hicks Organization.
In major U.S., U.K. and Canadian Cities.
THE ROYAL CARIBBEAN RESORT HOTEL

Gloucester House
SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST
37 EAST 50 ST.-N.Y.755-7394
BETWEEN PARK & MADISON

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.



LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BERE MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

silhouette is stable, and he is not urged to express his personality through fleeting fads; his clothes are not supposed to make a splash or even catch the eye of the opposite sex. As it turned out, women's wish for clothes rather like a man's brought about some of the finest designs in the collections as well as some of the dreariest. Where mannishness was interpreted simply as bulk that broadens shoulders, eliminates waists, and generally muffles women's bodies (polo coats reveal a vague sportiness rather than any particular gender), it was dispiriting. But where masculinity was used playfully and self-consciously—with the cheerful open-mindedness, in fact, that is being widely purged—it was most effective. The Valentino Boutique collection, a lighthearted combination of schoolgirls and grouse-shooting Cabinet Ministers, looked strong and new. Black and red remain favorite colors, but this designer is now inspired by gray, camel, and forest green as well. Daytime clothes went on in layers; a silk shirt with a matching necktie, under an Argyle sweater and a cardigan jacket, might be seen with a kilt-pleated skirt or cuffed trousers. Many such outfits were topped by wide berets trimmed with down cockades and drooping pheasant feathers. While the clothes in this collection do not reveal much—hardly any see-through fabrics were in evidence this season—they are close-fitting and do not set out to muffle anything. The same is true of the clothes in Oscar de la Renta's three collections—couture, boutique, and a new division called Something! Here, too, was wearable elegance in layers, one of which was often Argyle. A turtleneck emerged from under the open-necked shirt of a short-sleeved U-neck dress with a matching coat. This designer's Liberty wool dresses were sound without being boring, and his black dresses and evening fabrics—unlike those elsewhere, which stopped short at what would satisfy the customer without stimulating her—showed thought and taste. What de la Renta calls his Duke of Windsor look was at its uncompromising best in a suit of pepper-and-salt tweed with cuffed trousers and a waistcoat with a watch chain; it was at its suburban worst in a black velvet smoking jacket worn over baggy trousers of red-and-yellow tartan wool shot through with Lurex thread.

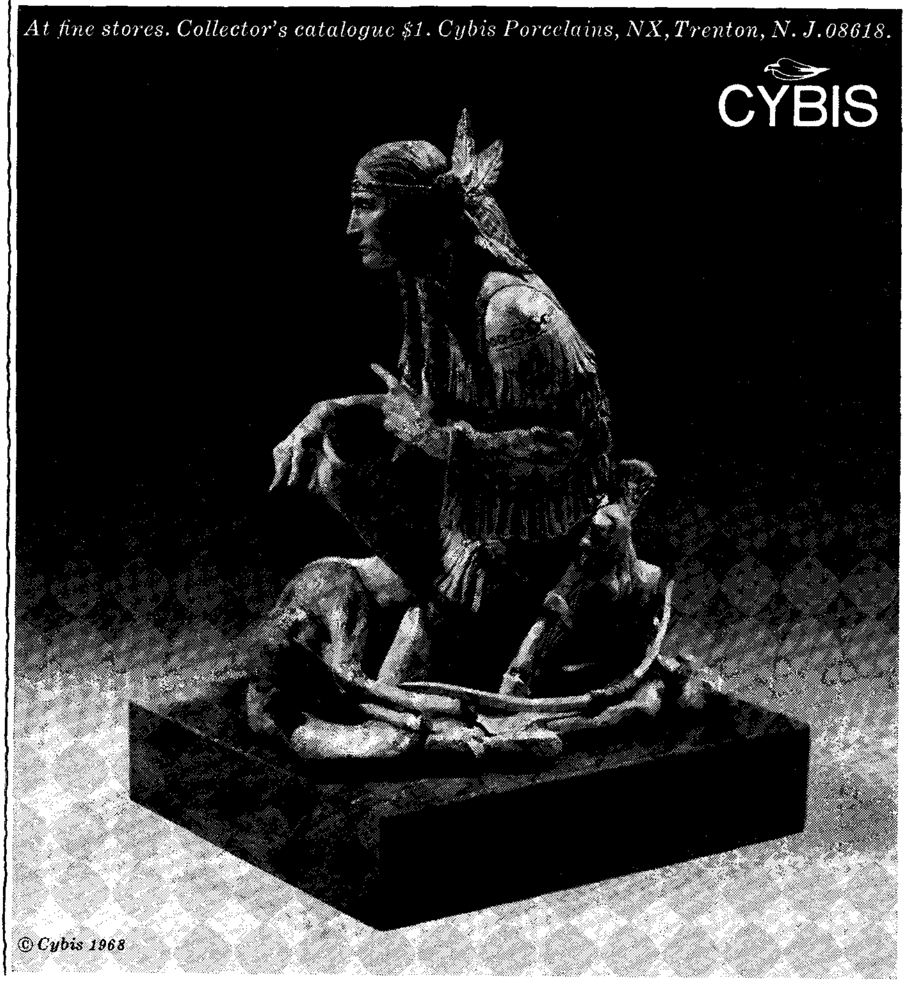
With some regret, I include the Chanel suit among clothes that have the wrong kind of masculinity. This suit cropped up with great regularity, and in only one of the shows I attended was it accompanied by an overt tribute

SELIG CREATES THE CHROME AND GLASS ENVIRONMENT.

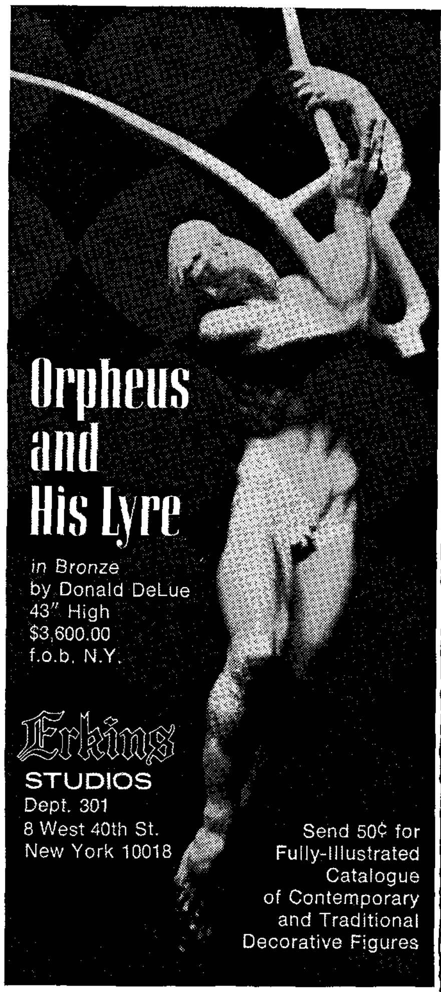
SELIG

CHAIRS, TABLES, ETAGERES, AND MORE, DESIGNED BY SELIG, MADE BY ITALY'S FINEST CRAFTSMEN OF CHROME, GLASS, LEATHER, PRECIOUS WOODS.

FOR OUR COMPLETELY NEW FOLIO OF FINE DESIGNS, SEND $1.00 TO SELIG MANUFACTURING CO., LEOMINSTER, MASS. SHOWROOMS TO THE TRADE: NEW YORK, D & D BUILDING; CHICAGO, MERCHANDISE MART; SAN FRANCISCO, ICE HOUSE #2; AND AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE.


At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NX, Trenton, N. J. 08618.

© Cybis 1968



Orpheus and His Lyre
in Bronze
by Donald DeLue
43" High
$3,600.00
f.o.b. N.Y.

Erkins
STUDIOS
Dept. 301
8 West 40th St.
New York 10018

Send 50¢ for
Fully-Illustrated
Catalogue
of Contemporary
and Traditional
Decorative Figures

The littlest big hotel in Nassau.

Think of us as the kind of place where a girl can get through the day without getting out of her bikini.

Small. Charming. On the water. With big rooms and apartments at small, easy-to-live-with rates.

A not-too-big, yet not-too-small kind of place. With its own private marina. Super pool. Absolutely sensational restaurant.

And maybe the best bartender in the world.

The Pilot House
The littlest big hotel in Nassau.
See your travel agent.
Represented Internationally by Robert Reid Associates.

Don't fight with your mother-in-law . . . come to for fireworks* Rockaways' Playland
AMUSEMENT PARK
ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, 98 ST.
ROCKAWAY BEACH, QUEENS
N.Y.C.
©
*every Wednesday at 9:00 P.M.

to its originator. It came to seem that American designers—too timid to imitate an outfit guaranteed to appeal while the source was still active—were now expressing their liberation in this burgeoning of chains over silk shirts, straight skirts, and cardigan jackets. Chanel had the last word on real women. She never changed the length of her skirts and, as she herself would have admitted, she made the same suit for forty-five years. The Chanel suit may have attained perfection of line, but the style is now static. I would be loath to see it become a uniform once more. Styles can be revived only if they are adapted or parodied, and women of forty-five will never be thirty again. Perhaps the miasma that has settled on fashion since real women asserted their right to wear the clothes they are used to will blow over in a season. It is quite possible that these women will settle for the conservative clothes they own already and the industry will have sold its soul in vain. In time, it may even become clear that shorts are not a threat to society and that changes in hemlines are not the harbingers of anarchy.

—KENNEDY FRASER

THIS AND THAT

Dilatory Domiciles

EVERYBODY, one is told, has gone out of town for the summer, and a careful perusal of the warmed-up streets (some, by the looks of them, warmed-*over*) and the slightly cooler restaurants and shops proves that it is true; hardly more than four million people are still within the city. Any of them who are sticking around to pick up a real city dress or two might as well move along, though; scarcely any remain on the racks. This, then, is a between-seasons time (in the fashion trade, at least), a time for prayer and meditation, such as pondering the knowledge that fashion is a game any number can play. If that premise is false, how to explain the constant injection of new characters into the sport? As improbable as can be is the recent accession of a photographer, even though she is a "worldwide" photographer, to the ranks. This one is Inger McCabe, now represented by a clutch of skirts in Bonwit's S'fari Room—skirts constructed of cotton batik she announces she acquired as she swept through Indonesia. The prints, no two of which appear to be alike, are concerned with indigenous bird, beast, and floral life, and the result is long, tubular skirts, with detachable belts, that can be pleated, folded, or whatever to the owner's taste; $30. . . . A more plausible arrival in the designers' fold is Elsa Peretti, a Manhattan model variously termed by her acquaintances "stately," "Italian," and "most distinguished-looking." She plans jewelry, has it made in Spain of sterling silver, and presents it in Bloomingdale's Cul de Sac. Inch-tall teardrop pendants, at $20; two- and three-inch urn pendants, for a flower or a spot of perfume, at $55 and $75 (they *might* leak); clamshell necklaces, likewise at $75—all these suspended on thin strands of black leather. Bracelets, too, for that matter.

It is not only new faces but new places that keep turning up. Agora, at 1550 Third Avenue (87th), is recent enough to qualify in the category. And an odd addition it is, too—ice-cream parlor on one side of a corridor, and vast barn of a clothes shop on the other. It could easily be mistaken for one of the epidemic of *soi-disant* Pubs around town—mahogany panelling, ceiling fans, swinging doors, Tiffany lamps. The goods are contemporary, though, ranging from Bill Blass raincoats to Jaeger shirts to dog collars. Other amiable items are mauve-pink bouclé blouses paired with short shorts and below-the-knees overskirts in an openwork weave that is all mauve and dove-gray; embroidered white cotton peasant blouses and above-the-knees cinnamon cotton tunics, from Rumania; down-to-the-insteps Rumanian shifts of vanilla cotton voile. None of this is fearfully expensive. . . . Another spot many of us don't know about yet is Mensorio Ricupero, at 694 Madison Avenue (62nd). It is nearly unique in that it has something for town—two-piece tailored Greek dresses of synthetic navy jersey, appropriately printed with thousands of tiny automobiles. Domestic synthetic jersey (none of this ersatz stuff will wrinkle, it happens) is involved in black or white pullover blouses and sashed micromini-skirts; in lilac or purple evening blouses with modest V slashes at the throat and long, cuffed sleeves, these accompanied by skirts with vertical inserts of matching hues; and rather Dietrich flowing gowns in café au lait, with lilac stovepipe necks that make down (or up) into hoods. . . . And not everyone may know of D. D. Dominick, at 246 East 51st Street. It's midsummer here: for-out-of-town mididresses that are really white cotton dishcloths connected by red, green, and blue crochet, though *not* connected all the way down the sides, and blouses and short shorts of the same goods, but in orange and yellow this time (a body stocking or a leotard seems called for); polyester-

A taste of the past
makes the present beautiful.
ROYAL AGES
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
ESTABLISHED 1749
ROYAL AGES
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86 PROOF PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
IMPORTED BY
THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whiskey. ©1971 The Paddington Corp., New York, N.Y. 10020.

Royal Ages. Fifteen year old Scotch.

IT'S A LOT OF LITTLE CAR.

Admittedly, Vega isn't as inexpensive as some little cars you can buy.

But we didn't build Vega just to be an inexpensive little car. We built it to be a good little car. And it is. In fact, we think Vega is the best little car money can buy.

One big reason is Vega's engine. We didn't borrow anybody's existing engine, because no existing engine was good enough. Vega's is a 140-cubic-inch overhead cam with an aluminum block. Very unique. Also very functional: it manages to be peppy and frugal at the same time.

There are other things that make Vega seem like a lot more car than most little cars. Like interior room. Vega offers as much room per passenger as many big cars.

And Vega comes standard with an amazing array of features not normally found in little cars. For one thing, Vega comes standard with big 10-inch disc brakes up front and new-type drums in back.

And Vega comes standard with foam-filled front bucket seats, which are quite possibly more comfortable than any car seats you've ever felt.

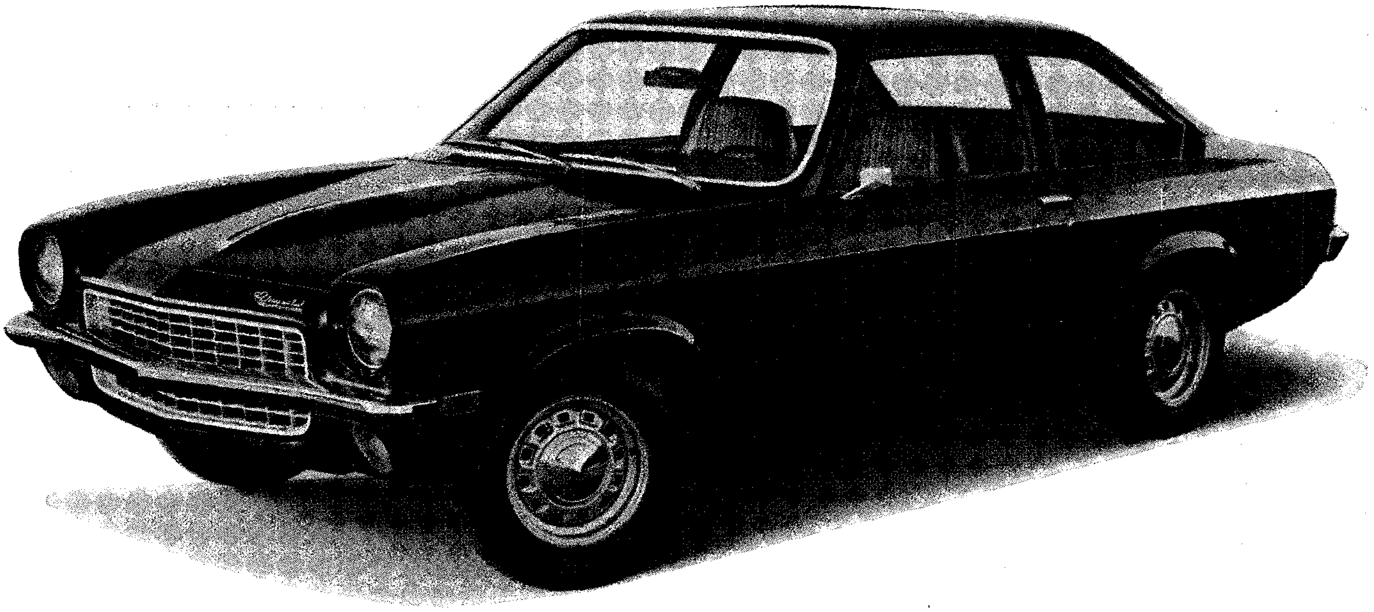
And Vega comes standard with side guard beams built into each door, for added protection.

And a very refreshing power ventilation system.

And even a disposable engine air filter that lasts 50,000 miles—more than twice as long as the old kind.

And Full Coil suspension, self-cleaning rocker panels, double-panel roof construction, 3635 square inches of glass area, a Delcotron generator and an electric fuel pump. Check Vega out at any Chevrolet dealer's. You'll be surprised.

It's a lot more car than you expected it to be.



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Buckle your seat and shoulder belts.
It's an idea you can live with.

VEGA
CHEVROLET

and-cotton hand-crocheted short-sleeved sweaters in, say, crimson with a gray border or orange with a lime border; midiskirts of pastel-and-white checked gingham with elaborately ornamented waistbands of black calico. . . . Another primrose so far blooming unseen by many is what people call John Dunne Boutique Featuring Capezio, even though it's really called John dunne boutique featuring Capezio. It's at one-thirty-six east sixty-first street, naturally. Short shorts with a protective overhang is the scheme. To wit: polyester knit that is practically an old-fashioned rose garden is converted into shorts plus a halter bodice split from the standing collar to the midriff; the overhang is a miniskirt curving away in front so that the shorts are visible. It's $35 all told. This ensemble is one of many. Shirtwaist dresses, on the other hand, appear in gingham, checked (large and small) in the full spectrum of the rainbow most of the way down but in more formal black and white as they reach almost to the floor.

THE Old Guard has not disbanded. The floor at Saks Fifth Avenue that is assigned to beach life is filled with Cole of California bikinis, one-piece turtleneck bathing suits, bareback dresses, and long skirts slit from the thighs on down, all of them in crinkled stretch crêpe whose floral imprint is distinctly jungle. Nothing goes above $40. . . . In the lingerie sector of Lord & Taylor, those of us known to the profession as mature women (and not in the psychiatrists' sense) will come upon the commendable and reasonably sedate bathing suits produced by Edith Lances of sea-blue Qiana, which is a man-made silk—brassière top, shorts, and long overskirt. Oh, not *too* sedate; morning glories, hydrangeas, and gooseberries are all part of the print. Sport Dresses International is a part of Lord & Taylor that is now rife with what L. & T. labels Sound of Music dresses, which—mauve cotton guimpes and royal-blue floral embroidered cotton jumpers and tucked half aprons of the mauve cotton—all come from Western Germany. And *I* always thought Salzburg was in *Austria*. What they are, actually, is regional country costumery, and nice indeed at $50 and $60. . . . Then, Altman's Accessory Place, and its vast shawls and stoles to protect one from God's or man's breezes—bandanna cottons edged by deep flounces, amber cottons with yellow cornflowers, black challis with flaming trumpet flowers, and wisteria georgette crêpe in a plastered print that looks sort of like inside Radio City Music Hall. For wet days, bubble umbrellas of clear plastic and almost three feet across, to keep head and shoulders perfectly dry, and, naturally, to prevent running into Buddhist chanters. . . . Greek Island, Ltd., at 215 East 49th Street, *would* eventually get around to evzone shirts. These button down the front, and they are nipped in by sashes. And to Greek skirts, buttoned or laced down. The material is cotton, usually thinly striped in blue and white or checked in blue, tan, and white. Or else blue denim. And cheap—$30 and $45. . . . Cepelia, at 63 East 57th Street, is still a little Poland. The newest: lively challis skirts, all roses and shrubbery on a variety of backgrounds, and $20. . . . Leron, at 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), is, right now, for the beach and its aftermath, or bath. Velvety terry cloth is the ingredient—white or palely tinted, and embroidered with morning glories, cherries, strawberries, butterflies, pinwheels, whatever. What Leron calls Quickies are four feet by two, to be wrapped around you under the arms as you come out of the water. And there are shifts with standaway collars, and robes with kimono sleeves and deep and useful patch pockets.

ODDS AND ENDS: T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), presents an array of luggage in Caribbean-blue tweed or coffee-bean-brown tweed whose corners, bindings, and wide expansion straps (which have solid-brass buckles) are of natural cowhide comparable to that used in cowboys' chaps. Prices begin at $55 for cosmetic totes and at $79.50 for suitcases. . . . Down the street, at 605 Madison (57th), Bonniers is showing midiskirts made of dozens of men's printed silk neckties, all skillfully sewn together; $50. . . . Molded-plastic sunglasses, at Saks—veritable masks—extend over the nose to keep it from scorching; $12.50, in taupe and orange.

—M. M.

•

Druckerism is shorthand for a latter-day testimonial to laissez-faire society, as expounded by Peter Drucker in a book called "The Age of Discontinuity," which attained overnight fame when it became scripture around the White House. President Nixon was so impressed with its pecans to private enterprise (good management) and its criticism of government (for bad management) that he reportedly gave various aides underlined copies of Prof. Drucker's writings.—*Clayton Fritchey in the Post.*

With his pencilled notation "Nuts to private enterprise."

BFGoodrich
...in pursuit of excellence

Jack Purcell's exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge in each heel helps give you better footing on any court.
It's the stuff of winners.
Jack Purcell
The only one with the wedge.

JACK.
THE GIANT KILLER.

Love Refused — $77.50
BING & GRØNDAHL
Copenhagen Porcelain

See the entire collection of world-renowned artistry. Write for full-color catalogue '137 Copenhagen Porcelain Figurines.' Send $1 to D. Stanley Corcoran, White Plains, New York 10604.

Le Périgord Park
Cuisine Francaise
on Park at 63rd St.
Res. 752-0050
ONLY 3 STAR
FRENCH RESTAURANT
also
405 E. 52nd St.
Res. PL 5-6244
WITH PRIVATE DINING
ROOM. PARTIES TO 80

LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 29

DIRECTED by Herbert von Karajan, three magnificent performances of Verdi's too rarely offered Requiem, honoring the memory of the novelist Manzoni, were given this past week on three consecutive nights in the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées. The opening two were private subscription performances, the second having been promoted by the subscribers to the Orchestre de Paris, which performed splendidly in the pit on all three nights. The third performance was for the general public, which crammed every cranny of the theatre, including those minuscule boxes tucked like pigeons' nests in the theatre's eaves. All three performances must have had the same perfection, since Karajan was in gala form in these terminal appearances with the Orchestre de Paris, of which he held the post of musical adviser. Clarendon, music critic of *Le Figaro*, wrote, "In all my life, I think I have never heard so high a quality of execution, a performance of such absolute beauty—Karajan's gift to us on making his adieux to the Orchestre de Paris." When this correspondent first heard of Karajan—at the end of the nineteen-twenties, in Salzburg—he was already being talked of as the most brilliant member of the Mozarteum's class in orchestral conducting. Now silver-haired, he wore the other night a silver-gray short-jacketed suit of finical European tailoring that stressed his slim silhouette. On mounting the podium, he carefully placed his feet a little bit apart and then, in a moment, lifted his bare hands (he conducts without a baton) and opened the thrilling inquiry and struggle contained in the great music. He did not relax his podium stance except for a minute or so in the single brief hiatus. Then he rebalanced himself precisely, holding his body motionless as he conducted—a human metronome, beating time with his arms. He was masterly in his directing of the four soloists in their lengthy contributions, well known to be difficult, even dangerous, to sing, since they demand virtuosity. The finest performance was that of the soprano, Mme. Mirella Freni, in her solo "Libera me," her voice rising with the ease of a lark singing in altitude in the sky, and finishing some of her phrases in a unique steady, faint, and flawless pianissimo. The Requiem's choral singers were the famous Singverein of Vienna, who rather theatrically took their places onstage in the dark (the white shirtfronts of the men in the upper rows furnishing a certain visibility), with the stage lights not coming on until the entire choir was seated, to applause. Its powerfully exact singing and rhythm were matched by the choristers' physical discipline; when seated, both the men and the women held their curved, clasped hands in their laps, and when they stood to sing they dropped their arms to their sides. It all was rather *echt deutsch* but very mannerly.

AT this precise moment of musical luxury, it is a pleasure to relay the good news from M. Jacques Duhamel, France's new Minister of Cultural Affairs. He has just announced the reopening, at last, of the two closed Paris lyric theatres—the Opéra and the Comique. The Comique has been occasionally in use, but the Opéra has been disgracefully shut down altogether for a whole year, because of too many difficulties, mostly financial; too many internal quarrels, all of them administrative; and too many labor problems, mostly with the Opéra's ballet and chorus trade unions. Last July, it seemed as if both opera houses were irremediably condemned to remain closed throughout 1971 and 1972. In theory, at least, the Comique will reopen this summer on August 4th, at which date there will not be a cat in town, as the French phrase it. But the Comique will at least be open! As for the Opéra, in theory it will reopen on September 30th—and tactlessly, too, with "Die Walküre" in German in the Wieland Wagner production, with Mme. Régine Crespin as Sieglinde. This is hardly what Parisian opera buffs have waited through a year's silence to hear.

On the whole, though, M. Duhamel has stirred up and started things vigorously. During this last week, he even appeared before the Senate to plead the cause of French culture generally. He has just announced two appointments of great significance to France's immediate operatic amelioration. He has named Georg Solti to be the musical adviser of both the opera houses, in addition to his post as the new director of the Orchestre de Paris. One of Europe's best-known musical figures, Solti was born in Budapest, where he studied with Bartók. He eventually became maestro of the Budapest Opera, Toscanini's assistant at the Salzburg Festival, musical director of the Chicago Symphony, and head of the leading operas of Munich, Frankfurt, and, most recently, Covent Garden.

Already, the Comique's plans, beginning in September, will feature an entirely new and intelligent national effort—performances of some of the best drawing cards, in the way of minor operas, presented over the last twelve months in the provincial French opera houses. The Comique will repeat the Toulouse opera house's selection of Rossini's "La Pietra del Paragone" and Bordeaux's choice of Britten's "Le Viol de Lucrèce." Also the persistently popular Menotti opera "Le Médium," Cimarosa's "Il Maestro di Cappella," and Poulenc's lovely, dramatic one-act opera, made to Cocteau's great one-voice telephone tragedy, "La Voix Humaine," all done at the lively Marseille opera house.

On February 10, 1972, the date of the Académie Française reception in honor of the bilingual Virginia-educated novelist Julien Green, the Opéra itself will give the première of Kenton Voe's operatic setting of Green's "Sud," a Confederate play staged here in Paris several years ago with quite some success. The première of "Sud" will be the most snobbish intellectual first night of the Opéra's post-holiday 1972 season.

The other major appointment made by M. Duhamel was that of the Swiss-born Rolf Liebermann as head of the Théâtres Lyriques Nationaux, which takes in both opera houses. In the late fifties, Liebermann became the director of the radio station of the city of Hamburg, to which he attracted young German listeners interested in ultramodern music, being himself a dodecaphonic composer. In 1959, he was named *Intendant* of the Hamburg Opera, which he made the musical center of West Germany. He himself has never staged an opera or directed one, because he thinks that the administrative and financial problems of an opera house, when combined with the selection of the appropriate operas to give people to listen to, are of predominant importance. During a year and a half after he took over the Hamburg Opera post, he gave twenty-five performances of "Wozzeck." He has put on thirty contemporary operas, of which eighteen were specially written for the Hamburg house, such as "The Prince of Homburg," with music by Henze, and "The Devils of Loudon," by Penderecki, the latter having received wonderful notices. The Hamburg Opera maintains a repertory of sixty operas a year, as against sixteen in the Paris Opéra; M. Liebermann has given the subscribers to his opera house an occasional "Trovatore" but also lots of "Lulu." One of his own serial-music compositions is a symphony "for a hundred and fifty-six machines and a computer." He will surely furnish a new contemporary jolt to the Paris opera house—and perhaps it is high time, too.

A MAJOR aesthetic event of the closing of the June season has been the revived appreciation of Claude Monet's Impressionist pictures—one of them of pure historical genius and some of them quite frowzy—in the formerly obscure Marmottan Museum, now reconstructed, in the high-class Paris suburb of La Muette. It all began with the death, in 1966, in a provincial street accident, of Monet's only remaining son, Michel Monet, aged eighty-seven, whose life interest had been elephant hunting in Africa. On his father's death, in 1926, he had inherited the old man's Normandy water-lily pond in Giverny, along with his studio there, which turned out to be stuffed not only with eighty-two Monet canvases, left in disorder over the years, under the beds or behind doors, but also with a mixed assembly of canvases by Monet's painter friends—a hundred and thirty in all, by Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Sisley, Signac, Boudin, Jongkind, and even Delacroix. On the sale of a few of them, Michel continued to make his elephant treks and to add to his collection of ancient automobiles, his other passion. In his will, he left his art, through the Institut de France, to the Marmottan Museum. He favored it over the Louvre because of an inherited family prejudice that dated back to the famous Caillebotte-legacy quarrel with the Louvre in 1894, when the museum refused, among other modern-art treasures, eight out of sixteen Monets that had been offered. Michel Monet was also doubtless influenced by the fact that the Marmottan, though originally concerned with Napoleonic bric-a-brac, had accepted the collection owned by Mme. Donop de Monchy, who had often befriended painters like Monet in their difficult early days. Indeed, the Donop de Monchy collection contained eleven Impressionist chefs-d'œuvre, including six Monets, among them the famous "Impression of the Rising Sun," which gave its name to the new semi-scientific style of painting in mixed colors, and which was originally so jeered at that the term "Impressionism" was used as a sort of joke. Michel Monet did not care for painting, his father having warned him that to be an artist was a "dog's career." But

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00
☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00;
Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

Michel knew the importance of the "Rising Sun" canvas and decided to throw his own art legacy in with it. The Marmottan, which for years had been open only two days a week to a few hundred visitors a month, became so overfilled that a year ago the Institut came to the rescue with an expansion project, aided by the generosity of a new member of the Institut administration, the intelligent art merchant Daniel Wildenstein. For spatial reasons, the pleasant new Marmottan gallery was created underground, so the sun-loving Impressionists' canvases are now cave dwellers, visible only via electric light. Studied today, the "Impression of the Rising Sun" is extremely striking. It is a beautiful smoke-smeared bluish dawn view of the Havre waterfront, docks, and warehouses, with, behind them, a stark red sun rising in glory like an ornament to the unradiant sky. As for the water lilies, there are fourteen paintings of them in the main room of the Marmottan, fortunately not all of them finished, since the incomplete ones show Monet's method of carefully smearing on his vibrant colors, like islands in themselves. It took the influence of old Georges Clemenceau, a Monet family friend, to force the big "Les Nymphéas" into the Orangerie Museum, on the Place de la Concorde, where it is the tourists' delight today.

Behind the Marmottan Museum lies a pleasant small park, filled with splendid elderly trees whose roots were left untouched by the new basement's enlargement. This consideration gives the main gallery a peculiar irregular form. Certainly Monet, who worshipped nature in his little Giverny domain, would have approved the salvation of the Marmottan trees outside the basement wall on which his greatest, most imaginative high-colored canvas rests in official permanence. —Genêt

•

Manufacturing innovations like this are part of Western Electric's job in the Bell System. Making things more efficiently to give you better phone service.

It sort of makes you wonder what things would be like if there had been a Western Electric 4,000 years ago.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

There'd still be a lovesick Greek hogging a phone booth.

•

(5)-12-13—Gunsmoke. Matt Dillon hunts a gang that has shattered one sofa after another with nitroglycerin.—*TV listing in the Boston Sunday Herald Traveler.*

Hates those sofas.

Joni Mitchell's
New Album
Is
Blue
Available Now on Reprise Albums and Ampex-distributed Reprise Tapes.

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

AN ELEGANT HOTEL IN THE GRAND TRADITION

New York Call: (212) 725-9081
Atlanta Call: (404) 524-1649
Chicago Call: (312) 372-9240
Los Angeles Call: (213) 485-1233
San Francisco Call: (415) 781-8676
Boston Ask Operator: Enterprise 7700
Miami Ask Operator: WX 7700

THE EMBASSY ROW

2015 Massachusetts Avenue N.W.
Reservations: (202) 265-1600
Free In-Hotel Parking While Dining

JACK ROSENBLOOM, PRESIDENT
GENERAL HOTELS CORPORATION

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.
For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope
FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

RETIREMENT on Your Mind?

Give Cape Cod a good close look as the place for your seasonal or retirement home. You will find many advantages: the relaxed atmosphere of the 15 seaside villages, the clean unpolluted air and water, the chances for a life as full of interest and activity as you wish.
Send for free booklet, "A Wonderful Way of Life." Then come to the Cape this spring for a full sample.

Cape Cod
Chamber of Commerce
Hyannis 8, Mass. 02601

BOOKS

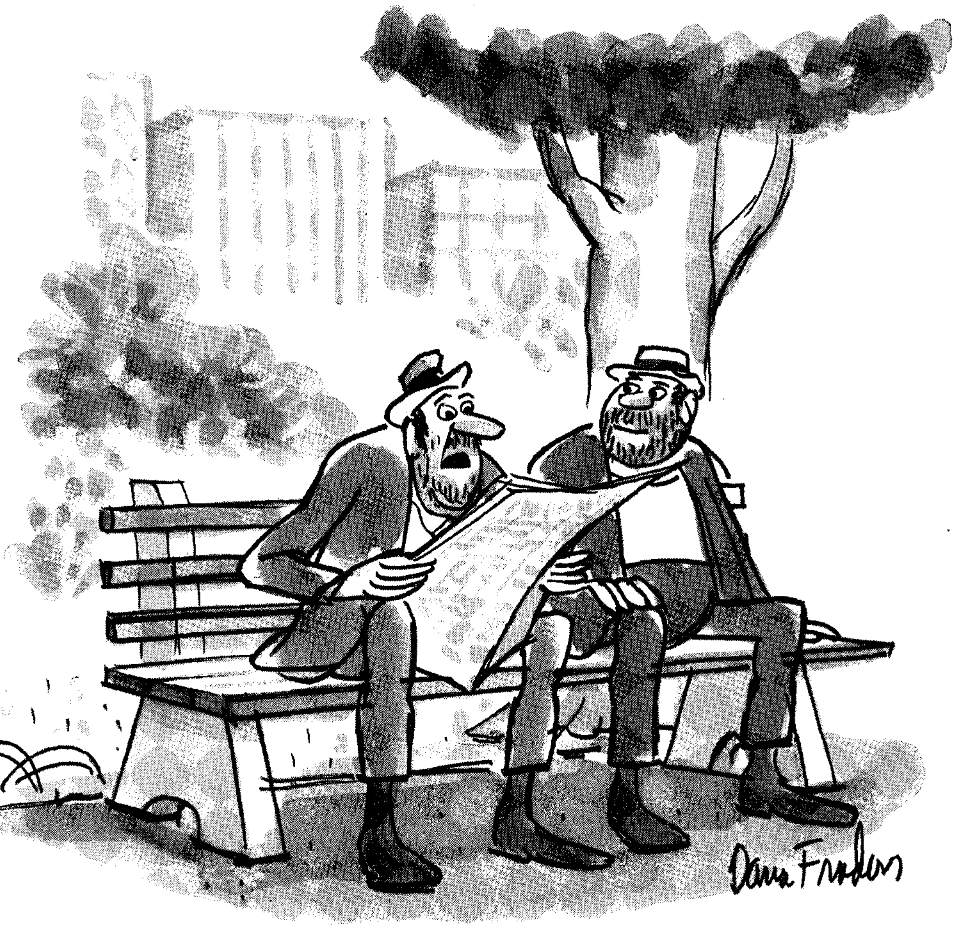
Dying: An Introduction

THE story of a poet who tries to end her life written by a poet who did, Sylvia Plath's "The Bell Jar" (Harper & Row) was first published under a pseudonym in England in 1963, one month before she committed suicide. We have had to wait almost a decade for its publication in the United States, but it was reissued in England in 1966 under its author's real name. A biographical note in the present edition makes it plain that the events in the novel closely parallel Sylvia Plath's twentieth year. For reasons for which we are not wholly to blame, our approach to the novel is impure; "The Bell Jar" is fiction that cannot escape being read in part as autobiography. It begins in New York with an ominous lightness, grows darker as it moves to Massachusetts, then slips slowly into madness. Esther Greenwood, one of a dozen girls in and on the town for a month as "guest editors" of a teen-age fashion magazine, is the product of a German immigrant family and a New England suburb. With "fifteen years of straight A's" behind her, a depressing attachment to a dreary but handsome medical student, Buddy Willard, still unresolved, and a yearning to be a poet, she is the kind of girl who doesn't know what drink to order or how much to tip a taxi driver but is doing her thesis on the "twin images" in "Finnegans Wake," a book she has never managed to finish. Her imagination is at war with the small-town tenets of New England and the big-time sham of New York. She finds it impossible to be one of the army of college girls whose education is a forced stop on the short march to marriage. The crises of identity, sexuality, and survival are grim, and often funny. Wit, irony, and intelligence as well as an inexplicable, withdrawn sadness separate Esther from her companions. Being an involuntary truth-seeker, she uses irony as a weapon of judgment, and she is its chief victim. Unable to experience or mime emotions, she feels defective as a person. The gap between her and the world widens: "I couldn't get myself to react. I felt very still and very empty.". . . "The silence depressed me. It wasn't the silence of silence. It was my own silence.". . . "That morning I had tried to hang myself."

Camouflage and illness go together in "The Bell Jar;" moreover, illness is often used to lift or tear down a façade. Doreen, a golden girl of certainty admired by Esther, begins the process by getting drunk. The glimpse of her lying with her head in a pool of her own vomit in a hotel hallway is repellent but crucial. Her illness is followed by a mass ptomaine poisoning at a "fashion" lunch. Buddy gets tuberculosis and goes off to a sanatorium. Esther, visiting him, breaks her leg skiing. When she has her first sexual experience, with a young math professor she has picked up, she hemorrhages. Taken in by a lesbian friend, she winds up in a hospital. Later, she learns that the friend has hanged herself. A plain recital of the events in "The Bell Jar" would be ludicrous if they were not balanced by genuine desperation at one side of the scale and a sure sense of black comedy at the other. Sickness and disclosure are the keys to "The Bell Jar." On her last night in New York, Esther climbs to the roof of her hotel and throws her city wardrobe over the parapet, piece by piece. By the end of the novel, she has tried to get rid of her very life, which is given back to her by another process of divestment—psychiatry. Pain and gore are endemic to "The Bell Jar," and they are described objectively, self-mockingly, almost humorously to begin with. Taken in by the tone (the first third of "The Bell Jar" might be a mordant, sick-joke version of "Breakfast at Tiffany's"), the reader is being lured into the lion's den—that sterile cement room in the basement of a mental hospital where the electric-shock-therapy machine waits for its frightened clients.

The casualness with which physical suffering is treated suggests that Esther is cut off from the instinct for sympathy right from the beginning—for herself as well as for others. Though she is enormously aware of the impingements of sensation, her sensations remain impingements. She lives close to the nerve, but the nerve has become detached from the general network. A thin layer of glass separates her from everyone, and the novel's title, itself made of glass, is evolved from her notion of disconnection: the head of each mentally ill person is enclosed in a bell jar, choking on his own foul air.

Torn between conflicting roles—the sweetheart-*Hausfrau*-mother and "the



"I, for one, am glad the dollar's out of trouble, because if the dollar's in trouble, then the dime is certainly in trouble."

INTRODUCING THE PERIPATETIC ART BOOKS

WORLD CULTURAL GUIDES. Magnificently crafted books that could rest comfortably on all the best coffee tables this summer—but won't.

Instead, they'll be in all the best luggage going to Europe.

PARIS
VENICE

WORLD CULTURAL GUIDES are, above all, indispensable travel handbooks. In each book—*Paris, Venice,* and *Rome*—a noted art historian offers a cultural history of the city from its beginnings. Then there are descriptions of the city's museums and galleries (with addresses and opening times); a list of historic landmarks and monuments; brief biographies of the artists and architects who have contributed to the splendors of the area; knowing art commentary; and a keyed four-color map.

All this, and more than 150 pages of illustrations—95 in full color—to provide a vivid view of the city's artistic heritage.

Baedeker and Beauty have found each other.

PARIS
by André Chastel

VENICE by Terisio Pignatti
ROME by Giovanni Carandente

only $9.95 each at all bookstores

Coming in September:
LONDON by David Piper

Holt, Rinehart & Winston HR&W

"life of the poet," neither very real to her—Esther finds life itself inimical. Afraid of distorting the person she is yet to become, she becomes the ultimate distortion—nothing. As she descends into the pit of depression, the world is a series of wrong reverberations: her mother's face is a perpetual accusation, the wheeling of a baby carriage underneath her window a grinding irritation. She becomes obsessed by the idea of suicide, and one of the great achievements of "The Bell Jar" is that it makes real the subtle distinctions between a distorted viewpoint and the distortions inherent in what it sees. Convention may contribute to Esther's insanity, but she never loses her awareness of the irrationality of convention. Moved to Belsize, a part of the mental hospital reserved for patients about to go back to the world, she makes the connection explicit:

> What was there about us, in Belsize, so different from the girls playing bridge and gossiping and studying in the college to which I would return? Those girls, too, sat under bell jars of a sort.

Terms like "mad" and "sane" grow increasingly inadequate as the action develops. Esther is "psychotic" by definition, but the definition is merely a descriptive tag: by the time we learn how she got to be "psychotic" the word has ceased to be relevant. (As a work of fiction, "The Bell Jar" seems to complement the clinical theories of the Scottish analyst R. D. Laing.) Because it is written from the distraught observer's point of view rather than from the viewpoint of someone observing her, there is continuity to her madness; it is not one state suddenly supplanting another but the most gradual of processes.

Suicide, a grimly compulsive game of fear and guilt, as addictive as alcohol or drugs, is experimental at first—a little blood here, a bit of choking there, just to see what it will be like. It quickly grows into an overwhelming desire for annihilation. By the time Esther climbs into the crawl space of a cellar and swallows a bottle of sleeping pills—by the time we are faced by the real thing—the event, instead of seeming grotesque, seems like a natural consequence. When she is about to leave the hospital, after a long series of treatments, her psychiatrist tells her to consider her breakdown "a bad dream." Esther, "patched, retreaded, and approved for the road," thinks, "To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is the bad dream."

That baby is only one of many in "The Bell Jar." They smile up from the pages of magazines, they sit like little freaks pickled in glass jars on display in the pediatric ward of Buddy's hospital. A "sweet baby cradled in its mother's belly" seems to wait for Esther at the end of the ski run when she has her accident. And in the course of the novel she witnesses a birth. In place of her never-to-be-finished thesis on the "twin images" in "Finnegans Wake," one might be written on the number and kinds of babies that crop up in "The Bell Jar." In a gynecologist's office, watching a mother fondling her baby, Esther wonders why she is so separated from this easy happiness, this carrying out of the prescribed biological and social roles. She does not want a baby; she is a baby herself. But she is also a potential writer. She wants to fulfill herself, not to *be* fulfilled. To her, babies are The Trap, and sex is the bait. But she is too intelligent not to realize that babies don't represent life, they *are* life, though not necessarily the kind Esther wants to live; that is, if she wants to live at all. She is caught between the monstrous fetuses on display in Buddy's ward and the monstrous slavery of the seemingly permanent pregnancy of her neighbor Dodo Conway, who constantly wheels a baby carriage under Esther's window, like a demented figure in a Greek chorus. Babies lure Esther toward suicide by luring her toward a life she cannot—literally—bear. There seem to be only two solutions, and both involve the invisible: to pledge faith to the unborn or fealty to the dead. Life, so painfully visible and present, defeats her, and she takes it, finally, into her own hands. With the exception of the psychiatrist's disinterested affection for her, love is either missing or unrecognized in "The Bell Jar." Its overwhelming emotion is disgust—disgust that has not yet become contempt and is therefore more damaging.

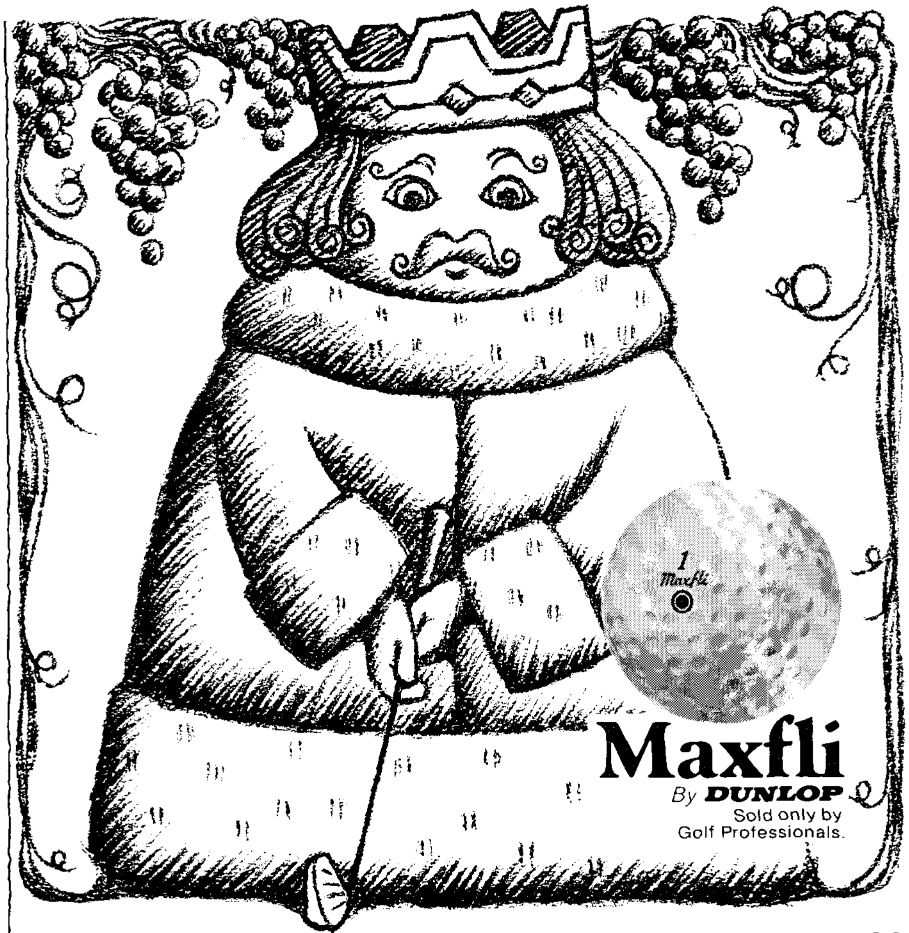
BETWEEN the original and the second publications of "The Bell Jar" in England, Sylvia Plath's second, and posthumous, volume of poems, "Ariel," was printed. Some of the poems had appeared in magazines, but no one was prepared for their cumulative effect. Murderous experiences of the mind and the body, stripped of all protection, they were total exposures, and chilling. They made clear almost instantly that someone who had been taken for a gifted writer might well be one of genius, whose work—intense, luxurious, barbarous, and worldly—was unlike anything ever seen before. Although the extraordinary quality of the poems made her death the more lamentable, that death gave her work certain immediate values it might not otherwise have had. Death cannot change a single word written down on paper, but in this case who the poet was and what had been lost became apparent almost at the same time, as if the poems had been given and the poet taken away in one breath. An instantaneous immortality followed. Sylvia Plath also became an extra-literary figure to many people, a heroine of contradictions—someone who had faced horror and made something of it as well as someone who had been destroyed by it. I don't think morbid fascination accounts for her special position. The energy and violence of the late poems were acted out. What their author threatened she performed, and her work gained an extra status of truth. The connection between art and life, so often merely rhetorical, became all too visible. The tragic irony is that in a world of public-relations liars Sylvia Plath seemed a truth-dealer in life by the very act of taking it.

"The Bell Jar" lacks the coruscating magnificence of the late poems. Something girlish in its manner betrays the hand of the amateur novelist. Its material, after all, is what has been transcended. It is a frightening book, and if it ends on too optimistic a note as both fiction and postdated fact, its real terror lies elsewhere. Though we share every shade of feeling that leads to Esther's attempts at suicide, there is not the slightest insight in "The Bell Jar" into suicide itself. That may be why it bears the stamp of authority. Reading it, we are up against the raw experience of nightmare, not the analysis or understanding of it. —HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

PEACE AND COUNTERPEACE: FROM WILSON TO HITLER, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong (Harper & Row). This long, well-composed, and continuously interesting book is much more than its title promises. It is an account, by an alert and wary eyewitness, of the twenty-year period of hope and disillusionment between the First and Second World Wars; it is also an account of the founding, in 1922, of *Foreign Affairs*, the distinguished quarterly of which Mr. Armstrong has been editor since 1928. (Mr. Armstrong's energy



Maxfli
By DUNLOP
Sold only by Golf Professionals.

More people play Dunlop than any other ball in the world.
Dunlop/Buffalo, N.Y., Toronto, Ont. Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and tires.

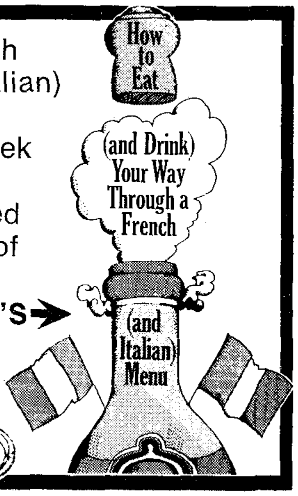
Calvin Tomkins
"Living well is the best revenge"

Gerald and Sara Murphy, the first inspiration for Dick and Nicole Diver in *Tender Is the Night*. Their friends: the Fitzgeralds, the Hemingways, Picasso, Stravinsky, Cole Porter. Paris in the Twenties and their Villa America in Antibes. The perfect evocation of *joie de vivre*.

"Superb . . . alive with an elegance very much the Murphys'."—NANCY MILFORD
With 67 rare photographs; 8 paintings $6.50
THE VIKING PRESS
Most of the text portion of this book previously appeared in *The New Yorker*

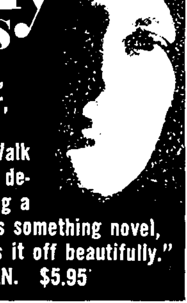
If French (and Italian) menus are Greek to you, you need a copy of JAMES BEARD'S→

$6.95, now at your bookstore
Atheneum


How to Eat
(and Drink) Your Way Through a French
(and Italian) Menu

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"The best Freeling"*
THE Lovely LADIES
NICOLAS FREELING, Edgar Award-winner, sends his famous Inspector Van der Valk on a trip. "A Dutch detective investigating a murder in Dublin is something novel, and Freeling brings it off beautifully."
—*FRANK SULLIVAN. $5.95



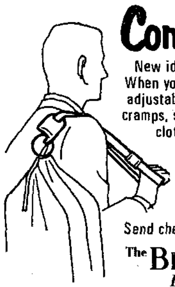
BARBADOS
is very special at
SANDY LANE HOTEL
St. James, Barbados, West Indies

Discover the pleasure of a holiday in Barbados where the summer is as delightful as winter... *enjoy the most glamorous hotel in the Caribbean.* All the luxurious air-conditioned rooms face the golden beach and the sea. You will love the swimming pool, golf, tennis, sailing, fishing or water skiing, and dining and dancing under the stars. A holiday of a lifetime.

Horst Finkbeiner, Gen. Mgr.

A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020. (212) 586-4500. Also in: Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami and Toronto.

AN EXTRA ARM FOR TRAVELERS
Comfor-Tote



New idea! Practical. Simple. When you carry garment bags, adjustable Comfor-Tote saves cramps, sore fingers, wrinkled clothes. Protective sheaf covers hanger hooks. Fine quality leather folds away neatly. An ideal gift. Only $4.85, postpaid. Send check or money order to:
The BROADMOOR DRUG CO.
Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906

Old roof-tiles.
From Athens. Weather-beaten terra cotta. No two alike. For shelf, table top, *you* name it. Face (shown) or Floral Abstract. $22.00 ppd.
Only at: **Greek Island**
215 E.49 St., N.Y.10017

COOPERATE
WITH THE ZIP CODE PROGRAM.
USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS
IN ALL ADDRESSES.
THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT

and sunny disposition remain undiminished after his forty-three years of editorial labors; he will be eighty in a couple of years, but he looks and acts a good twenty years younger than his age.) Finally, the book is a partial life of one of our most attractive local citizens, whose one flaw as an autobiographer is his invincible modesty. Some years ago, he wrote a short book of personal reminiscences called "Those Days," about what it was like to grow up around the turn of the century in the little red brick house on West Tenth Street where he still lives. It is one of the most charming memoirs of New York ever written, and it calls for a sequel; when Mr. Armstrong has completed his big bowwow quasi-official memoirs, he must take in hand the task of compiling his memories of smaller, tenderer, more private things, bringing those days up to these days. (*Caveat:* The publishers of "Peace and Counterpeace" should be ashamed of its execrable index. Mr. Armstrong writes affectionately of his house on Georgica Pond, in Wainscott, but there is no mention of either in the index; of nineteen proper names to be found on a single page chosen at random—page 113—no fewer than *ten* are omitted from the index.) Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

The Gift Horse: Report on a Life, by Hildegard Knef, translated from the German by David Cameron Palastanga (McGraw-Hill). The Berlin-reared author of this absorbing autobiography became an international stage and screen star with her last named spelled "Neff." She recalls a life of appalling hardship in war and impressive achievement in peace with frankness, intensity, and truly impressive descriptive power. Oddly enough, though, Miss Knef seems to be under the impression that she is recalling the life of a foolish, confused, wayward, and ill-judging young woman. She is actually telling us about a human being of amazing nerve, strength, and dedication. A Literary Guild selection.

The Consent of the Governed, by Arthur Krock (Little, Brown). Mr. Krock begins this book with the pronouncement that unless the American people can somehow obtain for themselves a government that will administer an evenhanded set of laws, we may as well forget about American democracy. In the next breath, however, he says that as a veteran politician-watcher he has become fond of the breed and its peculiarities, and he launches into a spate of anecdotes about old politicos he has known. So it goes throughout: a solid-sounding chapter head—"The Presidency," "The Congress," "The Supreme Court"—and a firm first sentence or paragraph, and then another round of stories and reminiscence. For all its look of seriousness, the book is a kind of *divertissement*—if one can imagine Mr. Krock writing such a thing—and a genial extension of his thoroughgoing autobiography of some seasons back.

Roots of Involvement: The U.S. in Asia, 1784-1971, by Marvin Kalb and Elie Abel (Norton). This book's title is not wholly exact, for the authors' account of our early Pacific and Asiatic doings is sketchy indeed—by page 50, in fact, we have gone from our earliest clipper-ship days to Yalta. But their account of the evolution of American involvement in what was, as of 1945, French Indo-China, down to the Cambodian incursion of last year, is minute, thoughtful, temperate, as exact as possible, and particularly astute in its discussion of the making of American policy.

Note: Princeton University Press has published "The Marquis de Custine and His Russia in 1839," by George F. Kennan. A large portion of the book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*. . . . George Steiner's "Extraterritorial: Papers on Literature and the Language Revolution" has been published by Atheneum. Six of the ten essays were first printed in these pages. . . . The University of Texas Press has published Victor Proetz's "The Astonishment of Words," an exploration of the possibilities (and impossibilities) of words in translation. Some of the contents first appeared in this magazine.

•

Cambridge, Mass., June 18—Harvard University, in its commencement exercises yesterday, awarded honorary degrees to 12 persons, as follows:
Doctor of Laws—A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Reporters . . .—*The Times.*

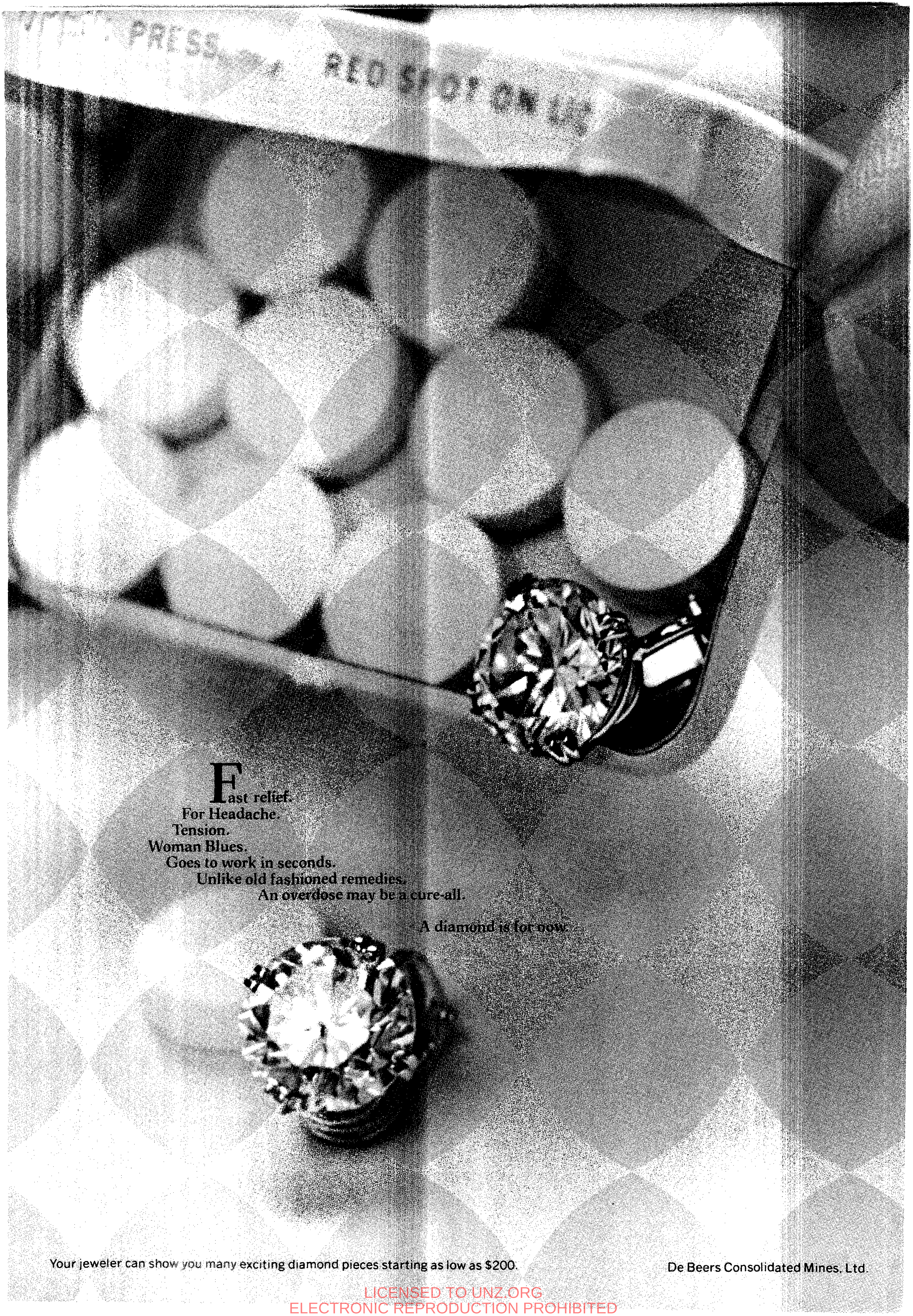
A very tight little union it is, too.

•

Positions Wanted

Strong Young boy (24 years) & girl (20 years) desperately seeking summer jobs. Will do most anything.—*Adv. in the Topsham Maine Times.*

That's what worries us.



Fast relief.
For Headache.
Tension.
Woman Blues.
Goes to work in seconds.
Unlike old fashioned remedies.
An overdose may be a cure-all.

A diamond is for now.

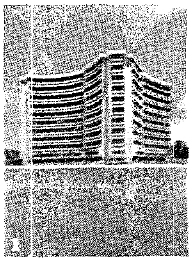
Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $200.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

HAWAII
800-325-3535
MAKES IT HAPPEN
AT WAIKIKI BEACH
Dial Sheraton toll-free.
Or have your travel agent call for you.

We'll reserve your room at Sheraton-Waikiki The Royal Hawaiian The Surfrider The Moana or The Princess Kaiulani

Five Sheraton hotels at the center of Waikiki excitement. Four right on the beach. One just a step away. 4,476 rooms and suites to choose from. Ocean views, mountain views, spectacular views. Rates for every budget . . . from $14 to $150 a day double. Fourteen restaurants . . . a dozen cocktail lounges . . . four swimming pools. Entertainment of every description. And the beach . . . the real Waikiki Beach. The beach of beaches. Practically every room on it belongs to Sheraton. Come enjoy Sheraton's beach . . . Waikiki.


1

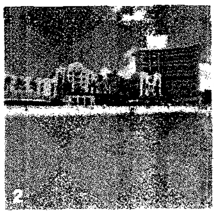
1. *SHERATON-WAIKIKI*
From $22 Double

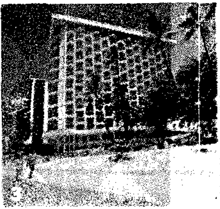
2. *ROYAL HAWAIIAN*
From $27 Double

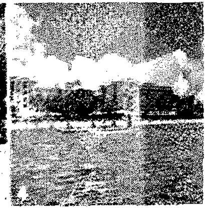
3. *SURFRIDER*
From $26 Double

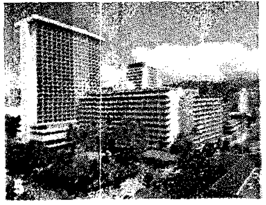
4. *MOANA*
From $16 Double

5. *PRINCESS KAIULANI*
From $14 Double


2


3


4


5

Don't miss Sheraton's memorable Neighbor Island hotels:
***Sheraton-Maui** on Kaanapali Beach*
*and **Sheraton-Kauai** on Poipu Beach.*

Sheraton Hotels in Hawaii

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT